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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

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“BIHAR AND ORISSA”—A SURVEY AND A PROPHECY.

BY NEMO.

“THE true wisdom of nations,” said Napoleon, “is experience ;” but as the vice of all modern institutions was, in his view, their lack of appeal to the imagination—which to him was the most potent factor in the successful government of mankind—he was ever ready to gain his experience through the medium of experiment. It would seem that Lord Hardinge takes a similarly bold view of his responsibilities. No one can deny to the author of “the Delhi changes” the possession of a most sprightly imagination, and there can be little doubt that some features at any rate of the pronouncements of December 1911 appeal vividly to the sentiment of Northern and Western India. Sikh, Rajput and Pathan alike rejoice in the re-birth of Imperial Delhi and in the pleasing anticipation of exercising a fuller measure of authority in the councils of a Government which, it is hoped, will speedily be freed from the recently too-obvious trammels of Bengali influence, and be more disposed accordingly to look with approval upon the claims of the fighting races. The average Englishman, whose sympathies are apt to be on the side of the more robust, views the situation from much the same point of view and smiles at the Balkanesque dexterity with which Lord Hardinge cast the provinces of Northern

India into the melting-pot and remoulded them to fit his policy. The cunning nicety of this procedure might not accord—as Calcutta has been at pains to point out—with the simpler and more downright traditions of British administration in India, but it was clever, and, on the whole, seemed to satisfy the majority of those affected by it. Therefore John Bull would let it stand. But is this casual estimate of the case acceptable? All things may indeed be lawful to a Viceroy of India, especially to one who is so markedly touched with the Napoleonic fire, but all his decrees may not be equally expedient; and now that a year has elapsed since effect was given to the famous Delhi *ukase* it may be worth while to inquire whether that Article of it which constituted the province of Bihar and Orissa was instinct with that spirit of wise and cautious statesmanship which, by insuring, so far as possible, the permanent benefit of all the populations concerned, could alone justify such a momentous change. In other words, is failure or success the probable destiny of Lord Hardinge's new creation?

Territorial redistribution is notoriously a venturesome solution of political difficulties in any country, as recent European and Asiatic history has amply demonstrated, and it should certainly never be undertaken in a conservative country like India unless the readjustment of boundaries which it involves promises to result in the creation of a province whose inhabitants are, ethnologically and linguistically, most intimately allied and whose limits can be fixed with every hope of future stability. Any reference to a policy of "settled fact" may, in these days, and for obvious reasons, move the Bengali press to Homeric laughter, but the fact remains that it was by adhering to such a policy that the British dominion in India was built up, and it is possible that the scribes of Bowbazar would fail to appreciate the jest were Lord Crewe to announce to-morrow that he proposed to modify the Permanent Settlement at an early date. It will be

conceded at any rate that political changes in India should normally be cautious and gradual; but such caution is absolutely essential when the slow-thinking millions of the illiterate are to be directly affected by them. When that is so, their only justification is necessity, and permanence their only hope of success. Let it be granted that it was a matter of political necessity to re-partition Bengal—a thorny topic with which this article is not concerned—yet, even so, does the province of Bihar and Orissa satisfy in any sense the tests above suggested? Assuredly not. The veriest tyro in Indian affairs is aware that this is a province devoid of internal political cohesion of any kind—in truth, a very Caliban among the provinces, whose intelligent (but disproportionately large) Aryan head (Bihar) is thrust upon an aboriginal animistic body (Chota Nagpur), which, in turn, is tacked to an ignorant and priest-ridden extremity (Orissa) with certain marked Dravidian characteristics. Cæsar told us in our first “Latin Reader” that Gaul was originally divided into three distinct parts which the genius of Rome ultimately knit together; and Lord Hardinge may possibly have permitted himself to imagine that he too might successfully develop in the three ill-assorted associates of his new province a prosperous communal life. But even in Gaul a good deal of spadework was necessary before the pro-consuls made much headway, while the material on which they had to work was homogeneity itself in comparison with the diverse elements which the Lieutenant-Governor of the new province is called upon to weld. Like that bitter sea of which the poet wrote

Doris amara suam non intermiscuit undam

the peoples which now find themselves partners in this new enterprise (having never, in previous history, had aught in common in any sphere of human endeavour) cannot be expected to commingle; and such cursory examination of their respective positions at the present time as is possible in this article will serve to show that, by no kind

of administrative ingenuity, can they be moulded into an efficient and harmonious unit. The war of interests is only too patent, and it is difficult to believe that even the daring originator of the *entente* with Russia could have sanctioned this incongruous combination had his eyes been opened in any material degree to the true facts of the case. Sociology is not an exact science, and, in our brief review, it will therefore be necessary to generalize ; but even though our generalizations may be only approximately and not absolutely true, we nevertheless believe them to be just and to represent the essential features of the situation.

Let us take first the case of Bihar, obviously the predominant partner in the new firm, if indeed, in view of the markedly somnolent characteristics of her two colleagues, she is not the only effective business representative. Without any question Bihar represents (quite apart from her great superiority in point of population) fully 95 per cent. of the culture, intelligence and political activity of the new province ; and, unless we are greatly mistaken, she means to let her partner know it. Bengal, in the days of her monopoly, may have chastised Bihar with whips ; Bihar is likely to endeavour to treat her new associates to scorpions. As for the "domiciled" Bengalis who have lived for a generation or two within the borders of Bihar, they realize full well that they are still, in effect, but strangers and sojourners as their fathers were, and that their time has come ; and they have been characteristically vocal in consequence. And although they have secured formal assurances of a continuance of official favour, the fact that they are returning to their own country in large numbers and seeking to "place" their offspring within its borders is a clear indication that they know that the game is up. Indeed there is every indication that in the Bihar of to-day "no Bengalis need apply." Nor need we waste much sympathy on that versatile race in this connection. For 50 years or more the Bengali has battered on Bihar and possessed himself of all the loaves and

fishes worth having, whether in the way of Provincial Service, municipal and ministerial appointments or of fat practices at the Bar, and it was not until some 12 to 14 years ago that the Bihari even ventured to compete with him. Then, quite suddenly, the Bihari worm began to turn. To adopt the favourite phrase of Mr. Surendra Nath Banerji, a period of "self-realization" was inaugurated and the cry of "Bihar for the Biharis" was heard in the mouths of the younger generation of educated men throughout the land. This movement of renaissance started simultaneously on either side of the great river that divides Bihar, but its agents were drawn from two very divergent sources. In Tirhut the Hindus, in South Bihar the Muhammadans were—broadly speaking—the apostles of regeneration, but they were united in nothing but common resentment against the Bengali intruder. Yet Rome was not built in a day, and it needs something more than a few years of anti-Bengali agitation to secure for the Bihari people a major share of those appointments which require a high standard of character and education in their holders. But, in those directions in which indigenous pressure can be successfully brought to bear, the Bihari has forged rapidly ahead and the Bengali has had to give way. For example, even as early as 1907, there remained but comparatively few Bengali legal practitioners (and those by no means always the best) at places like Gaya, Arrah, Chapra and Darbhanga, where, 10 years earlier, the Bengali pleader had held almost unrivalled sway; while in the schools, municipalities and District Boards, the Bihari master, overseer and assistant engineer has, within recent years, secured a large percentage of posts previously almost universally allotted to Bengalis. In the same way, the Bihari voter has gradually begun to discard the local well-to-do Bengali Babu as his normal representative on the municipality or the school committee, and the District Officer to think twice before he adds a Bengali clerk to his office establishment.

So that, at the present time, the Bihari finds himself most amply represented in all save those superior gazetted posts for which, by reason of his tardy awakening, he has not yet been able to enter a sufficient number of qualified candidates ; but even here his progress has latterly been most marked, and it is but the question of another generation before he secures in this sphere also that absolute preponderance to which, as soon as he has raised himself to the required standard, he is most justly entitled in his own country.

Nevertheless, while one cannot but admire the grit and determination displayed by the present generation of Biharis in thus succeeding, to such a large extent, in ridding themselves of the Bengali incubus and in thus affording themselves opportunities for the management of their own domestic concerns, it would be folly to ignore the fact that those who have brought about this change are, comparatively speaking, but a fraction of the population, and that they have as yet advanced but a short way along the path of preparation. That they belong, in the oft-quoted words of Lord Hardinge's despatch of August 1911, to what is, in some respects, a "sturdy" race, may be conceded ; but, politically speaking, this sturdiness is that of the child and not of the grown man. At present they lag, as a people, far behind the Parsis, Bengalis, Madrasis and Mahrattas both in political understanding, general culture and average intelligence, while in virility they cannot compare with the inhabitants of the western districts of the United Provinces or of the Punjab. Their population is one of the densest and (regarded collectively) most ignorant in India ; their standard of living is correspondingly low, and their education sadly deficient. Yet, thanks to their recent successes in the direction of "self-realization," backed as they were by the declaration of the 12th December 1911, the "Young Biharis," like the "Young Turks," have not unnaturally lost their heads and have been vociferously calling on the world in general to acclaim their unexampled political precocity. Thus they have not

hesitated to attribute the striking exhibition of opportunism which freed them from the shackles of Bengal to a sudden recognition by the gods of Olympus of their outstanding merits, instead of detecting therein—as most observers have—a natural consequence of the timorous inconsistencies of a divided Council overawed by a masterful diplomat with Slavonic predilections. But, slightly as one may reprobate the probable, and very natural, desire of the Bihari member of that body to seize upon such an unique opportunity for furthering the interests of his own particular compatriots, the fact is irrefutable that Bihar, for all her recent most creditable progress, is as yet unready for the form of government by Executive Council. Many of the best of her people admit this, though it may not be expedient for them to do so in public. But anyone with any knowledge of the several territories must admit that Bihar is in most, if not in all, respects, far behind the United Provinces, and but little, if at all, in advance of the Central Provinces or the Punjab. It was therefore an uncalled-for anomaly to exalt her thus prematurely above the heads of more deserving claimants. Sir James Meston* will doubtless get his Council soon, for the Government of India cannot perpetuate an obvious injustice; but this does not alter the fact that Bihar ought never, merely in the interests of political expediency, to have been advanced so far beyond her just sphere of merit; or, what is worse, that Orissa and Chota Nagpur should, in the same interests, have been victimized on her behalf. A year's experience has sufficed to demonstrate (what was indeed obvious at the outset) that the Lieutenant-Governor in

*Since the above was written, Sir James has given his casting vote in the Legislative Council of the United Provinces against a resolution recommending the establishment of an Executive Council in that province. He stated that the work which, as Lieutenant-Governor, he is called upon to do is not as yet too heavy for one man, although he appeared to concede that it might become so, and that substantial advantages might result from the adoption of the form of Government in Council. Sir James' statement provides a significant (though doubtless unintentional) commentary on the action of the Government of India in creating an Executive Council for Bihar. For if no such Council is needed in the United Provinces, with its superior population and numberless industrial interests, how can one be necessary in the (relatively) far more backward province of Bihar and Orissa?

Council of the new province has far too much leisure on his hands and that that distinguished quartette is but seldom called upon to do a full day's work. So much is this the case apparently that the Lieutenant-Governor is able to dispense, for months at a time, with the valued assistance of his Indian colleague, who, all unwitting (or regardless) of the Civil Service Regulations, absents himself from duty—within a few months of taking up his appointment—and hies himself, to the imposing accompaniment of minute-guns, on a semi-political quest in more salubrious climes. Why the people of Bihar should be called upon to pay the noble and honorable gentleman Rs. 5,000 a month during this interlude is not obvious to the man in the street, but possibly the Lieutenant-Governor in Council (with the assistance of his statistical colleague, who finds time to combine the Census Commissionership of all India with his other duties) will be good enough to devote some of his spare moments to producing an explanatory minute on the subject. Even, however, if this should be done, it is probable that the ample leisure of the governing body will not be unduly disturbed, and the insidious nature of the Individual who is apt to proffer his services to idle men is proverbial. Let us hope that Nemesis may not call upon Bihar to pay too heavy a premium for the honours which she had yet to earn.

Despite, however, her obvious limitations, there can be no doubt that Bihar has advanced rapidly in recent years from a condition of total ignorance in matters political to one of elementary knowledge, and it has been indicated that this has been due in great measure to the dexterity with which the representatives of "Young Bihar" have managed to display an united front in resisting the inroads of the previously ubiquitous Bengali. But it must not be supposed that there is no cleft within the Bihari lute. The mere fact that the educated minority of the Hindus in the North and of the Muhammadans in the South were, and are, in their several spheres, the leaders in the new movement is sufficient, unhappily, to imply that rival interests are at

work ; and there can be no question that, greatly as the relations of the two communities have improved of recent years, there is still much bitterness unassuaged and the constant possibility of serious friction. The modern type of Muhammadan barrister at Patna, who, thanks to three or four clever leaders, has had much to do with the Bihari revival, has—save in his opposition to the Bengali—little or nothing in common with the ultra-orthodox Brahman of Tirhut or the intriguing Kayasth of Gaya or Saran ; and in the eager struggle for place and authority which is now in progress, the contest between these three parties may quite possibly be carried to extreme lengths. The Rajputs and Babhans may likewise make themselves felt in time, but they are as yet too far behind in the race to make much impression on the leaders. The task of the District Officer in dealing with these contending interests is bound to be one of great delicacy. When the reversal of Lord Curzon's Partition was announced, more than 90 per cent. of the Civilians serving in the then province of Bengal elected, so it was stated at the time, to join the new province. Their reasons presumably were that that province has hitherto been a much pleasanter place of abode, climatically, socially and ethnologically, than swampy and vociferous Bengal—even though the latter might provide the prospect of a long-deferred enjoyment of the flesh-pots of Calcutta. There is doubtless much to be said for this view, though it may be doubted whether either the rank-and-file of the service or their chiefs realized that the work of government in “ Young Bihar ” was likely in the future to prove as exacting as it is said to be in many parts of Lower Bengal. The days of “ ma-bap ” government are waning fast in Bihar as well as further east ; and those able and strenuous officers, with whom, it is alleged, Bihar was plentifully supplied at the time of the division of the cadres, may find it necessary to proceed as warily henceforward as their less fortunate brethren who have been left behind in Bengal. It has been the pride of men of this stamp

to adopt as their administrative motto the advice which a great imperialist gave to the all-conquering Roman of his day—

Romane, memento
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos ;

and great is the benefit that has resulted to this country in the past from the practical application of that ideal of government. But it may well be doubted whether the somewhat summary methods by which it has usually been the custom to give effect thereto, in Bihar as elsewhere in Northern India, are acceptable in these days of striving after constitutional reform, and it may not be long before Muzaffarpur and Darbhanga will demand as deft handling as Dacca and Mymensingh. It will certainly not be the fault of "Young Bihar" if they do not, and the District Officer must, *willy nilly*, adapt himself to these changed conditions. He of the older school will perhaps not yield without a struggle, and it will be surprising if the next few years pass without a *cause celebre* or two on the lines of those with which Bengal is so well acquainted. In any case, a District Officer who has to cope with a leisured Lieutenant-Governor in Council, with hundreds of thousands of ignorant and superstitious peasants who have never heard of the Morley-Minto programme, and with a small but very frothy residue of pushing and (for the most part) indifferently-educated office-seekers trained in the methods of the Congress, will have his work cut out for him. We trust that, even in these circumstances, he may be able to remain true to his Virgilian traditions ; but, that he may do so, let him look well to the order of his going. It will require all his attention, and he may find that the delights of Sonapore and of Bihar camp life have been bought at a considerable price.

So much for our brief survey of modern Bihar. We have seen that she is, in point of population, territory and intellect, by far the most important member of Lord Hardinge's new combination ; that, although she is backward in comparison with several other provinces, she possesses young and enthusiastic leaders of the "New

India's school who have great ambitions for her (and their own) advancement and will leave no stone unturned to increase their influence; that, owing nevertheless to the divergent interests represented by these politicians, troublesome developments are probable in the near future, and that the work of Government amid such conditions may reasonably be expected to be devoid of dullness. With this pushful race in the position of leading partner, it is not difficult to foretell the fate of its weaker and more backward associates despite all that may be done by a would-be impartial Government to safeguard their interests. For who can suppose that, circumstanced as she is, with rival Hindu and Muhammadan factions (but newly conscious of the sweets of authority) for ever warring within her for place and power, Bihar will be content to adopt an attitude of altruistic benevolence towards Orissa and Chota Nagpur, and to aid in their "self-realization" at some loss to herself? So long as Chota Nagpur and Orissa remained attached to old Bengal, it was possible for the Government to supply the large defect of educated local men in the public and semi-public services by a judicious admixture of Bihari and Bengali officers and to see that the balance was fairly maintained and that no undue preponderance resulted on either side. But now that the Bengali is virtually taboo in the new province, how is this defect to be rectified save by wholesale importations from Bihar, and what must be the effect of such one-sided recruitment among the peoples subjected thereto? It will be, *mutatis mutandis*, the old story of the Bengali in Bihar over again, but it will be many generations before the Uriya or the Chota Nagpuri will be able to rise in his might and evict the intruder. The present political incapacity of these two peoples is indeed pathetic. So far from being fit for "Government in Council," with its attendant joys of legislative symposia, they have not emerged beyond the state at which, elsewhere in India, it is considered wisest to provide for

control by a Chief Commissioner ; and in Chota Nagpur, at any rate that form of Government has, in fact if not in name, hitherto prevailed. It is significant (and melancholy) that the representatives of Chota Nagpur on the Legislative Council of the new province are almost entirely Biharis and Bengalis, but this is not surprising in view of the fact that there is not a single member of any Chota Nagpur race who would venture to aspire to the name of politician. "For this relief much thanks," the cynic will observe ; and we should be disposed to agree with him if Chota Nagpur had been allowed to make her way alone. But now that she has been thrust by a sagacious Imperial Government into a partnership which calls for some elements at least of political training on her part, her utter ignorance of the craft leaves her an easy prey to the ambitions of her more powerful associate, unless the Government stands by to help. But will it ? Witness the jealousy with which, last year, Bihar regarded the temporary ascendancy of Ranchi, and the Government's tame abandonment, in deference to the clamour of Patna, of the idea of a central capital on the Chota Nagpur plateau. The omens are not favourable ; and, unless they improve, it would seem that Chota Nagpur is in the toils.

Orissa is in like case. Such intellect as she possesses is almost entirely Bengali, and the one Uriya who has made any name for himself in politics has not hesitated to proclaim in season and out of season that his countrymen are a most backward race. They are at any rate no match for the Biharis. And what possible affinity have they either with the Hindi-speaking Biharis or the aboriginals of the Chota Nagpur plateau ? In language, manners and habits of thought the line of cleavage is indisputable, and though there are Hindus in Bihar and Hindus in Orissa they have actually no more in common than has the Brahman of Tirhut with the Brahman of Trichinopoly. And though the Uriya may have disliked the Bengali because the latter, like most

successful intruders, has been apt to lord it over him on every favourable opportunity, yet he realizes that, both as regards language and customs, the Bengali is nearer to him than the Bihari can ever be, and he resents his presence less. With the Bengali he has worked in common for many generations; the Bihari is to him a total stranger from a far country, whose domination will be as alien as that of the Englishman and far more unpopular. It is true that since the creation of the new province there has been some indication of an alliance between the Uriya politician aforesaid and one or two of the more dexterous leaders of Bihari politics. The circumstances leading up to the rejection of the Orissa Tenancy Bill in the spring of last year are well known, but the action of the Behari leaders on that occasion was obviously not dictated by any sudden affection for the raiyat of Orissa. Their sole concern was to defeat the Bill in order that certain provisions which it contained might not be subsequently introduced in Bihar (where they are greatly needed), and their followers made no secret of the fact. They were successful for the time being, but we shall be surprised if their triumph is other than shortlived. Again, more recently, the public were edified by a further illustration of the newly-ratified Bihari-Uriya alliance in the form of the resignation by a Bihari, in favour of an Uriya, of his membership of the Imperial Council. The transaction was doubtless magnanimous, but the parties to it were the same who had combined to wreck the Tenancy Bill, and the demonstration would have been more effective had it been possible to introduce some new blood. This is, unfortunately, an age of "window-dressing;" and the public, rightly or wrongly, are apt to be sceptical of magnanimity in politics. For instance, when we read of a brilliant Rajput prince, whose lightest word is known to be law within his state, announcing that he has found it desirable to create a Legislative Council to control and assist him in the discharge of his administrative functions, we join

with His Excellency the Viceroy in commending such voluntary self-effacement, but we may be pardoned if we have some doubts as to the precise degree of restriction which, in practice, will be placed upon His Highness' hitherto very comprehensive powers. For we have lived in Rajputana and have some small knowledge of Rajput views on modern constitutional tendencies.* And so, even though the Hon'ble Mr. A. of Bihar may resign his place in Council in favour of the Hon'ble Mr. B. of Orissa, it is doubtful whether that commendable act of unselfishness will serve to lessen, even by one inch, the immense gulf that separates the constituencies which they represent. We have no hesitation in saying that, between the peoples of Orissa and Bihar, there is at present no kind of *rapprochement* in any real sense of the word, and it is difficult to see how there ever can be.

The Governor-General in Council sought to compensate the Uriyas for their severance from Bengal by announcing in their famous despatch (without, so far as is discernible, so much as the suggestion of a smile) that the Orissa seaboard would form an admirable appanage to the Province of Bihar, whose trade would doubtless be diverted by an obliging commercial community from the straight line to Calcutta in order to stimulate the activity of the Orissa ports. But when we come to examine the Customs figures for those ports we find that the annual receipts represent the magnificent sum of some Rs. 1,600 only; and, as a set-off against the possibilities of some development of this princely income, the Uriya will henceforward have to go to Patna instead of to Calcutta for his final orders, whether they be administrative or judicial. As well direct the Neapolitan to appeal to Venice rather than to Rome—though even that absurdity would, in view of the superior transport facilities available in Italy, be more easily defensible. For, in order to reach Patna, the Uriya must, if he wishes to proceed with any degree of speed, actually pass through Calcutta, which has been his metropolis for

over one hundred years, and with which he is associated by many ties both sentimental and material. Thousands of Uriyas come yearly to Bengal for employment and they rank substantially among the population of Calcutta and its suburbs. Where are the Uriyas in Bihar, save the few servants in officials' houses, and what single tie can be said to unite the two peoples ?

The conclusion is therefore obvious. Orissa and Chota Nagpur are not meant for Bihar, nor Bihar for them ; and so long as this enforced and incongruous relationship is maintained it can only result in serious prejudice to the weaker brethren. The Bihari is, and must be, the unfairly predominant *Karta* in the joint-family in which, with amazing good fortune, he now finds himself ; and, do what it will, the local Government called upon to deal with this unhappy medley of interests, will be unable to hold the balance even. No one is better fitted than Sir Charles Bayley to make the attempt, and we admire the loyal courage with which, in the most depressing circumstances, he has entered on his task ; but it is to be feared that even his tactfulness and resource will not serve to make peace where no peace can be.

And thus we come to the question : is this unnatural combination likely to endure ? It is notoriously dangerous to prophesy, but if the experience of history is good for anything at all (and even in wayward India it must surely count for something) the answer can only be in the negative. Haphazard agglomerations of communities essentially diverse in character are themselves essentially vicious, and have never stood the test of time ; and it should be unnecessary to remind Lord Hardinge of the fate of Napoleon's experiments in this direction in Germany, Northern Italy and elsewhere. The Hapsburg Empire is perhaps the one seeming exception to the normal rule, but it has been held together by the genius of one man ; and no Government is entitled to expose other peoples (however comparatively unimportant) to the internal strife and bitterness which characterize its everyday life. The right

solution of the present tangle is simple, and though full recourse may not be had to it in our time, is it too much to predict that it must eventually be adopted? Orissa at any rate must return to Bengal, and many think that she will return within a decade. Chota Nagpur should go to the Central Provinces (to which she is far more closely assimilated, from every point of view, than she is to Bihar, Orissa or Bengal) and that administration might then be raised to a Lieutenant-Governorship. Now that it has been definitely decided that Bengal is to be left to herself amidst her salubrious swamps, Bihar is doubtless entitled to demand an independent administration, but she would be too small for anything save a Chief Commissionership were she deprived (as she ought to be) of Orissa and Chota Nagpur. No one, however, would wish to reduce her to such a status after she has enjoyed for years a higher form of government, nor would it be practical politics to attempt to do so. She should, therefore, be enlarged by the addition of the Benares Division of the United Provinces whose people spring from the same stock, have the same history and revenue system, live the same lives and speak the same language as her own, and whose interests could be easily, and without injustice, merged with hers. The Patna barrister might not approve of this change, for his "capital" would be threatened by Benares, which would be unlikely to bow the knee to Bankipore; but it would be all for the good of the province that a healthy spirit of emulation should be engendered between the two centres as in the case of Lucknow and Allahabad. The United Provinces are large enough and will soon be important enough to require the full attention of a Lieutenant-Governor in Council even though they be bereft of the Benares Division, and neither the public services nor the unofficial bodies in those provinces would be likely to waste many tears over their loss. On the other hand, the province of Bihar, as thus reconstituted, would justify the retention of that form of government to which the existing province of Bihar and Orissa

has no reasonable title. Bihar would still, it is true, be without a hill station, but it should not be difficult to provide this necessity either in the hills to the west of Darjeeling or (by arrangement with the Nepal Durbar) in those to the north of Gorakhpur. The expense need not be grudged ; for if it is permissible to spend crores upon the Bihari capital of a nondescript province, it will be a deed of virtue to spend at least as much upon a sanatorium for reunited Bihar. This much is certain : “ Bihar and Orissa,” as at present constituted, represents a combination both stupid and unjust ; and, while we cannot but attribute the best of motives to the authors of its being, it requires no great knowledge of human affairs to anticipate the fate of their hantling even though our forecast of the events which will follow upon the infant’s dissolution may not be realised. We are tempted to remind the Governor-General in Council of the dictum which the greatest of dramatists thought fit to put into the mouth of a ruler even more autocratic, though far less benevolent, than themselves—

Things done well
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear.
Things, done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared.

Can Lord Hardinge and his colleagues regard the “ issue ” in the new province without apprehension ? We, for our part, regret that we cannot. For a house divided against itself cannot stand ; and it will indeed be surprising if the historian of the future, when describing the chequered career of this offspring of divided counsels, does not have cause to marvel that a statesman of Lord Hardinge’s reputation was content to set the seal of his approval upon a makeshift policy which is as unsound in principle as it is unworkable in practice. Yet may His Excellency take comfort in the fact that, long ere that history comes to be written, the province of “ Bihar and Orissa,” as such, will have ceased to find a place upon the map of India.

OUR INTERNATIONAL OPPORTUNITY IN INDIA.

BY CORNELIA SORABJI.

THERE are certain objections to the use of the word "International." Any distinction of nationality within the Empire has become distasteful in these latter days. We hear too much talk of Nationality. While the great cohesive forces which emanate from the little, and dear, island over-seas are drawing us together, we are doing among ourselves the enemy's work of disintegration. This is surely wrong in principle. We cannot have one ideal and standard for our relation to our Emperor and another for our inter-relationship, race to race. The recognition of two such standards convicts us at once of hypocrisy and fraud. We are digging out of our own soil in India the refuse with which to make the bricks that, day by day, we seem to be piling up between peoples and peoples, between individuals and individuals. And it is despicable ; because the flag we fly is "The walls have fallen;" because our soldiers' boast in the great campaign of progress is "One people one loyalty."

This may be heterodox, but to take at least one brick out of our walls of international separation, seems to me worth all the political privilege for which the suffragette in England or the progressive in India, is giving emotion and enthusiasm.

I would keep in India all that is distinctive without being alienating ; but would discourage over-much talk of nationality and the comparisons which such talk engenders. Among the Civilized there should be only one nationality—the Nationality of Culture. He who has the same standard of honour as ourselves, who has the same aversions, the same list of the things which no gentleman can do, the same obligations to God and mankind—is

not he, and he alone, of our nationality? When, as an empire, we have arrived at that conclusion, we shall indeed be unassailable, and compact for good.

I have heard tell of an ancient Chinese map of *the World*. It comprised a map of China, and faint dots at the edges were labelled "deserts unknown, inhabited by barbarians." In my illiberal zeal for liberality, somewhat so would I draw my map of *the Cultured*, i.e., of the dominions of King George the Fifth. And, being thus perfectly assured of unity, we should then be in fit attitude to turn to such picturesque differences as exist amongst us, in order that we might exhaust their possibilities of interchange to the fullest: in order that we might throw all these diversities of gifts into the great melting-pot of service. Surely no empire has ever had so great a chance as ours.

Let us think then of some of these possibilities. Do we study them enough? What are they? What has England to learn from India? And what, the other way round?

Exceptions or the indifferent apart, there are two classes of people in India—

The Indiscriminate Admirers.

The All-knowers.

The Indiscriminate Admirer is usually a globe-trotter or a reforming American. He has adopted notions of India "made-over," as he would say, on his own soil, in the far West, and he comes to us here to teach us how to interpret the things which belong. He is at any rate consistent, for he chooses the very things which the indigenous will tell you are encrustations on the purity of tradition: and he will enthuse about these to an extent laughable to any but the best-mannered people in the world. The most severe criticism I have ever heard of this type came from an orthodox Hindu lady of my acquaintance. She heard the most extraordinary interpretations of some orthodox Hindu conception by an English convert to American Hinduism, with the utmost gravity, merely remarking in her own

tongue—"Alas! thou who art stricken with the poverty of arrogance: for God hath made thee a fool."

The All-knowers are also sometimes tourists. One such informed me that after a three-months tour in India she had begun to lecture on India, the Straits Settlements and Ceylon. And that there was only one thing which puzzled her, and which she would like to get clear—"When, exactly, did a Rajah become a Nawab?"

Such folk are made for our delectation. It is otherwise with the All-knowers, English or Indian, who live amongst us. Their attitude is either that there is nothing of old tradition to be known, or assimilated, nothing that is, worth recognition, or that there is nothing outside their own knowledge of such tradition. And I have heard quite extraordinary statements and corrections made by such. They have been made to my knowledge during the serious discussion of problems touching the welfare of Indian people, and unfortunately they have on some occasions, by the equally well-meaning, been allowed respect and weight.

Such are statements (to take the least discoverable), to the effect that it is all rubbish as to there being any custom of the *purdah* in India, or any caste, *because* so many Indian ladies are seen in English society these days; that therefore no provision should be made for respect of either orthodox Hindu custom.

The worst, as has been said, of these people is that they are so very well-meaning. "Whatever you put on my grave," said an Oxford professor, "do not write that I meant well." I could almost believe that he had just spent an hour among the people to whom I have referred.

But such people would have little power for harm if the world expected better of those who profess to speak with authority about India. We are often told that we have no public opinion in India. Is that, I wonder, why we have no respect for authority in modern India? why we do not require that a man shall have some

sanction¹ of learning or judgment, some qualification, some title to consideration, when he speaks about the human units in this very complex country in which we live. On a question of Indian mines, for instance, we do not go to any but a mining expert. Yet on a question of caste, or custom, or religion touching the most vital issues we go to stray Indian callers, to our neighbours at dinner parties, to people whose only acquaintance with India is gleaned from their servants.

It is difficult to answer questions about Indians as a whole, or about Indian custom, with literal accuracy, but it is the most difficult thing in the world to give the right impression about even one's own part of India or one's own special study in India. And the longer one studies, the more one realizes this.

No one can know about India secondhand; any little bit of India about which we claim to have an opinion should be studied by ourselves *in the vernacular*, so to speak. We cannot study the orthodox Indian of the country in the English translation of our Bengalee friend in town.

No one knows what he has not given himself to study. *Qua* Indian, none of us know anything, except about our individual communities, and often, in these days of English speech and English ways, we do not even know that.

Therefore we come to our first point. There are things worth learning of each other in India. The Indian gives all of himself to learning what the Britisher has to teach. Cannot the Indian give himself rather more to learning about India? Cannot the Britisher give himself rather more to learning about us? with whatever object, whether it be personal gain, or more sympathy, or as was said above—the great gift of better service to the Empire.

And, if we have determined upon this, the first thing is to create a proper respect for authority by demanding that he who professes to speak with authority should be properly equipped. Do not let us listen to everyone. Let us pause to question “What right have you to tell me this—to

express this opinion?" Let us try and understand for ourselves. Many mistakes would be avoided if the Englishman remembered that the Indian usually understands him a good deal better than he understands the Indian.

Let us then go to the right people to learn and they will take care that we learn the right things. If there are not now a sufficient number of "right people" available (and there are not), let us create them by demanding them, by looking for them.

I will mention only one or two very simple and practical kinds of benefit to service, in this better knowing.

We are always having applications for teaching work in zenanas, both from English and Indian women. Sometimes these have been trained as teachers, more often they have not been so trained (that is the detail of another question), but neither English nor Indian seems to think it at all necessary that she should know the vernacular, or the manners and customs and etiquette and prejudices of the people among whom she seeks to work.

Would it be possible for readers of the paper to make it generally known when opportunity occurs that these things are absolutely necessary items in the equipment of any teacher in zenanas?

Again, take the professions of medicine and nursing. How many of our best doctor ladies know any vernacular? And yet is correct language not more necessary here almost than in any profession?

On one occasion an excellent Lady Doctor gave directions in these words exactly in a Bengali zenana—

"*Suffed dawai*—One chimach."

"*Khaki dawai*—One ounce."

What she meant was that a spoon of the white medicine (she had yet to prescribe it so there was no help by demonstration), was to be taken; and that an ounce was to be taken of a medicine which we presume was khaki-coloured. But the directions were naturally cryptic in a Bengali household of women, and the lady did not know

that *khaki* is used in English as a colour but is not so known among orthodox Bengalis unacquainted with English. To them her directions would mean "the medicine of ashes," if they understood her at all. But they turned pathetically to an onlooker and said "Hi ! hi ! Miss Sahib, that we do not know *English*." Another simple thing unknown to lady doctors and nurses is that no person not of the caste of the patient, or of an allowable caste, should be inside the threshold when she is taking any liquid medicine, or taking water after, say, a pill. I have known sad tragedies result on this infinitesimal ignorance.

One little lady said once of some such incident "It does not matter what happens to me now. Is not my caste gone by reason of this? I am spoilt for this world and the next." "Rubbish" said she who had offended when I pleaded for no recurrence, "we must get them out of that !"

Another remark which comes to mind was made at a business discussion by a person who was heeded as an authority. This lady advanced as a serious argument against the necessity of the vernacular, that one of her husband's babus had told her that orthodox Indian ladies were learning English so as to read the prescriptions of English doctors ! I wonder how many English people can read the prescriptions of their own doctors !

And here, let us be warned against taking too seriously what an Indian informant may say. Manners will often induce an Indian of the old school to agree with you when he knows you to be utterly wrong. Again he may think you not worthy the truth. Two stories from out my own experience will illustrate this. One is of an Indian who did most blatantly misrepresent truth (at the examination of a school) and to whom was pointed out the needless waste of a lie. His reply was that anything else would have been "disrespectful to the head." He had adjusted his statement to his own opinion of what the Inspector would like to hear.

The other is the tale of a dear old Zemindar[!], not of these Provinces. In my presence he lied deliberately, in answering the questions of an enquiring Englishman. I asked him why he had done this. It was senseless, because I knew the truth.

“Oh, Miss Sahib,” said he, with a not unattractive twinkle in his old eye, “have you been so long a time with us, and do you not know that we keep truth for gods and wise men; for the fool, a lie!” Truly doth it take two to tell the truth, one to speak and another to hear. Let us who can, then, help by hearing correctly, by educating ourselves to hear correctly. Is this also not one of our international opportunities?

I have spoken first of these trivial things, the small ware of exchange in the great mart of internationality, because after a discussion of this nature, it is good to be able to say, “Now, on what little thing can I personally begin?” But this paper is meant to be the barest suggestion. The readers of it will be able to find opportunity for themselves far better than I can point to opportunity—when once they set themselves to think things out.

And over and above *the practical*, which is always what England will have to bring for exchange to the East, these are the things which seem to me to count for far more—the things of the spirit.

Do not seek to lift the Indian entirely past the mystic dream-side of his nature. It is possible, I know, to have two sides to one's nature—“one to face the world with,” one for the secrecy of communion with the great forces outside the world. Encourage the Indian to keep this latter side even while helping him to develop the former.

People are always telling us what India has to give in the way of mysticism—of spiritual adventure. In these days, at any rate, one finds, exceptions apart, that India is losing her heritage by too much seeking after the things of Time: and, one and another of us has come

back from the quest with our hearts empty and our souls unsatisfied.

Speaking of personal experiences in this direction, I can say that I have learnt much from some orthodox Hindu friends, of the single-eyed pursuit of holiness. I have learnt how the body can be subdued, with what rigidity vows can be kept when none but God would know the breach. I have seen how true spirituality can overleap all ritual, and all the pomps and pageantry of customary worship. But I have seen too, alas! how in times of necessity even the highest spirituality steps back to superstition, and to the uses and propitiations of superstition.

I do not speak with authority, so the conclusions which are drawn are for one's own soul in its seeking after God: but what I have seen and known makes me try to vindicate yet one more pathway to opportunity.

England can, I am sure, help us to recapture the beauty of our own old ideals. More, it can teach things which were never really known as distinctive marks of Indian philosophy (though I do not doubt that we can now find parallel interpretations and teachings),—thought, for instance, such as that which Francis Thompson has put into such wonderful language—that the Huntsman of the Soul is Love and not Hate: that it is indeed the Highest who is out in full cry after the Soul: not the Soul seeking the Highest through rebirth after rebirth. It can help the heart sore with bitter disillusion to weave into its Eastern ideal of stoic nothingness, something too of that courage which looks for the Best, which turns blind eyes to the Light that is never dead, in an unconquerable and persistent optimism. In its own life and ideals and without traducing the faiths of others, it can bring to the help of the stern Eastern doctrine of sowing and reaping the cheer of that glorious gospel of paradox. . . . “the Beauty which satisfies in the face of one whose visage was marred more than that of any man” . . . “poor, but making rich” . . . “sorrowful yet

rejoicing" . . . "having nothing yet possessing" . . . "the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness" . . . there is a long list. Those of us who have tried to live by that list, will be recalling the special blessed paradox which fulfilled our special emptiness. There is no need to elaborate. The things which are hidden in our hearts, do they not speak loudest?

Again, the ideals of the East teach a wonderful patience and submission. How often we have seen and admired. But I am wistful too for this patience to be enriched by the more robust ideal to be found in the West, which allows nor soul nor body any rest from fighting against the submission and satiety that bring disillusion and disaster.

Or to turn to another simple and practical example take emotions. The emotions of pity, of patriotism, of piety—they have their full value in the East: but it is the West which can teach us not to suffer a single righteous emotion to pass without exacting from it some service for the good of mankind.

What I am trying to say is that the different standpoint must surely have some meaning. Do not let us ignore it, or, on the other hand, make it occasion for building walls of separation between peoples and peoples. Let us rather—is it not possible?—use the difference to fill up the measure of our several conceptions.

One last concrete example will indicate my meaning.

"Seek and find Peace," says the Indian Philosopher, "in order that you may lose yourself in the Great Ocean, and be dead to Mankind."

"First keep thyself in Peace," says a Western Saint, "and then shalt thou be able to make peace among other men."

Can it be doubted that the Empire which has the chance of making into one beautiful whole the ideals represented by those two thoughts alone, is unique in its opportunities among the empires of the World?

C. SORABJI.

SOME ARTISTIC DEFECTS IN GEORGE MEREDITH.

BY ALEXANDER MACKIE, M.A.

TO write a short paper on George Meredith presents difficulties not unlike those which confront a writer who attempts to deal in a limited space with the sea or the starry heavens. The subject is too vast for adequate treatment outside a volume. Fourteen lengthy, some of them abnormally lengthy, novels, packed with multitudinous characters mostly drawn on unconventional lines, novels unfolding intricate and ravelled plots and at irregular intervals introducing graphic and vivid pictures, sparkling and epigrammatic dialogue, philosophic and subtle disquisitions and cunning analyses of human motives; fourteen novels besides several volumes of verse, and of verse permeated with the same subtleties and difficulty of thought and imagery—this is a field too spacious for anything except a few superficial touches, a wild dip here and there at random. If a critic's exposition is to be of any utility, it must confine itself to some very limited aspect of this great writer's marvellous product.

Various topics suggest themselves. It would be educative to select a particular novel, such as *The Egoist* or *Diana of the Crossways* and, treating it as the main theme, make comparisons, fore and aft, to others written earlier or later. One might confine oneself to a few of the more notable and original creations of the first rank, and might analyze their character—Roy Richmond, that prince of humbugs and adventurers; Sir Willoughby Patterne, the thoroughgoing Egoist; Nevil Beauchamp, the chivalrous and ardent Radical. The heroines, too, of the more or less ideal type would make an agreeable study—Cecilia Halkett, Janet Ilchester, Carinthia Kirby, Diana Warwick,

Clara Middleton and Vittoria. The less ideal but more original conceptions which the author embodied in such feminine falsities as the Countess de Saldar, or the three Miss Poles ; the secondary personalities of the stories, such as the breezy and wholehearted Mrs. Berry, the vulgarly Irish but well meaning Mrs. Chump ; eccentrics like Skepsy and Braintop, Woodseer and Raike ; scholars of heavy *calibre*, full of miscellaneous culture and of acute taste in wine, like Dr. Middleton ; schoolboys with the *naivete* and pure animalism of Crossjay or Repton ; pugilists like Kit Ines ; prosy politicians like Dr. Shrapnel and so on ; what a gallery Meredith had and what an area of life he could be at home in !

These are tempting subjects. Equally alluring are the various backgrounds of his stories, Alpine, Black-forest, Italian or English scenery, and the pictorial garniture with which he vivifies the current of his tales, cricket matches, drinking bouts, sea swims, boxing matches, contested elections, dinner parties, gipsy encampments, yachting expeditions, life at luxurious manor houses, or life in London slums—all of these he painted with a forceful realism difficult to match.

Then his love of Nature, his minute knowledge of bird life and wild flowers, his sense of landscape and his skill in catching the English atmosphere. His satirical but good tempered treatment of the inanities of aristocratic triflers like Lord Fleetwood ; his never-failing humour, his philosophic optimism, his theory of the evolution of character through the repeated thwackings of adversity, or the moulding play of circumstance ; the place of women, the problem of marriage, to which he devoted four novels ; his mintage of aphorisms, whether as focussed in *The Pilgrim's Scrip* of Sir Austen Feveril, in Admiral Kirby's *Maxims*, or incidentally scattered over his pages ; the comic effects he creates by reproducing Dame Gossip's wild distortions of facts, and the difficulties created by the refraction that sayings and doings quite harmless in themselves

have to undergo when they pass through the media of jealousy or envy or stupidity ; the alleged baneful effect on his style of his German education ; the influence of other novelists upon his choice of character and incident—Dickens and Peacock for instance—each of these topics offers charming openings for fruitful comment and happy illustration, and in the gross would provide material not for one but for a series of papers. With none of these subjects, however, is this article prepared to deal.

No one can read even a single book of Meredith's without being conscious that here is a writer charged with power of the most vital kind,—power of language, of thought, of imagery, of analysis and of synthesis on no ordinary scale, one saturated with intellectuality and originality to his finger tips, one who has initiated new departures and greatly influenced modern writing. Yet with all his marvellous force and intellectuality and alertness, with all his deep insight into the springs of human action, he is not without serious defects that cut him off from all but a limited and nimble-minded audience. Let us look for a little at some of the artistic deficiencies that circumscribe Meredith's range of influence. This is a hazardous experiment and is apt to be misunderstood. Still one may not be either blind or oblivious to the marvellous powers of this highly endowed author and yet elect to dwell for one day only on the undoubted flaws that irritate and exasperate and frighten off a large number of would-be readers and tend to darken the glory of his remarkable and phenomenal effulgence. The spots on the sun are considered worthy of study by astronomers.

The following criticisms apply both to *form* and to *substance*, but more especially to form. Meredith's language is at times needlessly difficult and abstruse ; it is erratic and grotesque and, if the truth must be told, debased by what there is no other name for than affectation ; while his extraordinary wealth of metaphors, which are in themselves a symptom of genuine power, become as often a snare

and a hindrance as an aid to expression. In so far as he led a revolt and re-action against the platitude, the palpable, and the obvious, he was in many ways a godsend; but he carried the reform to extremes and thereby undid much of the good he might otherwise have achieved.

With a wholesome dread of the conventional which is the vernacular speech of the English Philistine, Meredith is almost perverse in his determination to be allusive, suggestive and figurative rather than simple, plain, direct and lucid. Hence his use of uncommon words, like "cornemusing" which ninety-nine readers in a hundred, if they do not ignore it, must elucidate by the way of the dictionary. Hence too his startling coinages of words like hugeousness, brady-peptic, planguncula, the shaddock-dogmatist, or the new and expressive but quite unnecessary adjective mushroomic; or his daring name for the futile person who after the manner of Coleridge is always going to do something great to-morrow—the "to-morrower." His use of abstract nouns, his omission of relatives, his transforming of adjectives to nouns, his manufacture of verbs from nouns and his determination to make adverbs do duty for adverbial clauses, together with his bold and startling use of ellipses, might all be illustrated. Although all these devices are recognized as legitimate modes of enriching our treasury of expression, they are here pushed to lengths that offend some lovers of purity and discompose and stagger less scholarly readers, "Her musings fierily brushed her cheeks," "so brawnily larcenous," "sovercignly" "twi-thought." Weyburn criticizes Lord Ormont's temper as "a curmudgeonly, lumping solitariness that won't forgive an injury, nurses rancour, smacks itself in the face because it can't—to use the old school-boy words—take a licking." Again, "her charms were expressive enough; at times he had thought them marvellous in their clear-cut of the animating mind." This is a perverse way of saying that the clear-cut features were an index to the animating mind within. He describes a man

as pleading his case "in mangled English, in the headlong of an outpoured, undrilled, rabble vocabulary," turning headlong into a noun without any justification or positive gain. One need not be a strict purist to stumble over some of these expressions. Here is another passage ablaze with metaphors not always readily intelligible and closing with a phrase that ruins whatever good impression they may have created: "the second green of the year shot lively sparkles off the meadows from a fringe of coloured globelets to a warm silver lake of dews. The firwood was already breathing . . . and sweet in the sun. The half-moon fell rayless and paler than the fan of fleeces pushed up westward, high overhead, themselves dispersing in the blue in downy feathers, like the mottled grey on an eagle's breast, the smudges of them bluish like traces of the beaked wood-pigeon." One need not dwell on the crowd of metaphors, not very intelligible in the first part of the extract, but the last few words attract attention—the "traces of the beaked wood-pigeon." Of course this means like the bluish, slate-coloured feathers torn by a hawk's beak from its victim the wood-pigeon. Even an attentive and careful reader is doomed to pause at this condensation of language, and the conundrum is fatal to what might otherwise be a living picture. If there were any gain from these lightning-like flashes they would be condoned and would justify themselves; as it is, they only check the reader's current of thought and annoy and exasperate without illuminating.

More interesting than these merely grammatical tricks are his oblique modes of description. He took anything rather than the natural and received mode of saying things. A boy at a cricket match, sent to ascertain the state of the score, "taught lightning a lesson," "Misfortunes are the most united family on earth"—a variant on our proverb that misfortunes never come singly. "He had been a listening lover once, later than the Granada sunsets," this is highly elliptical for the days when in

Granada they watched in their lovers' walks the sunsets in Spain. The contiguity here illustrated is a common device. He talks of men "vindicating their conduct on the field of measured paces," which is Meredithese for fighting a duel. He will not use the stereotyped form of the expression under any circumstances. "Brownny was on the field, left of the tea-booth, with her schoolmates, part of her head under a scarlet parasol." This reverses the ordinary man's mode of approaching the subject; but is characteristic of Meredith's attitude to expression. "Mrs. Lawrance laid her smoothing hand absently on a frill of lace fichu above a sternly disciplined bosom at half-heave," "Politest of men in the domestic circle and everywhere among women, Lord Ormont was annoyed to find himself often gruffish behind the tie of his cravat; indeed the temper of our eminently serene will feel the strain of a doldrum dulness that is goaded to activity by a nettle." So, "Diaper Sandoe (the poet of early promise, fallen on evil days) lends his pen for small wares. His fame has sunk, his bodily girth has sensibly increased. What he can do and will do is still his theme; meantime the juice of the juniper is in requisition and it seems those small wares cannot be produced without it." Here again the same device, the dark hint, or subtle allusion is used for humorous purposes, a perfectly legitimate use, but it is only a certain percentage of readers that recognize "the juice of the juniper" as Meredith's euphemism for "gin." If that is not guessed the whole point is missed. To take one other example of grandiose diction used with half ludicrous effect, but running the risk of missing fire—"Adrian Harley the gourmand was fond of travel, but his Alp would hardly be grand to him without an obsequious landlord in the foreground; he must recline on Mammon's imperial cushions in order to moralize becomingly on the ancient world. The search for pleasure at the expense of discomfort, as frantic lovers woo their mistresses to

partake the shelter of a hut, and batten on a crust, Adrian deemed the bitterness of beggarliness." Translated into commonplace English this means that Adrian could not rough it ; he liked travel, but travel in Italy did not appeal to him except it was accompanied by the most luxurious of conditions. There is humour here once more, but the language which is intended to heighten the ludicrous side runs the risk of eclipsing it. The next example is much happier. This same wise youth, Adrian, is a favourite butt in *The Egoist*. The effects of his bountiful fare, in the absence of adequate physical exercise, made a certain central part of his figure somewhat prominent. "Already that region was a trifle prominent in the wise youth and carried as it were the flag of his philosophical tenets in front of him." This, of course an echo from Shakespeare, is really clever and pat, Adrian's philosophy being frankly Epicurean and his daily prayer being that of Lazarillo in Fletcher's play, "fill me this day with rare delicacies." If the obliquities I am illustrating were always as felicitous, Meredith's *clientele* would be larger. Take a few more. "Radnor performed the never-omitted lover's homage,"—Meredithean diction for "kissed his wife as usual." The same metaphor is used in another connexion. Skepsy, whose weakness was boxing, "performed the national homage to muscle," *i.e.*, felt the size and hardness of the butcher's arm. "An emblem pertaining to her creed was on the heroine's neck ; also dependent at her waist." Mrs. Percy Dacier was a pronounced ritualist and she wore not one but two crosses. Instead of saying that Mr. Fenellan drank old Veuve, the act is rendered "he crushed a delicious gulp of the wine that foamed along the channel of flavour." The "channel of flavour" is far-fetched for "the palate." No doubt some of these are less difficult and less obstructive than others, but they are purposely mixed to show the author's way. When Victor Radnor gave a most cordial and beaming greeting to Lady Grace, the description is done by means of metaphors :

“Victor’s festival lights were kindled beholding her ; cressets on the window sill, lamps inside.” This we must pronounce fantastic and confusing. Other examples selected at random from *Lord Ormont* may be given : “The unwonted supper in them withheld an answer to the intimidating knock.” Even the context here will help the reader but feebly to solve the puzzle, the sleepers had supped late and supped so bountifully that next morning they did not hear the knock at their bedroom door but slept on. “Upon the opening of the door there was a cascade of muslin downstairs”—a startling and original metaphor for describing the ladies trooping downstairs in muslin dresses, that is witty and clever. “The girls sped their peep of inquisition before the moment of transit.” This abstract form of expression needs translation, a string of boys from a boarding school meets a string of girls in similar circumstances, the girls are shy and do not venture, are not allowed to look ; they merely snatch a furtive glance at the moment of passing. “Weyburn controlled the tongue she so frequently tickled to an elvish gavotte.” Here is the same smart use of a daring metaphor, she usually set Weyburn chattering but for once he laid a bridle on his talkative tongue.

The novel most conspicuous for the oblique and far-fetched in expression is *One of Our Conquerors*, perhaps the most deterrent of all Meredith’s books to the ordinary novel reader. Those who wish to see him at his worst are recommended to spend a few hours on the difficulties of that book. Here are a few samples. “The great assembly at Lakelands when Mr. Victor Radnor entertained the village shopkeepers, their wives and children” is minutely described. “They were sumptuously feasted ; they had been at it for two merry hours ; they had risen ; they were beef and pudding on legs ; in some quarters beer amiably manifest, owing to the flourishes of a military band. Boys who had shaken room through their magical young corporations for fresh stowage, darted out of a chasing

circle to the crumbled cornucopia regretfully forsaken fifteen minutes back, and buried another tart." This is highly humorous, but it is humour almost entirely dependent, as de Quincey's often was, on the cleverness of the wording. In fact it is more witty than humorous. Note the "amiably manifest" where the adverb is made to do short duty for a whole clause. "The crumbled cornucopia" is somewhat cryptic, but may pass; the well ordered piles of cakes and tarts had been reduced to disorder and chaos during the two hours' feast. The best stroke is reserved for the end; "buried another tart" is a hit. But later on we reach less pleasing attempts in the same manner. "M. Falarique damascenes his sharpest smile; M. Bobinkine double-dimples his puddingest." This gentleman was a Russian "hued like the pot-boiled round and tight young dumpling of our primitive boyhood which smokes on the dish from the pot." Mr. Semhians "blushed over his white neck-tie like the coast of Labrador at the transient wink of its Jack-in-the-box Apollo." It would bore to gloss all these passages. They are for the most part affected and far-fetched and suggest the clever man trying to be cleverer than he is, they are part of a pose and we cannot help deploring that Meredith should allow his gifted pen to indulge in such prim vagaries.

Take another specimen. "One would like to think of the lengthened tide flux of pedestrian citizens facing south-westward as being drawn by devout attraction to our nourishing luminary; at the hour, mark, when the Norland cloud king after a day of wild invasion sits him on his restful bank of bluish, smack-o-cheek red above White-chapel." This again needs paraphrasing to many readers. It merely means to describe the rush of city men westward to dine at their own homes, and as they face the south-western sky they catch glimpses of colour in the northern horizon. The day has been boisterous and the wind has fallen with the sun, but the sky still bears traces of the gusty blasts that smacked its cheek to redness.

Now this is a needless fanfaronade of inflated diction, in-artistic because out-of-place. A few perhaps enjoy it, and taken by itself it is not so very formidable, but the recurrence of such passages forms the greatest obstacle to his appreciation. All but a few highly cultivated virtuosi in linguistics are puzzled and worried by these cryptic and unusual turns of phraseology. "The front of a shower sprang to Carinthia's eyelids." Carinthia's "eyes were each about to have a tear." The conventional expression is "tears rushed to her eyes," hackneyed enough no doubt, but after all it is not necessary to abrogate all received expressions. The continuation of the same passage is interesting. "This last of young women for weeping, wept in the lady's presence. The feminine trick was pardoned to her because her unaccustomed betrayal of that form of enervation was desired." Translated this means that Carinthia was not of the tearful kind, but her unwonted tears were welcomed on this occasion as being a healthy and hopeful symptom. Even when his wording of commonplace ideas and every-day incidents is cleverly done as here, it is never without a smack of artificiality and forcedness which sounds affected and irritates all lovers of naturalness, grace and simplicity. "Her betrayal of that form of enervation." Is anything gained by rolling up the simple process of weeping in this euphemistic bundle of ugly words? No doubt the reader who reads plentifully in Meredith or in Browning becomes accustomed to these tricks and in time learns to look out for them and to admire their newness and singularity as well as their occasional adroitness, but many readers are frightened off at the outset and do not persevere long enough to acquire the taste. It follows that the full flavour of his efforts is obtained only on a second or third reading. The first essay gives the run of the plot and a general impression of the *dramatis personæ*; subsequent perusals are necessary to catch a glimpse of the side-lights and to hear the grace-notes. Unfortunately it is not the modern fashion to read a novel twice; the more is the pity.

Sometimes the farfetchedness of his metaphorical conceits suggests the wild vagaries and foolish poses of a young author trying his awkward wings and racking his fancy to efforts which are the reverse of spontaneous, but this sense of strain and effort is even more conspicuous in his last novel, *The Amazing Marriage*, than it is in *The Ordeal of Richard Feveril*. The author took a rollicking delight, apparently, in hammering out these trickful phrases. He had so restless an intellect, was endowed with such a boundless treasury of diction, imagery and ideas that he seemed to take a positive pleasure in abandoning himself to the free use of his pen. He flings himself into these performances with gusto and hearty relish; they are the gambols and somersaults of the skilled gymnast who finds relief in wearing himself out turning wheels on horizontal bars or elevated trapezes and whose airy performances though dizzying to the spectators, give no trouble to him. He gives no thought to the stiff and halting reader, who is prone to shut his eyes as long as the aerial evolutions last and only opens them when the pirouettings are over. He once owned to "the dithyrambic inebriety of narration (quiverings of the reverent pen) when we find ourselves entering the circle of a most magnetic polarity," and this not unhappily describes his weakness. The gibe thrown at one politician by another of the same class who did not love him—"that he was intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity," has also a certain relevance.

Now it is a received opinion that a novel belongs to a class of literature which ought to be negotiated with the expenditure of only moderate effort. It is a form of recreation; something to wait upon in intellectual undress; but Meredith's do not meet these conditions. Assuredly they repay close attention, but they demand and deserve the same intense application of mind that one must bestow on a metaphysical treatise. Then only will they give up their full import and then only will the reader be in perfect touch

with the different characters and all the dimly intimated and obscurely hinted or taken for granted turns of the plot. It is bad art to leave the reader with nothing to do but to read ; it is equally inartistic to overweight his powers. Meredith could not or would not put himself in the place of the average reader. He could not hit the golden mean.

It is sometimes said that his ideas were so subtle that ordinary language is inadequate to express them. This is easily disproved. Where he offends most is when he is describing quite ordinary incidents and situations by no means novel ; it is often upon these trivial targets that he discharges his most potent and resonant artillery. Take for example the following from *Lord Ormont* : “ That day receded like a spent billow and lapsed among the others advancing, but it left a print deeper than events would have stamped. Aminta’s pen declined to run to her lord ; and dipping it in ink was no acceleration of the process. A sentence, bearing likeness to an artless infant’s trot of the half-dozen steps to mother’s lap stumbled upon the full-stop midway. Desperate determination pushed it along and there was in consequence a dead stop at the head of the next sentence. A woman whose nature is insurgent against the majesty of the man to whom she must, among the singular injunctions binding her, regularly write, sees no way between hypocrisy and rebellion. For rebellion she, with the pen in her hand, is avowedly not yet ripe, hypocrisy is abominable.” The situation here is a wife alienated in heart from a cold husband. Aminta after pledging her troth to the flame of her school-days—Weyburn—finds it difficult without hypocrisy to write a wifely letter, as usual, to her absent husband, Lord Ormont—*her pen declined to run to her lord*. With pen in hand she found it difficult to write more than a few halting sentences. There is nothing extraordinary in such a situation, nothing transcendental or subtle calling for subtlety in the wording, but it is characteristic of Meredith to clothe it in unnecessarily fantastic imagery all his own.

The rather sordid occupation of squaring expenditure and revenue, a conflict as old as civilization itself and one that lends itself to humorous treatment, is introduced in *Diana* at that point where the heroine, having started a luxurious London house, finds notwithstanding the lucrative receipts from her popular novel and the interest accruing from some private investments that friend *Debit* has a tendency to swell up out of all proportion to *Credit*. "She examined her accounts. The Debit and Credit sides presented much the appearance of male and female in our jog-trot civilization. They matched middling well; with rather too marked a tendency to strain the leash and run frolic on the part of friend Debit (the wanton male), which deepened the blush of the companion." Her father (*i.e.*, Dan Merion, an Irishman) had noticed the same funny thing in his effort to balance his tugging accounts: "Now then for a look at man and wife," except that he made Debit stand for the portly frisky female, Credit the decorous and contracted other half, a prim gentleman of a constitutionally lean habit of body remonstrating with her. "You seem to forget that we are married, my dear, and must walk in step or bundle into the Bench" Dan Merion used to say. "Diana had not so much to rebuke in Mr. Debit, or not at the first reckoning. But his ways were curious, she grew distrustful of him, after dismissing him with a quiet admonition and discovering a series of ambush bills, which he must have been aware of when he was allowed to pass as an honourable citizen," and so on through a whole sparkling page, too long to be quoted in full. Diana has set her heart on a luxurious mode of life quite beyond her present resources; but she argues she cannot do without these expensive amenities and *must* have them. She will work harder, write faster, treble her popularity and sail "on a tide of success down the widening river to a sea sheer golden. Behold how it sparkles! Are we then to stint our winged hours of youth for want of courage to realize the riches we can command? Debit was eloquent;

he was unanswerable." Now the subject is open to be treated humorously without all this extraordinary flourish of trumpets. The fact is, the author enjoys it. He delights to be drawn away for a frisk over some social amenity, but the true artist will restrain himself and will not suffer himself to be lured away by every will o' the wisp that glimpses on the outskirts of his path.

Even such a commonplace topic as a windy day on London Bridge is a theme that he paints with vigorous and telling strokes of his brush and yet with that same "excess" which detracts from its effectiveness. The passage is from *One of Our Conquerors*. "Down went the twirling horizontal pillars of a strong tide from the arches of the bridge, breaking to wild water at a remove; and a reddish Northern cheek of curdling piping east at shrilly puffs between the Tower and the Custom-house encountered it to whip and ridge the flood against descending tug and long tail of stern-ajerk empty barges; with a steamer slowly nosing round off the wharf-cranes preparing to swirl the screw; and half-bottom-upward boats dancing harpooner beside their whale; along an avenue not fabulously golden of the deputy masts of all nations, a wintry woodland, every rag aloft curling to volume; and *here* the spouts and the mounds of steam and rolls of brown smoke *there* variously undulated, curved to vanish; cold blue sky ashift with the whirl and dash of a very Tartar cavalry of cloud overhead." Now this is a most notable picture and if the reader takes the trouble (which it may be presumed few readers do take) to dwell minutely on its numerous strokes, he will find it a picture worthy to be transferred to a painter's canvas. But it needs translating and diluting; its figures are a study; its compression is Miltonic; it gives flash after flash of vivid illumination. It is necessary to confine attention to a few. The tugs with "stern-ajerk empty barges"—the tugs are towing empty barges which being light are jerked hither and thither at their stern. "The half-bottom-upward boats dancing harpooner beside their

“whale” is another striking choice of a telling figure studiously condensed. The boats are empty and are dragged through the water at such a rate that they show half their underside and suggest the similarity of a whale-boat that has harpooned a whale and is at the mercy of the victim’s first wild rush. The bare masts of the ships at anchor “with every rag aloft curling to volume” gives the swelling, bellied contours of flags in a high wind ; most graphic of all is the last stroke. The patches of blue sky constantly changing their shape “ashift” in the race of white clouds, which like a dash of Tartar cavalry charge over the blue firmament. Nothing could be more trenchant or more vivid if you take time to study it piecemeal. It is all colour, form and movement with hardly a note of sound, except it be the shrilly, piping east, and we miss the smell which some writers would have made prominent. Yet, admirable though the passage is when closely examined, it demands too much from the reader ; at least it demands more than the average reader is ready to give and therefore it is to a great extent thrown away upon him.

Here is another short passage from *Lord Ormont* : “With that sage exclamation he headed into the Browney days and breasted them ; and he had about him the living foamy sparkle of the very time until the Countess breathed the word ‘School-master’ when at once it was dusty land where buoyant waters had been and the armies of the facts in uniform drab, with some feathers and laces and a significant surplined figure decorously covering the wildest of Cupids marched the standard of the winking gold-piece which is their marching sun and eclipser of all suns that foster dreams.” This is highly cryptic. Weyburn’s dream of marrying Aminta is shattered by the thought that he must face the battle of life and earn a living. That is the general thought ; but the clash of figurative details makes the passage one of unusual difficulty and, after many readings, I doubt whether I

thoroughly understand their significance. The, thought is obscure.

So, in the same novel we have this description of Lord Ormont's private library. "Weyburn was ushered into a London house's library, looking over a niggard enclosure of gravel and dull grass, against a wall where ivy dribbled. An armchair was beside the fireplace. To right and left of it a floreate company of books in high cases paraded shoulder to shoulder, without a gap, grenadiers on the line. Weyburn read the titles on their scarlet and blue facings. They were approved English classics, honoured veterans who have emerged from the conflict with contemporary opinion stamped excellent or have been pushed by the road of contemporaneous applauses to wear the leather and gilt uniform of our Immortals, until a more qualmish posterity disgorges them. The books had costly bindings. Lord Ormont's treatment of literature appeared to resemble Lady Charlotte's (his sister) in being reverential and un-inquiring. The books she bought to read were Memoirs of her time by dead men and women known to her. These did fatigue duty in cloth and undress. It was high drill with all of Lord Ormont's books and there was not a modern or a minor name among the regiment. They smelt strongly of the bookseller's lump lots by order; but if a show soldiery, they were not a sham, like a certain row of venerably titled backs, that Lady Charlotte without scruple left standing to blow an ecclesiastical trumpet of empty contents; any one might have his battle of brains with them for the turning of the absent key." Here we note how persistently the military metaphor of grenadiers is kept up—fatigue duty, shoulder to shoulder, undress, high drill, red and blue facings, veterans, regiment, uniform and so on. This is so far in keeping, Lord Ormont being himself a distinguished soldier of a stern discipline. But the references to Lady Charlotte's library need elucidation. Her volumes of sermons were really boxes shaped like

books and so labelled, but some of the details are the reverse of lucid, mere irritating hints that no two readers will interpret alike.

Once more. "Memory had of late been paying visits to a droopy plant in the golden summer drought on a gorgeous mid-sea island and had taken her on board to refresh her with voyages, always bearing down full sail on a couple of blissful schools, abodes of bloom and bring vigour, sweet merriment, innocent longings, dreams the shyest, dreams the mightiest. At night before sleeping, at morn before rising, often during day, and when vexed or when dispirited she had issued her command for the voyage. Sheer refreshment followed as is ever the case if our vessel carries no freight of hopes. There could be no hopes. It was forgotten that they had ever been seriously alive. But it carried an admiration. Now an admiration may endure, and this one has been justified all round. The figure heroical, the splendid active youth, hallowed Aminta's past. The past of a bitterly humiliated Aminta was a garden in the coming kiss of sunset, with that godlike figure of young manhood to hallow it. There he stayed perpetually assuring her of his triumphs to come. She could have no further voyages. Ridicule convulsed her home of refuge. For the young soldier-hero to be unhorsed by misfortune was one thing ; but the meanness of the ambition he had taken in exchange for the thirst of glory accused his nature. He so certainly involved her in the burlesque of the transformation that she had to quench memory." This again is a somewhat mysterious comment on Aminta's disillusionment. She had married Lord Ormont out of admiration for his military reputation, had found him not the husband she anticipated and she turned back for refreshment to her happy school-days when the newspapers were full of Lord Ormont's exploits and he was a hero both to the girls in Aminta's school and to the boys of the school where Watey Weyburn was Captain. The situation is not new or uncommon ; the

thoughts its suggest to Meredith are nothing out of the conventional run ; it is the mode of expressing them, the working up of a particular metaphor—as here of a voyage—that gives the cue. Our criticism is that the language is out of proportion to the thought ; it really darkens the reader's vision instead of lighting it ; moreover, it detracts from the value of such language on the great occasions when it might be in place. He uses his highest artifices on situations that are hardly worthy of them.

That he was a master of language, much in need of the pruning knife, running a good feature to extremes and regardless of the policy of restraint may be proved by such a passage as this from *The Egoist* : “ He placed himself at a corner of the doorway for her to pass into the house, and doated on her cheek, her ear, and the softly dusky nape of her neck, where this way and that the little lighter coloured irreclaimable curls running truant from the comb and the knot-curls, half-curls, root-curls, vine ringlets, wedding rings, fledgling feathers, tufts of down, blown wisps, waved or fell, waved over or up or involutely, or strayed loose and downward in the form of small silken paws hardly any of them much thicker than a crayon shading.” Here is a writer with resource and an eldorado of vocables ; he sows with the whole sack. But it is the artist's business to select—the half is greater than the whole—and it is a curious paradox that Meredith fluctuates between the pole of giving us too much, congesting us with a superfluity of detail and the opposite pole of giving us too little and irritating us with the slightest of hints. The golden mean is the ideal which he somehow achieved only now and again. He oscillates between the Scylla of defect and the Charybdis of excess. ‘ It will not do to say that his characteristic obliqueness and omissions of connecting links are due to his dislike of the saliently evident. Of course such is often the case ; but just as often he offends by his boisterous exuberance and overabundance. Once started on a linguistic gambol, he lets his pen run riot and he is difficult to pull up. He

goes on refining and analyzing and describing long after the reader is exhausted. This would seem to be a defect of sympathy. He either failed to consider his readers or he overestimated their capacity for taking pains. In his fear of boring us with platitudes he contrives to bore us with conundrums. Nothing can be plainer than this, that it is every writer's business to make his writing as simple, as readily intelligible, as lucid as it can be made, and if readers are chivied away by grotesqueness of language or unfamiliar and bizarre devices of expression, the author should blame no one but himself.

As showing how sweetly, how simply, and yet with no taint of conventionality, Meredith could write, and with what dainty and delicate strokes of real natural observation he could paint a charming picture, take that memorable scene where Richard Feveril first met Lucy, he rowing on the river, she eating dew-berries on the bank. "Above green-flashing plunges of a weir, and shaken by the thunder below lilies golden and white were swaying at anchor among the reeds. Meadow sweet hung from the banks, thick with weed and trailing bramble, and there also hung a daughter of Earth. Her face was shaded by a broad straw hat with a flexible brim that left her lips and her chin in the sun, and, sometimes nodding, sent forth a light of promising eyes. Across her shoulders and behind, flowed large, loose curls, brown in shadow, almost golden where the ray touched them. She was simply dressed, befitting decency and the season. On a closer inspection you might see that her lips were stained. This blooming young person was regaling on dew-berries. They grew between the bank and the water. Apparently she found the fruit abundant, for her hand was making pretty progress to her mouth. Fastidious youth, which revolts at woman plumping her exquisite proportions on bread and butter and would (we must suppose) joyfully have her scraggy to have her poetical, can hardly object to dew-berries. Indeed the art of eating them is dainty and induces musing.

The dew-berry is a sister to the lotus, and an innocent sister. You eat ; mouth, eye and hand are occupied and the undrugged mind free to roam, and so it was with the damsel who knelt there. The little skylark went up above her, all song, to the smooth southern cloud lying along the blue ; from a dewy copse dark over her nodding hat the black-bird fleted, calling to her with thrice mellow note ; the kingfisher flashed emerald out of green osiers ; a bow winged heron travelled aloft, seeking solitude ; a boat slipped toward her, containing a dreamy youth ; and still she plucked the fruit and ate and mused, as if no fairy prince were invading her territories and as if she wished not for one or knew not her wishes. Surrounded by the green shaven meadows, the pastoral summer buzz, the weir falls thundering white, amid the breath and beauty of wild flowers, she was a bit of lovely human life in a fair setting ; a terrible attraction." If Meredith were always on the level of this delightful idyll, it would be vain to praise and useless to blame him. It is Ferdinand encountering Miranda for the second time in English literature.

Perhaps this topic of the abstruse and the oblique in Meredith's language is being pressed unduly. It has been dwelt upon so fully because it seems to be the most deterrent feature of his otherwise arresting work. It is time to turn to other points. Something, however brief, must now be said on his choice of personal names, the conduct of his stories and his overcrowding of characters. The weaknesses to be noted in these respects are exactly on a par with those already insisted on. The same obliqueness instead of direct narrative ; the same determination to omit what *he* thinks obvious ; the same ill-judged insistence on analyzing delicate situations ; the same desire to give the reader more than his limited view can absorb.

His names are invariably unconventional. Some are delightfully happy, Sir Willoughby Patterne is a triumph ;

Sir Twickenham Pryme is another ; Mrs. Nagrett Pagnell is a third. But in general he owes little to any great felicity in this respect. As a rule, the names are difficult, are out of our welkin ; they are hard to remember and when they are, as often happens, crowded together difficult to distinguish.

More to the point, however, is the conduct of his stories. A skilful plot is not a *sine qua non* for a successful novel. There are excellent novels in which the plot is almost a negligible quantity : but there must be something else to take its place. Meredith's novels have all a purpose—a very palpable aim—indirectly they either preach the maceration of character in the streams and whirlpools of circumstance

We spend our lives in learning pilotage
And grow good steersman when the vessel's crank,

or display the punishment that comes from false pride, false ambition or fatal violations of social conventions, from foolish systems of education or a fatal lack of Humour. A few are entirely admirable, are wholly excellent—*Richard Feveril*, *Evan Harrington*, *The Egoist*, *Diana of the Crossways* (a triumph of naming), *Beauchamp's Career*. And yet none of these has escaped criticism in some place or another. The weakness of the *Feveril* story circles round the treatment of Richard's young wife, whom he left at Brighton, and after long waiting for his father's approval of the marriage, practically deserted. It is a flaw, necessary no doubt for the development of the tragedy, but absolutely inexplicable on any view of the hero's character, or his previous history. He is depicted as a youth entirely under the dominion of instinct and not to be swayed by considerations of policy and yet he is kept away from his wife for months. That turn of the plot is unconvincing and a blot on an otherwise most powerful book. The death of Lucy has been criticized as another inartistic flaw, and no doubt there are many sympathetic readers who have never forgiven the author for so ruthlessly

and of set purpose murdering the heroine, who is practically the one unspotted figure in the drama. But her death was necessary for the author's doctrine that the blunders of those who do evil assail both the guilty and the innocent. Indeed it was prefigured and foreshadowed from the beginning under the symbol of the cypress tree that night the lovers separated by the lake-side, as also by the loss of the wedding-ring on the wedding morning and the forcible substitution of the good Mrs. Berry's. It is open to the advocates of a happy ending to say that it is sheer unnecessary pain and with no redeeming ethical gain, to sacrifice the entirely innocent and guileless, while the real offenders escape. The answer is, that Sir Austen and Richard were more effectively punished and chastened by Lucy's death, just when they were realizing her inestimable worth, than if she had survived. By their stupidity and wrong-headedness they had forfeited all claim to benefit by her continued existence.

Our deeds are pregnant graves
Blown rolling to the sunset from the dawn.

In *Evan Harrington* and *The Egoist*, which are, of course, highly entertaining comedies, the flaws are different. The story of the tailor whom his friends wanted to make a gentleman in their sense of the term is admirably managed up to a certain point, but is huddled up at the end. The same is true of some others. Walter Scott himself sometimes failed in this respect. Clara Middleton's difficulties in throwing off the shackles of her engagement to Sir Willoughby are drawn out to the verge of boredom. We have chapter after chapter marking time but making no progress. *Beauchamp's Career* closes with the hero's tragic death and those who detest all but a happy ending condemn the sacrifice of a life so noble. This, however, is weak criticism. His transit from life which he lost in saving an apparently worthless child was in character with his impulsive, generous nature and is just what might have

been anticipated from the outset. But Dr. Shrapnel is overdone ; he is more than most readers can endure. In spite of the glamour that surrounds the heroine Vittoria, the novel of that name—his only historical effort—as being the arena of Italian patriots, spies, conspirators and every kind of complicated intrigue and counter-plot, makes superlative demands upon the reader. The great number of its characters, over a hundred in all, is also a drawback. Only here it pales before *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*, his longest novel, which is said to have no fewer than 169 characters. No wonder if even an attentive and enthusiastic reader is landed in confusion among so many different people and so many cross-currents.

The aloofness with which Meredith frequently treats his narrative, the air of superiority, the devil-may-care sort of indifference that frankly leaves the reader to grope his way in the dark and make of the turn of events what he may, is fatal to a wide popularity. The persons of the play are all so familiar seemingly to the author himself, he has his puppets so thoroughly under control that he cannot be said to do his best to take the readers into his confidence and put himself in their place. The oblique way of telling a story is excellent, is the best way within limits. It pleases the reader to be trusted ; it is flattering to his intelligence when he finds that a good deal is expected of him and that the author does not write down to a babe's or a schoolboy's level, but there are bounds even to this, and though of necessity every reader's limits are different, it must be acknowledged that on the whole Meredith too often oversteps the line. Take this from *Vittoria*. "Then a procession walked some paces on. The woman followed, she fell prostrate at the feet of Count Karl. He listened to her and nodded. Rinaldo stood alone with bandaged eyes. The woman advanced to him ; she put her mouth on his ear ; there she hung, Vittoria heard a single shot. Rinaldo lay stretched upon the ground and the woman stood over him." The short, sharp sentences, the extreme

particularity, the absence of any figurative embroidery and the apparently precise and punctilious progression of the narrative blind us to the fact that the essential circumstance is never disclosed, and that we really do not know, cannot divine what has actually happened. As a matter of fact, it dawns upon us some pages forward that the woman has shot Rinaldo to save him from being executed. She asked leave of Count Karl, obtained it, and while seemingly whispering in the victim's ear discharged a pistol into his body. At the moment no reader quite understands that this is what took place. It is true that when a reader finds himself failing to follow all the turns of a Meredithian narrative, he will, if he hark back and read more carefully, find in an obscure corner some words or other that solve the riddle and send him on his way enlightened. They are there, without doubt ; but their place is out of all proportion to their importance. Why should important developments be relegated to a dark corner ? Meredith was either an indifferent expounder or, as is more likely, he took a kind of Machiavellian delight in playing at hide-and-seek with his readers ; only in his game the hider gets more pleasure than the seeker.

In *Rhoda Fleming* the incident of the blood-stained handkerchief which is the occasion of many dark hints is kept dangling over the reader throughout the entire narrative. It may or it may not be interpreted correctly, but only at the end is its significance actually disclosed. The opening chapter of *Diana* has frightened off many readers from that charming study of the lottery of marriage. And yet, if it were entirely skipped there would be nothing but gain ; if read last of all, it will be to a large extent intelligible. In itself it is only a clever piece of bamboozlement ; the writer playing with his reader as a cat plays with a mouse. The mouse may be excused from understanding or appreciating the play. Meredith calls the chapter—"the froth at the neck of the bottle ;" it contains dark

hints that might create a spirit of expectancy if they were understood, but being in great part unintelligible they only puzzle and nettle the reader and make him cross with both Meredith and Diana.

With some qualifications the same strictures might be made on Meredith's poetry; with all its tensivity of thought and flashing brilliancy of language his verse often fails of its purpose, because the obscurity of the medium debars all but a select few from fathoming its depths. The fertility of his imaginative faculty is repeatedly attested by his wealth of metaphor; so profuse is he in that figure that the effect is dizzying. As soon as one metaphor has served its purpose, it is discarded for another, drawn from an entirely different fount, and the reader who is not agile to follow the lead will totter and stumble. The same arts of compression, already illustrated from the prose, might be exemplified from the verse. His thinking is original; he travels over no hackneyed road. The trite or the obvious is his aversion. "What oft was thought" is not the thought that he will condescend to express. His vigour of intellect never languishes, though his sense of lucidity often lapses. There is no space, however, to support these *dicta* by quotations. His poetry is fated to be less read than his novels. Its difficult and elliptical wording, its recondite thought, its lack of smoothness and melody will always confine and restrict it to the cult of a select few. And yet those who have never mastered *Modern Love* and *Love in the Valley* or *The Thrush in February* are to be commiserated. Some day these will be published with an adequate introduction and with the explanatory notes which they really need. Then they are sure to enjoy a wide popularity.

In closing it is necessary once more to apologize for the seeming sacrilege of dwelling only on flaws and defects to the exclusion of all the marvellous intellectual and imaginative products of this gifted pen. It is an uninspiring process to look exclusively at the thistles and the dandelions

in a garden of roses. Still, if the thistles are there, sometimes they obscure and hide and overgrow the richer blooms. One does not wish to make too much of the barrier of barbed wire that undoubtedly surrounds George Meredith's orchard ; it has torn the garments of many an eager visitor but it should not debar the ardent student from giving due attention to Meredith's work, and if the obstacles here indicated are at times a little trying, it should be added by way of encouragement to beginners that the more they study this author the less they will see of his defects. These tend to shrink and dwindle, and though they will never entirely disappear, they seem to grow less formidable with every fresh reading.

A. MACKIE.

Aberdeen.

FORESTRY IN INDIA.

BY R. S. TROUP,

Imperial Forest Service.

THERE are few, if any, Government Departments in India, whose work and aims are less understood by the general public than the Forest Department. This is not at all surprising for more reasons than one. First the Forest officer's work, unlike that of the Engineer, is not apparent to the eye of every passer-by, for he works in remote places, and the results of his labours are in most cases hidden even from himself in the mists of the future. Again the British race, from hereditary tendencies born of the insular position of the Motherland, is notoriously improvident in the matter of self-support, and where continental nations have through dire necessity been compelled to maintain a considerable proportion of their acreage under forest, and have, after centuries of experience, reduced the practice of Forestry to a fine art, Britain, in spite of warning voices, is still content to rely on foreign imports for the great bulk of her timber supply, and to the average Briton the word "Forestry" conveys but a very hazy meaning. Indeed the reckless destruction of forest wealth which has been a feature of the administration of most of our colonies would be intolerable to the ideas of most civilized countries.

The foregoing remarks will serve to emphasize the wisdom and far-sightedness of the forest policy of the Government of India, as laid down for the first time by Lord Dalhousie in 1855. In this particular respect India affords a conspicuous example of far-seeing statesmanship, for although in many cases the mischief had even then already been done, and the forests available for conservation were in a partially ruined condition, the results of this

forest policy have amply justified the steps taken, and in her forests India now possesses a property of constantly increasing value, the future importance of which it is hardly possible to estimate.

One of the primary objects of forestry is the production of timber, fuel and other produce; in this respect it resembles agriculture in being an industry based on the productive capacity of the soil. This is, however, by no means the only object, and in many cases the indirect benefits of forests far outweigh the direct benefits as measured from a purely economic standpoint. In a memorable circular issued in 1894, the Government of India classified its forests, from an administrative point of view, into four broad heads, namely :—

- (a) Forests the preservation of which is essential on climatic or physical grounds. These are usually situated on hilly country, where the preservation of forest growth is of vital importance in preventing erosion and sudden floods, and in holding up the water-supply in catchment areas in order to provide an even flow in the dry season.
- (b) Forests which afford a supply of valuable timbers for commercial purposes, such, for example, as the teak forest of Burma, the *sal* forests of Northern and Central India, and the deodar forests of the North-Western Himalayas.
- (c) Minor forests, containing somewhat inferior kinds of timber, and managed for the production of wood, fodder, grazing and other produce for local consumption: these forests are of great importance in agricultural districts.
- (d) Pasture lands. These are not “forests” in the generally understood sense of the term, but grazing grounds managed by the Forest Department merely as a matter of convenience.

These four classes of forest are not always sharply divided from each other, and one and the same tract may to a certain extent be managed with more than one object.

Even in the earliest days of British occupation the destruction of the forests in many parts of India indicated the necessity for a strong forest policy, but whether or not our earlier administrators realized the importance of the forests to the physical and economic welfare of the country, the fact remains that little or nothing was done. In the meantime, during the period of prosperity which followed on the British occupation, with an increase of population and the attendant demand for timber and fuel, with the spread of agriculture and the increase of pastoral herds, the depletion of the forests began to assume a serious aspect. In the early part of the nineteenth century desultory attempts were made to safeguard the future existence of the more valuable teak forests, on which the supply of shipbuilding timber for the navy depended, but these attempts developed into mere plans of exploitation without any effort to ensure conservation, until these forests became more than ever depleted of valuable timber. During this period one name, that of Mr. Conolly, Collector of Malabar, stands out conspicuous. This officer, keenly alive to the dangers attending the depletion of the forests in his district, and anxious to ensure the future local supply of teak timber, in 1842 founded the now famous Nilambur teak plantations, which have been regularly extended to the present day, and form a living monument to their founder and those who have had a share in the work of extending them.

Lord Dalhousie's memorable enunciation of 1855 regarding the future forest policy of the Government of India has already been alluded to. This policy was directly prompted by a report submitted by Dr. McClelland as a result of an extended tour in the Province of Pegu after its annexation in 1852, and the man selected to carry out the policy was Dr. (afterwards Sir Dietrich) Brandis, who was appointed Superintendent of Forests in Pegu in

January 1856; in the following year his charge was extended to Martaban and Tenasserim. His appointment marks the dawn of scientific forestry in India.

To omit further mention of Brandis would be to ignore the dominating figure in the earlier struggles of the Forest Department against greed, ignorance and shortsightedness. He set to work from the outset to save the valuable teak forests of British Burma by introducing sound principles of organization and protection. As might be expected, he was met by a storm of opposition from all sides, and particularly from mercantile firms engaged in the timber industry; the conflict raged for five years, but in spite of gross misrepresentations and at times but a lukewarm support from Government, he stood firm and eventually got his way in the main. Had his policy not prevailed, there can be little doubt that matters would have gone from bad to worse, and that the forests of Burma, instead of yielding a steady and increasing supply of teak timber as they do now, would by this time have been stripped of the bulk of their marketable teak trees. Such a contingency would have been little short of a national disaster, for it is on first-class teak that our Admiralty relies for its supplies of ship-building timber.

Brandis was a man of iron physique and indomitable will, and to this day the older Burmans and Karens of the Tharrawaddy jungles talk of the "long thin man" who tired out the toughest of them. In 1862 he left the scene of his early labours and for two years was engaged under the Government of India in organizing forest administration in different provinces. In 1864 he was appointed the first Inspector-General of Forests, and the history of the Forest Service, as an organized service, may be said to date from that year. Brandis retired in 1883, after 27 years of strenuous work in India, and for several years after his retirement he had charge of the continental studies of the recruits for the Indian Forest Service. As a botanist he was in the front rank, his best known works

being his "Forest Flora of North-West and Central India" and his "Indian Trees," the former published in 1874 and the latter in 1906: besides these he wrote a large number of scientific papers and reports. He died at the age of 83 at Bonn on the 28th May, 1907, a worker to the end.

Following the lead of Burma, the other provinces introduced forest organization at various times from 1860 to 1868. The following figures, giving the average annual net surplus from Government forests in British India mainly for quinquennial periods, will give some idea of the growing value of these estates :—

Period.			Surplus.
			Rs.
1864-67 (3 years)		...	13,99,481
1867-72	13,39,293
1872-77	21,29,194
1877-82	24,37,919
1882-87	38,47,523
1887-92	61,77,301
1892-97	77,60,630
1897-1902	80,55,414
1902-07	1,08,35,563
1907-11 (4 years)	1,13,36,845

It should be remembered that a considerable proportion of the forests, when taken over were in a ruined condition, and that a ruined forest may take many decades to resuscitate. Even now their productive power is but a fraction of what it will be when the results of the silvicultural and protective measures hitherto taken have had their full effect, when tracts now inaccessible have been opened up to regular working, and when our scientific knowledge of the requirements of the various forest crops has become further elaborated. For the forests of India there is, therefore, every reason to anticipate a bright financial future.

It has been explained above, however, that under the policy of the Government of India the forests are not to be regarded merely as money-making concerns. The

actual direct benefits received from them by the local population are considerable, for annually there are given free to grantees and right-holders some $4\frac{1}{2}$ million cubic feet of timber, 50 to 60 million cubic feet of firewood, bamboos to the value of over a lakh and other produce valued at some 14 to 19 lakhs of rupees. The forests also provide grazing grounds for millions of cattle, while in times of scarcity they supply grass in enormous quantities for use in famine-stricken districts.

The forests under the control of the Forest Department extend over about one-quarter of the area of British India and comprise an infinite variety of types of vegetation according to variations of climate or local conditions. Broadly speaking, the following main types may be distinguished :—

- (1) *Arid-country forests*, extending over Sind, a considerable portion of Rajputana, part of Baluchistan and the south of the Punjab, in dry tracts where the rainfall is less than 20 inches ; the number of species is few, the most important tree being the *babul* or *kikar* (*Acacia Arabica*).
- (2) *Deciduous forests*, in which most of the trees are leafless for a portion of the year. These forests, which extend over large areas in the sub-Himalayan tract, the Peninsula of India, and Burma, are among the most important, comprising as they do the greater part of the teak and *sal* forests.
- (3) *Evergreen forests*.—These occur in regions of very heavy rainfall, such as the west coast of the Peninsula, the eastern sub-Himalayan tracts and the moister parts of Burma and are characterized by the great variety and luxuriance of their vegetation.
- (4) *Hill forests*.—In these the vegetation varies considerably according to elevation and rainfall.

In the Eastern Himalayas, Assam and Burma the hill forests are characterized by various oaks, magnolias and laurels, while in Assam and Burma the Khasia pine (*Pinus Khasya*) grows gregariously at elevations of 3,000 to 7,000 feet. In the North-Western Himalayas the chief timber tree is the deodar (*Cedrus Deodara*) which occurs most commonly at elevations of 6,000 to 8,000 feet and is associated with oaks, blue pine, and at the higher elevations with spruce and silver fir; below the deodar zone are found extensive forests of long-needled pine (*Pinus longifolia*), which is tapped for resin.

- (5) *Tidal forests*.—These occur on the sea-coast and along tidal creeks. The chief trees belong to the family of “mangrove” (*Rhizophoreæ*), which are characterized by their long aerial roots sent down from the stem and acting as anchors to withstand the force of the tides.

As regards the various species of trees of which these different types of forest are composed, a mere outline of them would fill a volume in itself. The total number of woody species in India, including exotics, is about 5,000, of which rather more than half are trees, the remainder being shrubs and climbers. Of economically useful species there are several hundred. Undoubtedly the three most important timber trees are the teak (*Tectona grandis*), which provides the premier shipbuilding timber of the world, and is found in suitable localities throughout Burma and over a considerable portion of the Indian Peninsula, the *sal* (*Shorea robusta*), which grows gregariously in the sub-Himalayan tract, in Assam and in the northern part of the Peninsula, and supplies one of the chief timbers used for railway sleepers and building, and the deodar or Himalayan cedar (*Cedrus deodara*), which furnishes the principal wood for building and railway sleepers in North-Western India.

Apart from these there are numbers of Indian timbers of great commercial importance, such as the Andaman padauk or redwood, the Burmese pynkado or ironwood, ebony, satinwood, Bombay blackwood, sandalwood and many others. The "minor forest products," such as resins, tans, gums, drugs, fibres and other produce, are also of great importance, as may be judged from the fact that the total outturn of these products from Government forests in 1910-11 amounted in value to over 95 lakhs of rupees.

The management of the State forests of British India is in the hands of the Indian Forest Service, which is divided into separate branches, the Imperial Service, recruited and trained in Europe, the Provincial Service, recruited and trained in India, and the Subordinate Service, comprising an executive staff of Forest Rangers and a protective staff of Deputy Rangers, Foresters and Forest Guards. The Imperial Service officers were formerly trained in France or Germany, later at Coopers Hill College in England and more recently at Oxford, while attempts are now being made to divide the training among two or more British Universities. Wherever the centre of training has been, however, it has always been supplemented by a more or less extended course of practical work on the continent of Europe, where forest management has been practised for centuries, and where alone the student is able to gain a thorough grounding in the higher branches of scientific forestry. The Provincial Service recruits are trained at the Imperial Forest College, Dehra Dun, while the Rangers are trained either at that institution or at provincial forest schools: subordinates of lower rank are either trained at provincial schools or receive no special training.

As the name of Sir Dietrich Brandis will always stand predominant in connection with the earlier administrative work of the Forest Department, so the name of Dr. (now Sir William) Schlich will always stand out conspicuous in connection with Forest education and in particular with the training of the officers of the Imperial Forest Service.

Dr. Schlich joined the Forest Service in 1867 and left India for good in 1885: for the last four years of his service he held the post of Inspector-General of Forests and during this period was responsible for several important measures, the chief of which was the constitution of an Imperial Working Plans branch. Up to 1886 the training of officers for the Imperial Forest Service was carried out partly in Germany and partly at Nancy in France, and many excellent officers were produced as a result of the purely continental training. In consequence of a decision to transfer the training to the Royal Indian Engineering College at Coopers Hill, Dr. Schlich was deputed to England in 1885 to organize a Forestry course at that institution. He met with remarkable success, combining as he did with high professional ability the power, in an exceptional degree, of dealing with young men and gaining their confidence. On the abolition of Coopers Hill in 1905 the Forestry training was transferred to Oxford and Dr. Schlich continued his work at that University. What the Imperial Forest Service owes to him may be gathered from the fact that of the officers now serving 95 per cent. were trained by him and that the present Inspector-General, as well as the latest joined Assistant Conservator, are his former pupils.

A reproach sometimes levied at the Indian Government is the fact that for upwards of 40 years no attempt was made in the direction of systematizing scientific research in Indian Forestry. In the United States, with a much younger Forest Service, research work on a most detailed scale has been in operation for years. Had scientific Forest Research been commenced in India 30 years ago, there can be little doubt that with the improved methods of working which would have followed as a matter of course, the forests would by this time be yielding a considerably higher revenue than they actually do. Although the reproach is by no means an ill-merited one, it should be remembered that the very existence of the Forest

Department in its earlier years depended on its justifying itself by immediate financial results, and the whole time of an undermanned staff was occupied in preliminary works of organization, often in the face of the most powerful opposition. Under these circumstances any idea of spending money usefully on scientific research was out of the question and accordingly for 40 years much larger sums were wasted on groping in the dark than would have ever been spent on organized and profitable research. This reproach was at last removed by the establishment in 1906 as a result of Lord Curzon's enlightened policy of a Forest Research Institute at Dehra Dun. The inception of this Institute is due largely, if not entirely, to the initiative of Sir Sainthill Eardley Wilmot while Inspector-General of Forests. It is as yet premature to estimate in actual figures what the ultimate gain to Government will be as a result of improved and more scientific methods of working; the Research Institute is already more than justifying its existence after the few years which have elapsed since its commencement, and if European experience goes for anything, the results of its work should be very far-reaching in future.

Of the work of the Forest Officer Kipling has given the following picturesque description :—“Of the wheels of public service that turn under the Indian Government there is none more important than the Department of Woods and Forests. The reboisement of all India is in its hands, or will be when Government has the money to spare. Its servants wrestle with wandering sand torrents and shifting dunes, wattling them at the sides, damming them in front, and pegging them down atop with coarse grass and unhappy pine after the rules of Nancy. They are responsible for all the timber in the State forests of the Himalayas, as well as for the denuded hillsides that the monsoons wash into dry gullies and aching ravines, each cut a mouth crying aloud what carelessness can do. They experiment with battalions of foreign trees, and coax the blue gum to take root and perhaps dry up the canal fever.

In the plains the chief part of their duty is to see that the belt fire-lines in the forest reserves are kept clean, so that when drought comes and the cattle starve, they may throw the reserve open to the villagers' herds and allow the man himself to gather sticks. They poll and lop for the stacked railway fuel along the lines that burn no coal, they calculate the profit of their plantations to five points of decimals, they are the doctors and midwives of the huge teak forests of Upper Burma, the rubber of the Eastern jungles, and they are always hampered by lack of funds."

The young recruit for the first few years of his service is at times appalled by the loneliness of the life, for a Forest Officer's duties carry him far from the haunts of men: some never become reconciled to it, but those who learn to read Nature's book unconsciously find that the "call of the wild" exerts a stronger and stronger influence, till in time their existence becomes bound up in the forests they tend. Apart from physical stamina, perhaps the most essential quality in a Forest Officer is self-reliance; if he does not possess or acquire it he must inevitably prove a failure. Perhaps the severest tax on his moral strength is the fact that he works day after day and year after year with the certain knowledge that in the majority of cases the fruits of his labour are not for living man to behold. Mistakes made are not mended in a day, and may cause immense loss and take many years to rectify: hence the care taken to afford the best possible scientific training to the officers to whose care the forests are entrusted.

In most provinces the work of the Forest Officers takes them into fever-laden jungles at unhealthy seasons of the year and there are few who have not a speaking acquaintance with that dread scourge malaria, while the many half-forgotten graves in remote spots are silent but none the less eloquent monuments of duty performed unseen and unknown to the outer world.

R. S. TROUP.

SOME ASPECTS OF CHRISTIAN MYSTICISM.

BY K. J. SAUNDERS.

“By Love He may be gotten and holden, but by thought of understanding never.”

THERE is no word in the history of Religion and Philosophy which has been more grievously abused than the word “Mysticism.”

To most men it calls up nothing but the vaguest ideas : and it is applied indifferently to such widely divergent phenomena as the trance-states of mediums and the ecstasies of the saints : to magic and sorcery, to anything in the realm of art and poetry which is vague and dreamy and difficult to understand. Thus Professor James remarks that “The drunken consciousness is a bit of the mystic consciousness,” and Max Nordau labels all the babblings of degenerate poetasters by this sacred name.

If we can rescue it from base uses and at the same time gain an insight into the large sanity and the religious secret of the Mystic we shall not have laboured in vain.

The Mystics are a great company whom no man can number : they belong to all ages and to every religion, and I doubt not that many here will be able to supply parallels from Hindu writers to the great sayings of the Christian seers with whom we have to do. For it is here, in the utterances of the rapt soul of the mystic, that a religion reaches its highest flight, and inasmuch as all religions are in one aspect the effort of the soul of man to mount up into the Presence of the Eternal, we shall expect to find the great religions draw near to one another in their greatest exponents.

That and nothing else is the essence of Mysticism—the passionate search of the soul in love with God, and the claim that this search has been rewarded. In other words “Mysticism,” as Dr. Ed. Caird has said, “is religion in its most concentrated and exclusive form.” This doctrine that the soul of man is akin in its spiritual nature to God, and that its true destiny is to serve Him and enjoy Him for ever is one of the basal doctrines of the Bible—laid down in symbolic allegory in Genesis and rising into a plaintive personal longing in the Penitential Psalms. In these wonderful outbursts of personal devotion we find the confession that the soul apart from God is “sick” and that all punishment is tolerable save that separation and alienation from God which is the sure penalty of sin. “Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy Presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.”

In the same wonderful collection of spiritual documents we read of a strange and piercing joy, the rapture of the soul in union with its Master—desiring nothing, making no petition but resting in the pure joy of this Divine Companionship.

“I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined unto me and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock and established my goings. . . . I delight to do Thy will, O my God, yea thy law is within my heart.”

And here we see very clearly the difference between “magic” and “mysticism,” which have been called the opposite poles of religion.

Religion degenerates into Magic when it expresses itself chiefly as a desire to get: it is Mysticism when it expresses itself as a desire to give.

For Magic thinks nothing of the character of its God: he is one who may be cajoled and befooled if need be: but Mysticism yearns to give its love to One who is alone

entirely worthy of it. Possessing God the Mystic desires nothing more.

“ Let my spirit repose at Thy feet ; it is vain to ask for aught else ” says Tukaram : and again “ The true gift is that which is given in return for naught.”

“ Whom have I in comparison of Thee ” cries the Psalmist.

We all have a touch of Mysticism ; the lover who idealizes his beloved, the poet who sees Nature lit up with unspeakable radiance, the musician who pours forth his soul in rapt utterance—all are for the moment Mystics, men in whom occur “ uprushes of feeling from below the ordinary levels of consciousness ; ” men whose experience seems to possess them, rather than they it, who are constrained by “ a mighty impulse to express and a mighty difficulty in expressing ” what they feel and see.

Mysticism is in fact the pursuit of a Beyond, an Ideal which forever haunts us with hints of a Beauty and a Joy beyond words, a Beyond which is real as nothing else is real. To the Mystic the ordinary activities of mankind are but the pursuit of shadows :

From the unreal lead me to the Real !
From darkness lead me to Light !
From death lead me to Immortality !

says the poet of the Satapatha Brahmana, and St. John's Gospel, with its threefold strand of Light, Life, Love is the Mystic's guide. Reality is summed up in these words, and the Christian Mystic is a passionate seeker after Reality.

We all then have moments of Mysticism when God is alone real, as when we feel all nature aglow with His Presence,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.

Especially perhaps do such moments visit the adolescent when some call of the romantic, some story of sacrificial life seems to lay hold upon heart and conscience and

to lift him above the sordid and the ordinary into a new realm of Light, Life and Love. Happy he who is "not disobedient to the Heavenly Vision."

And such is the Christian Mystic—one to whose soul the Unseen is the Real and the Eternal—one who clings to the experience of these great moments and lives upon them until they return.

To most of us these great moments come at rare intervals: even to the Mystic they are not always present. He knows full well the tragic and desolate wastes of desert sand, the "dark night of the soul," when his dry and parched spirit feels no answering touch and God seems to have left him to thirst in vain. Yet his experience has been so real and so poignant that it carries him through these times of dereliction and he realizes that God is but withdrawing Himself that he may give Himself in fuller measure. Knowing God he trusts Him to reveal Himself in His own good time.

This is one of the characteristic features of Mysticism: The Mystic "waits upon God;" he is ready to spend himself to the uttermost in this great search: ready no less to be still and await the Divine Self-Manifestations. "The bee," says Ram Krishna, "buzzes till it reaches the heart of the flower, then it is silent and still, so is the soul when it finds God."

And his waiting upon God is no idle quietism as sceptics have asserted: to be a true Mystic needs a great tenacity of purpose and iron will: "One of the marks of the true mystic," says Professor Leuba, "is the tenacious and heroic energy with which he pursues a definite moral ideal:" and the favorite symbols they use are symbols of action—warfare, quest, pilgrimage.

"This restful labouring," said Walter Hilton, "is full far from fleshly idleness and from blind security. . . . It is full of spiritual working, but it is called rest, for that grace looseth the heavy yoke of fleshly love from the soul and maketh it mighty and free through the gift of spiritual love

for them to work gladly, softly, delectably. Therefore it is called an holy *idleness*, and a *rest* most busy and so it is in regard of stillness, from the great crying of the beastly noise of fleshly desires." *

Such language will explain the paradoxes which tell us of Heaven as "a rest which remaineth for the people of God, where nevertheless they rest not day or night" and Eastern philosophy has always insisted that there shall be a specialization of function, and that concentrated meditation is activity of the most fruitful kind.

The attitude of the Mystic's will may be likened rather to the tense outspread wings of an eagle poising at dizzy heights in serene air, than to the folded wings of the eagle at rest.

Two most delicate tests may be applied to this state of the will in the Mystics.

The first is the examination of their attitude to sin : and we find that they are peculiarly intense in their sense of the exceeding sinfulness of sin : we know the poignant cry of St. Paul and of the Psalmist for forgiveness and peace. Here is one of the private prayers of Bishop Andrews—prayers found after his death mildewed with his tears :

"Lord I repent, help thou mine impenitence : and, more and still more pierce Thou, rend, crush my heart, and remit pardon, forgive, what things are grief to me. . . . Magnify Thy mercies towards the utter sinner ; and in season Lord say to me 'Be of good cheer : thy sins are forgiven thee.'"

Another test equally delicate the Mystics meet even more convincingly—the pragmatic test. If they are "passive" quietists how is it that they so dominate history ? They have in the words of Professor James "massive historic vindication," and it is hardly an exaggeration to say that every century of European history from the first to the twentieth is dominated by the quiet forceful figure of a

* Quoted by Miss Underhill in "Mysticism," a book to which this article owes much.

mystic. St. Paul, St. Francis, St. Dominic, St. Theresa, St. Catherine of Siena, Savonarola,—these are great names amongst the statesman and philanthropists of the world.

And yet we find intelligent writers attacking St. Paul as an epileptic or St. Theresa as the “patron saint of hysteria” and labelling all Mysticism as pathological.

Let us examine this charge.

The chief feature of hysteria is, I suppose, exaggerated and uncontrolled emotionalism : and it is quite true that the Mystic is a being of very great sensibility and of great powers of emotion ; the stress of his emotional life is often too much for his physical strength ; his soul is not infrequently lodged in a frail physical tenement.

But a strongly developed emotional nature is not in itself any sign of degeneracy : rather, it is the condition for great achievement : and if a man have great emotional power combined with a strong will and a good intellect he is one of the dominant men who rule the world.

“To do anything with one’s genius,” says Professor James, “requires passions.”

Let us note well this passionate emotionalism of the Mystic : for it is indeed his most characteristic endowment : and more than anything else it explains his clear insight into spiritual things and the tenacity of his pursuit of lofty ideals.

He is a religious genius inasmuch as he has a psychological make-up of a peculiar and rare kind, a subliminal region highly developed, a nature capable of great intensity and exalted moral emotion, a highly organized and delicately balanced nervous system.

Given these and the power of loving deeply, which go with them, and spring out of them, and the Mystic appears upon the stage.

Another mark of hysteria is the existence of obsessions or “fixed ideas” dominating the field of consciousness, and it is quite true again that the Mystic consciousness is marked by such simple, clear, insistent ideas.

But surely the test of an idea is the simple one. "Is it rational? What effects does it produce?" If a man walks about asking for a bit of toast to sit upon and claiming to be a poached egg, we say he is mad: or if he thinks he is a teapot and walks about pouring tea all day, as I have seen an unfortunate madman do, we realize at once that his fixed idea is foolish and profitless; but if he has the one great idea that the Love of God is worth any sacrifice; and that he is a channel into which it may be poured, then we can see the reasonableness of his obsession: He is possessed by God, and that is not the same thing as being possessed by the Devil, or by some grotesque idea.

If further we find that the "obsession" issues in works of love and pity then we have surely vindicated it from the charge of being pathological or hypnotic. The medium emerges from a seance with will weakened and practical efficiency impaired: not so the Mystic from his trance—his will is braced and his efficiency as a citizen enhanced by his religious experiences.

It is clearly idle to lay much stress upon the physical weakness which may accompany the Mystic temperament: using only physical categories we should have to place Kant and Beethoven to say nothing of Pope and St. Paul amongst useless hypochondriacs: and it is noteworthy that the indomitable spirit of the Mystic very often prolongs the frail life until old age. Julian of Norwich lived to be 100, Mechthild of Magdeburg to 87 and these were both extreme ecstasies!

St. Catherine of Genoa again, a most efficient matron of a large hospital, so conquered the flesh that she went cheerfully and actively about her numerous and exacting duties for weeks at a time with no other food than that taken in the daily Eucharist.

Clearly the argument for Pathology is hard put to it, and it would be truer to say that many a time a full meal closes Heaven to us than that these people of abundant

vitality were psychopaths ! The Mystic is a triumphant proof that the flesh profiteth nothing.

We are too apt to be suspicious of men who are less in the bondage of the flesh than we are ourselves, and to call only those normal who eat flesh-meals twice or thrice daily, and substitute bustling activity for the more vital things of the spirit.

The Mystic is no less than normal : rather he is the true "superman" whose whole nature finds its fitting and full expression in the life of Prayer and Devotion : and it is we more rationalistic beings who are really subnormal or less than men.

Having now to some extent vindicated the Mystic from attacks upon his sanity and the genuineness of his spiritual life let us glance at what we may call his philosophy. It may be almost summed up in a single sentence of an early English Mystic of the 7th century : "By love He may be gotten and holden, but by thought of understanding never."

The Mystic does not despise the intellect : far from it, he sees in mind a part of the Divine image ; but he insists that God can only be known by loving sympathy, and with St. Catherine of Siena he holds that "The Divine Fire is first kindled, within the breast, before the Divine Light dawns in the intellect."

"He that doeth the will shall know of the doctrine." Here is no theory of a special faculty by which we know God, but merely an insistence upon a view which modern psychology supports that the will and the emotions are fundamental in our religious as in all our consciousness : and that God being Personal is to be known as other persons are, by sympathy.

It is from his passionate sympathy that the Mystic gets his deep insight : "to love is virtually to know : " and it is this "love" which like a girdle, as St. Paul says, binds all his life into one unified and consistent whole giving him that fixity of attention and that enthusiasm

without which the Mystic Way may not be traversed. (Col. iii. 14.)

“Love,” says Professor Jones, “is revelation in knowledge, inspiration in art, motive in morality, and the fulness of religious joy.”

Mysticism then “repudiates not intellect but intellectualism,” and indeed many Mystics possess the greatest power of intellect.

Professor Bain once described the powerful intellect as “an unusual tendency to associate by similarity :” it is this which makes men geniuses of organization and gives them the power of marshalling facts and deducing theories to explain them.

And this power we find in the Mystic highly developed : he sees in all things a fuller and truer meaning than the rest of us are able to see there. He is like Tennyson who claims that if we could but know the full context of any single object, “the flower in the crannied wall,” we should know what God and man is. For the Mystic claims that he sees the world as a sacrament, as the skirts of God’s clothing : and, if in this he uses his imagination as well as his reason, we cannot argue his deductions untrue. For “imagination is a truly God-like faculty,” the very eye of the soul without which a man may not see God. “The fantasy and the heart,” says Carlyle, “are the deep and infinite faculties of man.”

To illustrate this use of the imagination Professor Granger quotes an extreme case, which is very suggestive. “I assert for myself,” says the mystic William Blake, “that I do not behold the outward creation, and that for me it is hindrance and not action.” “What ?” it will be questioned, “when the sun rises, do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea ?” “Oh no, no ! I see a great company of the heavenly host, crying ‘Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty !’ I question not my corporeal eye any more than I should question a window concerning a sight. I look through it, not with it.” So

the great prophets have seen their visions of the Heavenly Temple and the choirs of Seraphim. And here it may be well to agree with the psychologists that many of these visions are due to subconscious elaboration of ordinary material ; “whilst I was musing the fire kindled.” The rapt soul is meditating it may be upon some miracle of Christ, and the vision of His Divine Humanity, which has been maturing below the threshold, bursts into the focus of consciousness.

But let us remember that Psychology’s task is to describe and not to explain.

The vision is not necessarily meaningless because it emerges from subconscious depths : for “the ultimate test of religious value is nothing psychological, nothing definable in terms of *how it happens*, but something ethical, definable only in terms of the *what is attained* of loving trust toward God and brotherly kindness toward man” and the Mystic certainly gains much of these sublime qualities from his visions.

The Mystic is, like other geniuses, one in whom the subconscious self is well developed : one who is apt to be surprised by incursions and uprushes from the subliminal region : but that does not mean that his visions and intuitions are *merely* physical in origin : the products of the subconscious are just as much physically conditioned as the products of conscious activity and no more ; if feeling is physically conditioned so is reason.

And the Mystic’s claim—to reach reality at a bound and not by the slow plodding of the discursive reason—is being accepted by the philosophers : as Eucken says, there is indeed in all of us a definite transcendental principle : a *gemuth* or core of personality where “God and man initially meet :” and it is here in the deep central fastness of his being that there surges up in man “an infinite life through which he enjoys communion with the immensity and the truth of the universe” (Eucken “Der Sinn und Wert Des Lebens,” p. 81*). It is here that, in the

*Quoted by Miss Underhill.

romantic language of Mysticism, language clearly and professedly symbolic, the spiritual marriage of the soul and her Lord takes place : and this is the supreme joy before which all else pales into insignificance.

“The relation of the soul to God,” says Tukaram, “should be as that of a loving wife to her Lord.”

“O merry Love,” says Rolle of Hampole, “O merry Love, strong, vanishing, burning, wilful, strong unslaked, that my souls bring to thy service, and suffers to think on nought but thee we praise thee, we preach thee, by thee the world we quickly overcome, by thee we joy, and the heavenly ladder we ascend.”

“Mysticism,” says Récéjal, “claims to be able to know the unknowable without any help from dialectics ; and believes that by the way of love and will it reaches a point to which thought alone is unable to attain.”

“When I love God with my will,” says St. Bernard, “I transform myself into Him : for this is the power or virtue of love that it maketh thee to be like unto that which thou lovest.”

“Perfect love,” says Hilton, “maketh God and the soul to be as if they both together were but one thing.”

“Simple people,” says Tauler, “speak as if God were on one side and the soul on another. But it is not so. God and the soul are one in the act of perceiving Him.” But this is not mere pantheism : even those Mystics who are most open to the charge insist that the will has its work to do.

Thus St. Teresa. “The understanding stays its discursive operations, but the will remains fixed in God by love : it rules as a sovereign ” and indeed it requires great strength of will “to continue quiet, firm and constant, letting the Lord work His work ” as they bid us do. Let the sceptic practise it for a month—and he will be a sceptic no more.

We might almost say that it was the Mystic who discovered the will : who first realized the vast importance of attention in achieving any high pursuit.

They would have us free ourselves from distractions, from dalliance with a shadow-world, and fix our wills and thoughts and affections upon God the only Reality, whose dwelling is in Silence. Hence, the need for detachment and concentration of mind.

“When the soul attains to this state,” says Molinos the Spaniard “she ought wholly to withdraw herself unto her own pure and deep centre, where is the Image of God : where is loving attention, oblivion of all else, the application of the will with perfect resignation.”

It is a perfect description of the psychology of Mystical experience.

And here we come upon one of the cardinal differences between Christian and other forms of Mysticism ; for the “Image of God” known to the rapt soul of the believer is none other than the Father-God of Jesus : and the “perfect resignation” is in obedience to His command “Be ye not anxious” and is made possible by the knowledge of the Father’s heart of Love, which He by His Life and Death declares.

For however much the Mystic claims to know God by “immediate perception” and “immediate intuition” the content of his religious experience cannot but be shaped by his intellectual beliefs.

It seems quite clear from the study of the Pali literature that Buddhists have known the mystical type of experience, and in the following points their experience resembles that of their Christian brothers :—

- (1) First comes the detachment of the mind from external things, the unification of the consciousness :
- (2) Then the outer world pales and fades and this intense consciousness of one thought alone remains :
- (3) Then there is an experience of inward joy and peace which is like nothing else and of which the experient can only say that it is ineffable.

Now the Buddhist calls this state “Nibbana—in this life,” resulting as it does from the dying out of the

discordant voices of passion, and anticipating, as he believes, the ultimate bliss of the hereafter, when the body shall no longer persist.

The Christian Mystic experiencing very much the same kind of joy and peace—a deeper peace and a more exultant joy it may be—ascribes it to the Presence of God and believes that at the point where consciousness seems almost to fade and die his soul is being as it were merged in God.

Here, then, are two experiences and two intuitions, each of which seems perfectly valid for the experient—incommunicable it is true, yet real and convincing beyond all possibility of doubt.

O could I tell ye surely would believe it !
 O could I only say what I have seen !
 How can I tell, or how shall ye receive it !
 How till He bringeth you where I have been ?

And the point for us is which is the true intuition, that of Gotama Buddha—that all is unreal and fleeting save only this—which he calls Nibbana : or that of Jesus and the Christian Mystics that all except God's Presence, so revealed, is perishing ?

Is the hereafter the ultimate Reality to be Nibbana or the Bosom of the Father ?

To attempt an answer to this all-important question lies beyond the scope of this article : but it may be not out of place to note that every intuition must be tested by such tests as these :—

- (a) Does it work ? What are the effects for life if it is true ?
- (b) Does it satisfy man's instincts ?
- (c) Does it fall in line with philosophic thought ?

And whatever our answer be it is very certain that the Mysticism of the Christian Church can meet such tests serenely and calmly : and in an empirical age we shall do well to sit at the feet of these great seers and lovers of God ; for they tell us of what they themselves know by

experience: they are experts if such there be in the religious life.

We may sum up by saying that Christian Mysticism is the love of God. It is primarily an experience of the soul and only secondarily a philosophy called in to explain the experience.

The Mystic is one who differs from ordinary folk—

(a) in the temperament with which he is endowed:

(b) in the assiduity with which he cultivates this.

“Historically the Mystics are those who have carried the common art of worship to the degree of virtuosoship; they are those who have won eminent experimental knowledge of the way to God.”*

Lastly as he differs from the ordinary religious soul, so the Mystic differs no less from the philosopher: for his purpose “is in the region of the practice of religion and his essential theoretical message is that there is a practical cognition of the Absolute which philosophical knowledge fails to reach.”

If the language of Philosophy be “Lo, God is there” that of Mysticism is “Lo, Thou art here;” and in this lies its supreme value for all ages.

“The measure of the Mystic’s real progress is and must always be the measure of his love: for his apprehension is an apprehension of the heart.

His education, his watering of the garden of the soul is a cultivation of this one flower—this *Rosa Mystica* which has its root in God.”†

K. J. SAUNDERS.

Calcutta.

* W. E. Hocking in “Mind,” January 1912.

† Miss E. Underhill in “Mysticism,” p. 372.

THE POETRY OF RABINDRA NATH TAGORE.

BY R. CURRAN BONNERJEE,

Barrister-at-Law.

THE discovery of Rabindra Nath Tagore has caused a great stir in the literary world of London. His book *Gitanjali* has been received everywhere with the utmost admiration. No less a poet than W. B. Yeats has felt it an honour to be permitted to introduce Mr. Tagore to the English reading public, and to-day most distinguished audiences in London are glad to gather to hear the poet read his poems. The immediate success of *Gitanjali* is due to the consummate skill with which the artist has translated his own Bengali poems, making the translations seem as though they were originals, for they are written in the most poetical English. "Read them over," says Dr. Rhys in effect, "and consider if you would care to have one word of them differently placed."

It is not, however, the case of the "prophet being not without honour but in his own country," for Rabindra Nath Tagore to-day occupies a pre-eminent position in the literary and artistic world of Bengal and his influence reaches far and wide. His songs are sung in every household where Bengalee is spoken, his plays are performed at theatres; he has written novels and essays full of wit, humour and satire, and as a crowning achievement of his work, come those beautiful devotional poems many of which he has collected in the *Gitanjali*. Small wonder then that the literary world of London "saw him and named a star."

To his own country Mr. Tagore has rendered an inestimable service. By showing what a beautiful instrument

for art the Bengalee language can be, he has increased the pride of the Bengalees in their mother tongue. This is an accomplishment of the utmost importance, for as Daudet's Schoolmaster quoting from F. Mistral says "However low a nation may fall, so long as it clings close to its language it holds the key to its prison—S' il tient sa langue—il tient la clé qui de ses chaines le délivre."

Perhaps the outstanding feature of Mr. Tagore's art is his love of Beauty whether concrete or abstract. To him Beauty is Truth, and he can say with Browning

"Oh world as God has made it all is Beauty."

And so he finds God not only "in the shining of the stars, and in the flowering of His fields, but also in His ways with men."

In poetry Rabindra Nath Tagore has passed through several stages, but there is one idea running through them all. He himself recognizes this (*Gitanjali* No. 43). "The day was when I did not keep myself in readiness for thee; and entering my heart unbidden even as one of the common crowd, unknown to me, my King, thou didst press the signet of eternity upon many a fleeting moment of my life.

"And to-day when by chance I light upon them and see thy signature, I find they have lain scattered in the dust mixed with the memory of joys and sorrows of my trivial days forgotten.

"Thou didst not turn in contempt from my childish play among dust, and the steps that I heard in my play-room are the same that are echoing from star to star."

In his earlier poems one finds the exuberance of delight in sights and sounds for their own sake, what Browning calls—

"The Beauty and the wonder and the power.
The shapes of things, their colours, lights and shades.
Changes, surprises."

Gradually this deepens into a conception of the mystery of the Universe and teaches him (to use a phrase of one

of his reviewers) "to discover in the multiplicity of creation, the infinite simplicity of God." His yearnings and strivings at length "bring him to the haven where he would be." Thus we get the period of development marked.

To quote from his poems—

"It is the pang of separation that spreads throughout the world and gives birth to shapes innumerable in the infinite sky.

"It is this sorrow of separation that gazes in silence all night from star to star and becomes lyric among rustling leaves in rainy darkness of July.

"It is this overspreading pain that deepens into loves and desires, into sufferings and joys in human homes; and this it is that ever melts and flows in songs through my poet's heart." *

But this leads to a higher conception.

"What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight!" †

And "Because I love this life I know I shall love death as well."

And again—

"When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.

"I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus that expands on the ocean of light, and thus am I blessed—let this be my parting word." ‡

The lyrics of Mr. Tagore are better described by the Latin word "*carmen*" than the English word "poem," for they are meant to be sung. He has derived much from the lyrical poets of Europe—but he has invested his poems besides with a beauty all their own, the rhyming being peculiarly effective. Mr. Tagore has broken through the conventional rules of metre and phraseology but succeeded in attaining to real beauty.

* *Gitanjali* No. 84.

† *Gitanjali* No. 95.

‡ *Gitanjali* No. 96.

In some instances his onomatopœia is as striking as that of Tennyson himself. Take for example his description of a light boat dancing on the waves—

* মন্দ মন্দ অঙ্গ ভঙ্গে নাচিছে তরঙ্গ রঙ্গে

Manda manda anga Bhangay, Nachichay Tarango Rangay.

One of his poems displays the absolute unselfishness of complete love—

† আমার পবাণ যাগা চায়, তুমি তাই, তুমি তাই গো

This being the cry of the woman for the man.

But in his love poems Mr. Tagore deserts on occasion the usual Bengalee practice of making the woman the lover and the man the loved, and many of them are “fraught with a pathos so magificent,” for example—

‡ আমার যাবার সময় হ’ল আমার কেন বাখিস ধবে

We also have from delicate little pieces with delicate little tunes, such as

§ নিমেষের তবে সুরমে বাধিল

মরমের কথা হ’ল না।

He has given us also one of the best known patriotic songs of Bengal

আমার সোনার বাংলা

Also he has set before his country in his *Gitanjali* an ideal than which no higher could exist :

Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high
Where knowledge is free
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by domestic
walls ;
Where words come out from the depth of truth
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection ;

* Gently gently on the waters my bark dances with the waves.

† My heart’s sole desire is thou, save thee nought else have I in the world. If happiness is not for thee here—seek and find it elsewhere—for me thou reignest in my heart. I want naught else If thou lovest another and never come back may’st thou have thy heart’s utmost desire, may all thy sorrow be mine.

‡ The destined time for me to go has come, let not thy tears chain me here in bondage to love. My life’s holiday is over, take back from me your two eyes, name my name no more, call me not back. With all speed must I go.

§ For a moment shame hindered me and I could not speak the words that came from my heart. Now for ever will my heart ache for him. Would that I could always have the vision before my eyes. Alas ! I close my eyes and when I open them again the vision has fled. Thus does love delude us.

Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary
 desert sand of dead habit ;
 Where the mind is led forward by this into ever-widening thought
 and action —
 Into that heaven of freedom, my Father let my country awake. *

Mr. Tagore in some of his poems has written the simplest Bengalee imaginable using ordinary language in such a way as to express an extraordinarily beautiful idea. And again he can use for his art the most sanskritised and classic Bengalee but his tendency seems to be, so the writer is informed, to simplify the language rather than revert to the style of Bankim Chunder Chatterjee.

Possibly taken as works of art Mr. Tagore's lyrical poems are greater than his later devotional ones. It is hard for any mortal to "re-capture that first fine careless rapture" and perhaps this is not altogether unfortunate. Mr. Tagore thinks that the adornments of art may come between himself and his union with the Infinite, and accordingly his strain becomes simple as his poems become more philosophical.

"My song has put off her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration. Ornaments would mar our union ; they would come between Thee and me, their jingling would drown thy whispers." †

And yet what pride of dress and decoration could surpass the following simile taken from the very same poem—

"Only let me make my life simple and straight like a flute of reed for Thee to fill with music."

Mr. Yeats quotes in his Introduction to the *Gitanjali* an estimate of Mr. Tagore by a Bengalee friend of his. Says he : "He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of life itself, and that is why we give him our love." Mr. Tagore has spoken out of life—that is a splendid description.

In one of his poems Mr. Tagore expresses what he considers to be true service of God.

* *Gitanjali* No. 35.

† *Gitanjali* No. 7.

“Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!
Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of
a temple with doors all shut ?

“Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee !

“He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground
and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with
them in sun and in shower and his garment is covered with
dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come
down on the dusty soil !

“Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be
found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him
the bonds of creation ; he is bound with us all for ever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy
flowers and incense ! What harm is there if thy clothes
become tattered and stained ?

“Meet him, stand by him in toil and in sweat of thy
brow. *

“The rest may reason and welcome ; 'tis we musicians
know ” says Abt Vogler and for Mr. Tagore it is his songs
which have brought him into close communion with God.

“It was my songs that taught me all the lessons I ever
learnt ; they guided me all the day long to the mysteries
of the country of pleasure and pain.”

And again “I touch by the edge of the far-reaching
wing of my song Thy feet which I could never aspire to
reach.”

And through his songs Mr. Tagore has come to dis-
cover that everything in life has a deep meaning. Abt
Vogler says

There shall never be one lost good ! What was shall live as before ;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more !
On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect round.

Mr. Tagore has a very similar idea :

“When the creation was new and all the stars shone in
their first splendour, the gods held their assembly in the

sky and sang 'Oh, the picture of perfection! the joy unalloyed!'

"But one cried of a sudden 'It seems that somewhere there is a break in the chain of light and one of the stars has been lost.'

"The golden string of their harp snapped, their song stopped and they cried in dismay 'Yes that lost star was the best, she was the glory of all the heavens!'

"From that day the search is unceasing for her and the cry goes on from one to the other that in her the world has lost its one joy!

"Only in the deepest silence of night the stars smile and whisper among themselves—'Vain is this seeking! Unbroken perfection is over all!'"

In spite of his worship of Beauty Mr. Tagore will never be a beautiful and ineffectual angel "beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

He could never think with Sir William Temple "When all is done human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child that must be played with and be humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep and then the care is over."

For Mr. Tagore, in spite of sorrows, life means much and means well. And the sorrow that came over his private life brought him into closer communion with God.

It is impossible accurately to estimate what Mr. Tagore's place in literature may be. Certainly he has enriched the literature of the world. Some of his lyrics might almost be set beside those of Shelley and Byron. In some respects in his treatment of Nature he resembles Wordsworth. But here in India he stands alone a great and noble figure revered and respected by those for whom he has sung.

Now that some of his songs have reached a wider audience, it is sincerely to be hoped that his earlier lyrics may have the same opportunity. Bengalee is a musical language and of the language and its music Rabinādra Nath

Tagore is lord. The present writer well remembers a scene in Calcutta. There were in a room two distinguished Englishmen, one a philosopher, the other a poet himself and a lover of music and poetry. Also there were one or two Bengalees and to the company one of the Bengalees read in the original a poem of Mr. Tagore's called সোনার তরী Sonar Tore. It is a beautiful poem. It tells of a man who has spent the day gathering his harvest and finds himself at night with the storm coming on separated from the village by a stream which he cannot cross. Suddenly there looms in sight a boat and to the Being in the boat the man prays that he and his harvest may be taken over the stream. The golden harvest is placed on board, but there is no room for the man, and the boat bearing his harvest passes on leaving the harvester behind. The two Englishmen did not know a word of Bengalee but they were much impressed with the beauty of the sound for though songs are many yet song is one. Rabindra Nath Tagore has reaped the golden harvest, but there is, we trust, more for the harvester still to gather and when his harvest is borne down the stream of Time in the vessel of man's memory, Rabindra Nath Tagore, so long as Bengalee is spoken, will find a place in that vessel also.

"I have had my invitation to this world's feast and thus my life has been blessed. My eyes have seen, my ears have heard. It was my part at this feast to play upon my instrument and I have done all I could" and indeed Rabindra Nath Tagore has done much.

R. CURRAN BONNERJEE.

OLD CALCUTTA: ITS SCHOOLMASTERS.

BY THE LATE MR. E. W. MADGE AND K. N. DHAR.

THE question of the education of European and Anglo-Indian children has lately been engaging public attention and it may not be uninteresting to recall the early days of education in Calcutta.

In those days, when few, if any, public schools existed, the office of the schoolmaster was held by all sorts and conditions of men. They considered themselves quite good enough for their work and did not trouble to undergo any training to qualify themselves for their duties. Thus we find broken-down soldiers, bankrupt merchants or ruined spendthrifts betaking themselves to the profession of teaching—an occupation they tolerated only so long as it was a source of income. Men unsuccessful in every other walk of life considered themselves competent enough for that occupation. They were induced to become teachers as a kind of “hangers-on” only, until they succeeded in securing some better employment. No wonder, therefore, that one finds an unsuccessful indigo planter, an old military pensioner, or even a destitute widow possessed of but scant education—all setting up in business as teachers, and succeeding too ! The following quotation from the *Calcutta Review* illustrates the situation :—

“Living upon a rupee a day, these old pensioners smoked and talked, and smoked and slept, their time away. One, more learned perchance than the rest, opened a school and, while the modest widow taught but the elements of knowledge, the more ambitious pensioner proposed to take them higher up the hill of learning. Let us contemplate him seated in an old-fashioned chair, with his legs resting on a cane *morah*. A long pipe, his most constant companion, projects from his mouth. A pair of loose *pyjamas* and a *charkannah* banian keep him within the pale of society, and preserve him *cool* in the trying hot

season of this climate. A rattan—his sceptre—is in his hands ; and the boys are seated on stools, or little *morahs* before his pedagogic majesty. They have already read three chapters of the Bible, and have got over the proper names without much spelling ; they have written their copies—small, round text, and large hands ; they have repeated a column of Entick's Dictionary with only two mistakes ; and are now employed in working compound division, and soon expect to arrive at the Rule of Three. Some of the lads' eyes are red with weeping, and others expect to have a taste of the *ferula*. The partner of the pensioner's days is seated on a low Dinapore matronly chair, picking vegetables, and preparing the ingredients for the coming dinner. It strikes 12 o'clock ; and the schoolmaster shakes himself. Presently the boys bestir themselves, and, for the day, the school is broken up ! ”

As the teachers were lamentably wanting in education the standard of the knowledge imparted was correspondingly low. A plain English education—no higher than that comprised in the three R's was given. And this was then considered sufficient for employment in the subordinate offices under Government as well as in mercantile firms. It is interesting to note, however, that the principles of navigation and book-keeping used to be specially studied. This was due to the fact that ships were being built here at the time, and persons possessing even a superficial knowledge of the theory of navigation soon found employment. It was David Drummond who, with a view to raising the standard of education, introduced the study of grammar and the use of globes and started annual public examinations.

Through the courtesy of successive Chaplains of St. John's we have been permitted to refer to the Parish Registers of St. Anne's, the first church erected here, which, it will be remembered, was destroyed in the sack of Calcutta in 1756. Its pages contain references to several early schoolmasters.* We have here recorded, for instance, the

*Archdeacon Penny records in his *Church in Madras* that in that presidency the East India Company had begun to interest itself in the subject of education so early as 1670. Eight years later a Mr. Ralph Ord was appointed a schoolmaster on a salary of £50.

marriage, in 1726-7, of one Thomas Pattison, and his burial in 1741. John Ransoman, schoolmaster, of H.M.'s ship *Preston*, was buried in 1746 and Stephen Parrant some three years later. Then in 1755 we have a baptismal entry of a daughter of Charles Child. The latter is stated, in Hill's *List of Europeans in Bengal in 1756*, to have been a schoolmaster, while from the *Bengal Obituary* we learn that he died in 1817 in his hundredth year.

The very early Calcutta Directories (then styled the *Bengal Kalendar and Register*) contain, in the alphabetical list of European inhabitants not in the service of the East India Company, the names of several schoolmasters and private tutors. Among them are James Madgett who arrived in 1770 and P. Murray and J. Chapman, both of whom came out in 1781, the former by the *Nancy* packet. The latter, who died in Calcutta on 12th November, 1819, at the advanced age of eighty, is described in the burial register as a schoolmaster, but his name does not appear in the *Bengal Obituary*. A Mr. Archer started a school in 1780. From old advertisements in the *Calcutta Gazette* we gather that one John Stansberrow opened a mixed school for boys and girls in a garden-house at Mirzapore in 1785. The girls were to be taught lace-making; for them the charge was Rs. 30, for boys Rs. 25 and for day scholars Rs. 16 per mensem. Three years later a Mr. Mackinnon advertised a school to be opened to receive 140 pupils; that same year J. T. Hope opened a boys' school in the old "Harmonic" and in 1793 George Furly another "on the Burying Ground Road," afterwards re-named Park Street. William Cummings of the Calcutta Academy, where Raja Sir Radhakanta Deb (one of the first Indian knights) was educated, notifies his removal from Old Court House Street to the house in Chitpore Road known as Henry Tolfrey's, in 1795. There seems to have been a further removal—before Cummings' death in 1805—to Emambagh Lane to a house which was taken over by the Benevolent Institution. W. Gaynard opened

a Commercial School at 11, Meredith's Buildings in 1796, and, from the beginning of the following year, the Rev. Mr. Holmes announced that he would start an Academy at 74, Cossitolla (Bentinck Street). The Rev. Peter Mosse, A.M., (1751-1810) kept the "Classical School" in Dacre's Lane during the opening decade of the nineteenth century. There is, in the North Park Street Cemetery, a Latin inscription to his memory followed by a poetical epitaph ingeniously bringing in his name :

Stranger, beneath this stone lies PETER MOSSIE.
Who bore with fortitude a painful end
And left society to mourn their loss,
The polished scholar and the zealous friend.

In a house in Chitpore Road (near what was afterwards the Adi Brahmo Samaj) one of the most successful schools in Calcutta was conducted by Mr. Sherbourne (or Sherburne), a Eurasian, the son of a Brahmin mother. Of this parentage Sherbourne was not a whit ashamed and used to receive from his pupils the yearly offering, *puja barshik*, made to Brahmins! At his school nearly every distinguished Indian of a former generation received the rudiments of English education before passing to the Hindu College. Among the number of Sherbourne's pupils were Prasannakumar Tagore and his brother Harakumar, also Maharaja Rama Nath Tagore and his brother Dwarka Nath. The latter was good and grateful enough to allow his old teacher a life pension. It may be interesting to know some of the books he had read at Sherbourne's school. They were Enfield's Spelling, English Reading Book, Royal English Grammar, The Universal Letter-Writer and *Totakahini* or Tales of a Parrot. At a school conducted about 1800 by Martin Bowles, another Eurasian, Babu Mati Lal Sil, the Bengali millionaire and philanthropist, received his education.

The earliest of schools maintained by the Indians themselves is said to have been Nityananda Sen's at Colutolla. Ram Kamal Sen, the Bengali lexicographer, studied English at another, also situated in Colutolla, kept by

Ramjaya Datta in 1801, while Devendra Nath Tagore was educated at Ram Mohan Roy's Anglo-Indian School. Then there was an old school known as Jagamohan Bose's Bhowanipore Seminary. In the two last named especially Sir Edward Ryan, the Chief Justice, took a great interest and used to preside at their public examinations in the Town Hall or elsewhere as the case might be. One of the most noteworthy was the Oriental Seminary. This is the oldest private seminary still existing, established in 1829 by Gaur Mohan Addy. When his school began making progress he took a Mr. Turnbull into partnership. After the death of his colleague and until his own death (by drowning in 1845) he conducted the school himself. He was rather fortunate in enlisting the services of a needy and eccentric barrister named Hermann Geoffroy, under whose able tuition the school rose to great importance. The number of pupils on its rolls in 1823 was 585. Among its early students may be mentioned Justice Sambhunath Pandit, Aksayakumar Dutta, the well-known writer, and W. C. Bonnerji, the eminent barrister. As a pioneer of English education in Bengal the name of Gaur Mohan Addy deserves to be ranked with those of Hare and Duff.

Possibly the first girls' school was the one mentioned in Rainey's *Historical and Topographical Sketch of Calcutta* as having been established in the year 1760 by a Mrs. Hedges. Here French and dancing were taught. The Kidderpore schools were not then in existence and Mrs. Hedges was able to retire in 1780 with a snug fortune. About her wards we are frankly told they were "childish, vain, imperious, crafty, vulgar and wanton." Notwithstanding all this, however, "they were quickly married." Indeed, in the absence of hotels, boarding-houses and other places of resort in Calcutta at the time, these seminaries for young ladies afforded an excellent opportunity for forming matrimonial alliances for all classes, the eligibility of the *parti* depending (according to the old saying)

on his owning a buggy and a silver teapot. Here Civil Factors and Merchants, Military Officers, Indigo Planters and Government Clerks managed to find sweethearts and wives. In these later days marrying men are not perhaps so easily pleased as they were at that time, when parents too were less difficult to satisfy in regard to the education of their children. Captain Williamson in his *East Indian Vade Mecum* says that the first ladies' seminary that was set up in the vicinity of Calcutta was started about the year 1780 under the charge of a Mrs. Hodges who succeeded beyond the expectations of her most sanguine patrons in realizing a fortune in the course of about twenty years. Notwithstanding the difference in the year when the school was said to have been started, Mrs. "Hodges" must have been no other than the Mrs. Hedges already mentioned. There are other claimants, however, for the honour of having started the first girls' school. The writer in *Hartly House* (1789) mentions a "boarding school, the only one in Calcutta, in much esteem with the Europeans." The gentlewoman who kept this school is referred to later on in the work as Mrs. Savage whom the author found "very well qualified for so arduous an undertaking as her morals are good and her understanding cultivated." Again, Carey in his *Good Old Days of Honourable John Company*, states that "the earliest school for young ladies was that of Mrs. Pitts." Soon after she was followed by a Mrs. Durrell in Clive Street and in 1792 by a Mrs. Copeland in "the house nearly opposite to Mr. Nicholas Charles' Europe shop." Mrs. Pyne announced in the *Calcutta Gazette* of 2nd January, 1794, that she had removed her boarding school to the house in Dacre's Lane, formerly the property of Mr. Dacre. It is, however, a mistake to say (as stated in the notes to the reprint of *Hartly House*) that Mrs. Lawson kept a school "before 1800," for, as a matter of fact, that lady did not come out until twelve years later, by the *Harmony* with her husband, a Baptist missionary.

Her school in Lower Circular Road (the large house still known as "Bamboo Villa") was conducted after her death by her daughter, Mrs. Sykes, and then by a Mrs. Riddle.

Of the popular teachers of these early days we may refer first of all to William Meadows Farrell (1770-1823) who, on coming out to India, entered the Military Board Office. He then (about 1801-2) started a school with a Mr. Lathrop in Dhurumtollah, but afterwards removed to Park Street, to the large house which was subsequently the Surveyor-General's Office, and then the New Club, and is now the Imperial Hotel. His school, which was the rival of Drummond's, declined after the latter introduced the system of annual examinations. There is still in existence a miniature portrait of Farrell by one of his pupils, depicting him as a tall, gaunt-looking, clean-shaven man. Like his rival Drummond, he was beloved by his scholars. He is buried in the South Park Street Cemetery under a long versical epitaph (somewhat suggestive of Goldsmith) which is worth quoting as it appears to have been specially composed for Farrell :

No venal muse presumes her voice to raise,
His pupils grateful here record the praise
Due to the memory of a teacher's name,
Who oft of dormant genius lit the flame ;
Who, as the parent bird its young to fly
Forces on flutt'ring wings to brave the sky,
And forcing only aids their energy,
Would cautious urge the youthful minds' advance,
Nor urge in vain, o'er learning's vast expanse,
In whose warm efforts shar'd an equal part,
To store the head or mend the youthful heart.
In whom at once the friend's concern sincere,
The tutor breath'd and breath'd a father's care.
This humble monument his pupils raise
A grateful tribute to their tutor's praise.

David Drummond (1787-1843) was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman in Scotland. The following account of him is adapted from a memoir which appeared in the *Oriental Magazine* for June, 1843. Young Drummond obtained, through the interest of a friend, a passage in the ship *Northumberland* which left Portsmouth in June, 1813, and

after a voyage of five months, arrived in this country which he had determined to make the land of his adoption. It is said he did not even take leave of his friends and family for he could not bear the pain of parting ! On arriving at Calcutta he applied for a vacant teachership at the Dhurumtollah Academy situated where Hart Brothers' stables now stand and conducted by Wallace and Measures. After undergoing an examination he was taken in the establishment on a salary of £150 per annum with board and lodging. He was required to teach Geography, Book-keeping and English Grammar. A disagreement took place between the proprietors of the Academy respecting the attendance of the scholars at the new Chowringhee Theatre and Drummond was soon after advertised as a partner, Mr. Measures finding himself unequal to the duty of managing a large school unaided. As has already been stated, Drummond was the first to introduce the study of grammar and the use of globes at the Dhurumtollah Academy. Annual examinations were also first held by him. As now, so was it formerly, a big day for boys. The first examination of this kind gave the deathblow to Farrell's Seminary. Drummond had called upon a lady friend of influence and her friends and asked them to honour the occasion with their presence. The hall was crowded and Drummond became, in the opinion of the fair sex, a great man ! A few years later the Parental Academy and, shortly after, the Calcutta Grammar School were established and Mr. Drummond's Academy began to decline. It continued to languish for a few years until Drummond retired in 1831. It was then conducted by Mr. Wilson, until it merged into the Verulam Academy, conducted by Mr. Masters, afterwards Head Master of La Martinière. The Verulam Academy was given up when Masters was selected to fill that office. Mr. Drummond was also a poet of no mean order. He had courted the Muses on the banks of the silver Leven, and, it is said, there are many Scottish songs, now in the mouths of people, which were of

his composing. In the days of his prosperity, he transmitted a collection of his poems to be printed in England. But of the ship, with her precious freight, nothing more was heard. When Sir Charles Metcalfe gave the Press of India its liberty, the harp of Mr. Drummond sounded a peal to his magnanimity and liberality, and the strain was not unnoticed by the Governor-General. Metcalfe subscribed for fifty copies of Mr. Drummond's poems, which he intended at that time to publish. His intention was, however, never carried into execution. Mr. Drummond was not only a teacher of youth, but also a metaphysician. His acuteness in metaphysics was displayed in a very eminent degree in his *Objections to Phrenology*, consisting of a series of papers read before the Calcutta Phrenological Society established in 1825. No one was more in his element in a literary debating society than Drummond. On being relieved from the cares and anxieties of his Institution, he proceeded to Singapore for the sake of his health, but the trip afforded him no benefit. Soon after his return to Calcutta he became, for upwards of two years, an inmate of the General Hospital, and derived a modicum for his maintenance by writing for the newspapers of the city. When his health was sufficiently re-established he issued a prospectus for starting a paper entitled the *Weekly Examiner*. The public very generously supported him and more than five hundred names were on the list of subscribers. He commenced the publication of his paper in March, 1840, but had to discontinue it, the following year, in consequence of increasing infirmities. The day before his death he was removed by a grateful pupil, Mr. H. B. Gardener,* to his house, where he breathed his last. In the charities of private life Mr. Drummond was munificent. The proudest epitaph for his memory will be that he was never known to turn the

* Mr. Henry Boileau Gardener resided in a large house in European Asylum Lane at the corner of Gardener's Lane which is named after him. Died 1845, aged 40. He was the father-in-law of the late Sir George Kellner, K.C.M.G., C.S.I., well-known in his day as a financier.

orphan out of his doors. As a man he was amiable and courteous—he knew he possessed a hasty temper and on every occasion tried to control it. This was his misfortune ; but who is perfect ? There were one or two traits peculiar to his character. He was never known to slander anybody. If he had not a good word to say for a man, he would not say an evil one ! Henry Derozio, the Eurasian poet and teacher, had been Drummond's favourite pupil, and Derozio, after his death, Drummond described as "the darling of all who knew him !" In the Lower Circular Road Cemetery there is a monument erected to Drummond by his "friends and pupils who respected his character, admired his talents and esteemed his worth."

Frederick Linstedt (1781-1833) was a younger son of Lieutenant William Linstedt of the Honorable Company's European Regiment and Rosalie (*nee* Landeman) his wife. On retiring from Government service he established the Calcutta Academy and shortly after took in a partner of the name of Ord. The opening advertisement in the *Government Gazette* (7th December, 1820) throws some light on the state of education in Calcutta ninety years ago. Mr. Linstedt is buried in the Mission Cemetery. It may interest some to learn that he was the maternal grandfather of the well-known contemporary novelist Miss Beatrice Harraden.

Of George Samuel Hutteman (1769-1843) an account will be found in the third volume of that exceedingly rare work, Carey's *Oriental Christian Biography*. He was a son of the Rev. G. H. Hutteman, a missionary in Southern India, and was educated in England. He came out as a midshipman in one of the Company's China-going vessels and then became an indigo planter in the Malda district. In 1797 he accepted the Head Mastership of the Calcutta Free School where he did good work for twenty years, after which, to quote Archdeacon Kitchin's paper on that institution, "he was found unequal to the work and pensioned." On the other hand, twenty-six years later,

his epitaph states that he died "in the unclouded possession of his faculties!" After leaving the Free School this "most estimable and orthodox pedagogue" was appointed to the office of Authenticator of Government Stamps. That appointment was apparently not a whole-time one, for Hutteman opened a school in Baitakhana. Here he did very well, although parents who cared less for orthodoxy and more for a thorough education sent their sons to Drummond. Hutteman was a consistent member of the Old Mission Church where there is a tablet to his memory. Among others Archdeacon (afterwards Bishop) Dealtry bore the highest testimony to his character. It was said of Hutteman that he might sometimes have been "mistaken in judgment, but never in principle; for prayer was all his business, while all his pleasure was praise." Among his pupils was the late Mr. Henry Andrews, J.P.

An Anglo-Indian by birth and an exceedingly able man was Charles Jeffs Montague (born 1817), the son of Mr. Charles Montague of the Arsenal Office and Rose, his wife. He was educated at the Parental Academy of which he was *dux* in 1830. With this institution he was connected for twenty-two years, rising from the forms to become teacher and eventually Head Master. This latter appointment he held from 1838 to 1845. In that year, when he left to open his own Academy, his grateful pupils presented him a farewell address "signed by the whole school." In the *Calcutta Star* of 6th June, 1845, was published the Address in question together with Mr. Montague's affecting reply. Their old teacher prayed that the Almighty would guard the innocence of the lads, throwing over them the mantle of His saving protection. It appears from advertisements in the old *Friend of India* that Mr. Montague had first started a school at Serampore, but returned to Calcutta after five years, as the First Annual Report of his Academy is for the year 1849. His venture was an eminently successful one. Next door was a Young Lady's Academy conducted by Mrs. Montague. He published in 1840 *A Concise*,

History of Bengal and about the same time delivered a series of lectures at the Calcutta Mechanics' Institution. No notice of Montague's death can be traced in the Calcutta newspapers, but, from the application for Letters of Administration to his estate filed in the High Court, it appears that he died on board the *Marlborough* on 10th July, 1857, on his voyage to England. His widow and a married daughter (Mrs. Maseyk) survived him.

Thomas William Smyth (1798-1863) was an Englishman born at Calcutta, the elder son of Walter Smyth of the Export Warehouse by Mary Marsack his wife, and brother of Benjamin Smyth, the founder of the once well-known firm of B. Smyth & Co., wine merchants. Thomas and Benjamin Smyth received their education at one of the public schools in England. The former became, in the early 'twenties, a Missionary attached to the Church Missionary Society, but not long afterwards (about 1826) started his own school in Emambagh Lane, now Prinsep Street. Owing to the thickly populated locality and Mr. Smyth's own attainments as a classical scholar, he did very well. His pupils contributed a small sum towards the expenses of J. W. Ricketts when the latter conveyed to Parliament the East Indians' Petition of 1829-30. Among those who received their early education under Smyth was the late Mr. T. C. Ledlie, the barrister, and Mr. R. S. Staunton who many years ago was well known in Calcutta as Secretary of the Assam Company. Smyth was also connected with old St. Paul's School long before its removal to Darjeeling. In 1851 he was Head Master of the old St. Thomas' in Howrah and later on conducted his own school in that suburb. With his lads on the cricket field he was an enthusiastic wicket-keeper, but perhaps, after all, it is as a poet that he was best known. He is the author of *Britain and India, or, Auckland and Afghanistan* and *Ella, A Tale of the Waldensian Martyrs and other Poems*. There is an account of him in Laurence's *English Poetry in India* (Thacker, Spink & Co., 1869), but it contains several

inaccuracies ; for instance, it states that Smyth died a bachelor, whereas, as a matter of fact, he had twice essayed matrimony ! Yet Laurence does him full justice when he observes : “ Mr. Smyth’s poetical merits are of a very high order. In eloquence, fire and passion he is unsurpassed in the ranks of Indian poets. As a writer of sacred lyrics and devotional poetry, he is scarcely inferior to Heber.”

K. N. DHAR.

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN CALCUTTA.

II. THE PROBLEM FOR CHARITY AMONG THE ANGLO-INDIAN COMMUNITY.

Second Paper.

BY JOHN MACRAE, M.A.

IN a former article I made a distinction which seems to me fundamental, between the condition of the European temporarily residing in India, and that of the Anglo-Indian who, as a member of the "Domiciled Community," is a permanent resident. I pointed out that the European in India is really a member of the Home community from which he is temporarily detached, and of which he represents mainly but one class, whereas the Anglo-Indians form an entire community by themselves. The circumstance that they talk English, and are allied on one side at least to the European, must not blind us to this essential difference in their social organization.

If I am right in this it must fundamentally affect our conception of the problem before us. It is usual to think of the Anglo-Indian solely as the poor relation of the European, and to treat him as such. He is apt to view his own state, too, exclusively in this connection, and so the whine of the poor relation is constantly making itself heard in his talk. He wishes exceptional treatment, and a position different from that of the other races in India on account of it. He begs for charity on account of his relationship. I am convinced that this is a mistaken policy on his part. He can never rise to the position of which he is capable by considering himself or by being treated as, merely a "poor white." He can only succeed eventually by organizing himself as a distinct community or rather by taking his place in the organization of the community of

which he has become a permanent member. By recognizing himself frankly as one of the units in the permanent population of India.

India offers the spectacle of many communities, distinctly organized, and existing as parts of the larger organism. The Parsees are an example, and the Armenians, not to speak of the many castes of Hinduism, many of which are as distinct racially as, say, Japanese and Nubians.

The ultimate place of the Anglo-Indian is not as one of the governing class, not as a European, but as an integral part of the social system of India, which the European is not. The existence of the British in India, the departure of Europeans from their Western home to direct the administration and commerce of a land in which they decline to settle down, is a spectacle which does not seem strange to us, only because we are used to it. In reality it is a rare phenomenon in the history of nations. India has never seen anything like it. Those of her conquerors, and she has had many, who produced any lasting impression, have hitherto settled down in the country, and when they in turn were conquered, formed part of the population subdued, but the European has never been a colonist in India. The colonies of our own and other lands give us no analogy to his position here.

There is much excuse for the idea that the European and Anglo-Indian occupy a similar position in India, but it is my contention that they occupy fundamentally distinct positions in the social order; the one is a real colonist, the other an alien of temporary residence.

Any attempt to help the Anglo-Indian socially or economically must begin by recognizing this difference.

But, this distinction once allowed, we must bear in mind the character of the social organization of India itself. The widespread unrest of the present time is evidence of a period of transition, not to say of social upheaval, and many of the customs and usages of the country must be

regarded as in the melting-pot, but one aspect of the social economy is not likely ever to be completely upset, though it certainly will be modified. India consists of many sectional communities and it is not necessary for each community to represent every grade of labour and social utility.

It is not necessary therefore for a community such as we are considering to embrace every grade of labour in its ranks. Development in this direction there may be, but it will come slowly, and need not be very complete.

Another fact must not be omitted in our survey of the conditions. Most of the middle class Anglo-Indians give one the impression of having come down in the world. Their circumstances do not square with their pretensions.

One is apt to condemn unsparingly what seems at first sight extravagance in the matter of dress. Though the prices at which articles of dress are to be bought in the Chandney Market, would astonish those who deal solely with European dressmakers and tailors, still, the outside observer feels that more is being spent on dress proportionately than on much more important and essential things, food, for example, or education. And again, in the matter of servants, the condition of affairs seems out of keeping with the facts of income. The Eurasian housewife of the middle class, can rarely cook for her family. A cook, male or female, must do this for her. Bearers seem required, down to almost the lowest stratum of the population, and the services of the sweeper and the washerman are in universal demand.

In the Bengali household, where the income is much the same, we find that much more of the work, especially in the preparation and cooking of food, is done by the women of the household. Housing conditions have something to do with this. It is very unusual to find the cookhouse situated in a convenient place, and it is not easy for the women of a house to work in a cookroom quite detached from the house.

Some experiments in house building by Father Van de Mergel, where the cookrooms are built as part of the house, have proved that under such circumstances the Anglo-Indian woman can sometimes dispense with the services of a cook. But the fact that almost all houses available for this class are built as I have indicated, shews that there has been a depression in the circumstances of the class generally.

The lack of thrift points in the same direction. Wise expenditure and wise saving are not general. Almost all Anglo-Indians live up to their incomes. They do not, as a rule, lay by much for a rainy day. And I do not think this is entirely because of a lack of desire to save, but rather that their ideas of what is fitting in manner of life correspond rather to the incomes and the purchasing power of money fifty years ago, than to the average income obtaining among the community to-day. There is no doubt also that this tendency is increased by a confusion between the temporary European, and the Domiciled Anglo-Indian of which I spoke at the beginning of this article.

The impression that they have come down in the world is strengthened by what we can gather of their economic history.

Fifty years and more ago, the Anglo-Indian had practically a monopoly of the responsible subordinate positions in Government service, especially in the Secretariats. This state of affairs is gradually passing away. For example in the Bengal Secretariat the number of Anglo-Indians in appointments carrying salaries of between Rs. 100 and Rs. 300 per mensem was, in 1870, 101, and in 1890 65. The impulse given to Indian education on Western lines, and the consequent competition of the educated Indian for such appointments, have been the main factors in bringing this about. At the same time the cost of living has gone up greatly.

The position of the community has thus changed for the worse, and there is a general feeling of despondency,

and, one must add, a temptation on the part of many, to lapse into pauperism.

With a community so placed, and so organized, it is evident that the whole problem of charity and poor relief is different from the problem of charity in the West. It is evident, for example, that a change of methods is required when dealing with a population unaccustomed to manual labour. An unintelligent application of methods that have proved satisfactory elsewhere, may create or intensify evils instead of curing them.

But though the methods used be different, the end sought is similar and therefore the principles underlying Western Poor Relief should throw light upon our problem.

For a history of the principles that have successively guided English Poor Law Administration, there is no better summary than the able chapter on the subject in the Poor Law Commission Report of 1909. It will suffice here to notice three outstanding epochs in the development of these principles. In the late Eighteenth and early Nineteenth Centuries, a policy was in vogue which proved by its results to be founded on altogether wrong principles, and came near to ruining the State.

Practically, it consisted in giving outdoor relief by the State, where the income of the wage-earner did not rise above a certain figure. With separate bounties for wife and children, it was often much better for a man financially to declare himself a pauper than to seek honest work, and the consequence was a tremendous increase in the pauperism of the country. It was to remedy this state of affairs that the little-understood, and much-abused Poor Law of 1834 was enacted. It was an attempt to deal with a community that was rapidly becoming pauperized by a wrong system of relief. Its chief provision was that no outdoor relief should be given to able-bodied men. It acknowledged the duty of the State to relieve actual destitution where that existed, but enacted that the relief should be given in Institutions, and under such conditions

as not to place a premium on pauperism, and to make it always preferable to the applicant to labour for himself. During the eighty years since then, thought has been busy on the data furnished not only by the working of the Poor Law, but also of the many private charities that have come into being.

Attention has been focussed lately by the report of a Royal Commission, on the fact that there are many in the lower ranks of labour, in our prisons and workhouses, who are of feeble mind, and so are unable to take their place in competition with their fellows. Their children inherit the mental and moral disqualifications of their parents. They are constitutional failures in the social organism, and it is obvious that they should not be penalized as should those who are simply work-shy.

The widespread interest in Eugenics, has led to a proposal to treat such people by celibate segregation, in some species of Asylum.

And as we begin to think out the problems involved in these and other cases of poverty, we shall see how reasonable is the modern tendency to discriminate between different classes of the poor, and to treat them by different remedies.

The criticism passed by the Poor Law Commission of 1909 on the ordinary Union Workhouse, is an example of this tendency.

The Workhouse, which the Poor Law of 1834 had imagined to be a radical cure of poverty, is criticised by them, and unsparingly condemned as having to do many things simultaneously, which could only be undertaken with good results by many separate institutions. It seems obvious to them that the aged, the feeble-minded, the vicious, the work-shy, need different kinds of treatment, and the attempt to house them all together, failed in doing anything worth doing at all.

So that the principle of 1834, has to be supplemented by the separation of the different elements, and different institutional treatment for each.

Poverty is the symptom of as many different social diseases as a high temperature is of different diseases of the body, and there is no panacea to suit every case, each must have appropriate treatment.

The analogy of modern medicine is one that holds good in various directions. For one thing, modern medical science is out to effect a cure. A doctor would be a disgrace to his profession were he merely to give temporary anodynes or palliatives. And though there may be a few diseases still beyond the reach of medical skill, modern science yet hopes to discover their cause and cure. The medical profession has not given up hope of curing even cancer and leprosy, and many diseases once held to be incurable, such as tuberculosis, have yielded to the patience of investigation, though the process of cure is often slow and laborious.

To isolate the causes, and find means of affecting them rather than to attack the symptoms directly is a feature of modern medicine. The modern conception of poverty, in like manner, is not that it is the outcome of one social disease but of many, and that most of these are curable at present, and even the most obstinate and seemingly hopeless, must not be considered as beyond the reach of ultimate cure.

Hence it follows, that the aim of charity is no longer to apply palliatives to keep the poor alive, but to bring such remedies to bear as shall restore them again to the ranks of the self-supporting and independent.

Even when anodynes are given to relieve temporary distress, they should be such as not to interfere with the other processes which aim at a radical cure.

In the past, the tendency has too often been to regard poverty as a hopeless thing, and palliatives still swallow up the whole income of many charitable societies. But the day of palliatives is past, and the outlook is inspired with the possibility of permanent cures. Poverty, like disease, may not be wholly done away, it will still claim its victims, as long as the predisposing causes exist, but no individual case is to be regarded as incurable.

This scientific attitude towards the problem is one of our surest grounds of hope. It has been said that charity has failed in the past, largely by ignoring psychology. But modern charity is as dependent on psychology, as modern medicine is on physiology, and for a like reason.

The application of psychology to charity would require an article for itself. The applicant for relief is not merely a unit in a social organization. He is a human being, and an end in himself, and the springs of action and life within him may be so touched as to make him again a self-supporting member of society, or they may be depressed, so that, considering no necessity laid on him to labour, he diminishes his efforts, accepts aid given him from outside, and rapidly becomes a burden on the community instead of a source of strength to it.

And as the life and the qualities of each are different, so, though it may be possible to classify cases, each must be studied individually, and, to quote Carlyle, there is no Morrison's pill by which all social ills can be brought to an end.

In fact charity is rapidly leaving the amateur stage and becoming a complex science, which needs elaborate methods and much patience in its administration. Though, unfortunately, there is no diploma required from those who would practise the art, and everyone feels himself at liberty to become a practitioner.

And as the science of medicine is being more and more overshadowed by the science of public health and sanitation, so beyond charity strictly so-called, we are aware of the efforts of preventive philanthropy, dealing with housing, conditions of labour, economic and social reform, reducing the amount of poverty by destroying the causes which make for it.

As a result of a survey of modern thought and practice in charity I think we are justified in laying down the following general principles :—

1. Outdoor Relief on any large scale tends to pauperize a community, dries up the springs

of initiative and self-help, and actually increases the number of the poor.

2. Institutional Relief must be of different kinds to suit different causes of poverty. In particular, celibate segregation of the unfit and feeble-minded, labour-testing homes for the general out-of-work, semi-penal labour colonies for the work-shy and vicious, more comfortable provision for the aged, are all required in a satisfactory scheme of charity.
3. Reclamation to a state of self-support and independence amongst all who are capable of it is the aim of charitable effort.
4. Investigation of the circumstances of each individual case, knowledge of the individual temperament, and continued friendly inspiration and guidance, are essential to successful reclamation.

We now turn to what is actually being done in the way of Poor Relief in Calcutta, and here let me say, in view of any subsequent criticisms I may make, how deeply I appreciate the immense work that is being done for the help of the poor of the Anglo-Indian community, the self-sacrificing labour and patience that is being put into it as well by the clergymen of the different denominations as by those who have little time and energy to spare from their own proper work, the thought as well as effort given ungrudgingly to it, and the great and continued liberality of firms and individuals towards the help of the poor in their midst.

One doubts if anywhere in the world so small a population receives such help from charity. The pity of it is that so much is done from, and that so little is being done for, its own poor by the Anglo-Indian community itself, that they are for the most part receivers and give so little themselves.

That is a weakness which seems inevitable in the present situation but it should be recognized as such and remedies devised.

A difference that strikes us at first sight, between Poor Relief in England and in Calcutta, is that there is, and can be, no general Poor Law in Calcutta. But this difference is more apparent than real. The Workhouse, for example, is an institution of Government under the Vagrancy Act, and the Almshouse, though nominally belonging to a private charity, is under the direct supervision of the Commissioner of Police.

Of institutions for the poor, there are, the St. Joseph's Home for aged men and women, managed by the Little Sisters of the Poor, one of the most popular of Calcutta Charities. There are the St. Vincent's Home of the Roman Catholic Church, and the St. Mary's Home, under the ægis of the Women's Friendly Society for women of all ages. There are three Rescue Homes for women, two of which are devoted entirely to Europeans and Anglo-Indians, while one receives Indian women also. There is the Government Workhouse, into which those convicted under the Vagrancy Act are sent for fixed periods of detention. There is the Almshouse, belonging to the District Charitable Society, which shelters poor of all kinds, young men out of employment, habitual vagrants, men and women and children destitute from every cause, and even aged men who can find no other home to die in.

Outdoor Relief, however, is the most popular form of charity in the City. It is given mainly in the form of Pensions, which means sums voted annually and paid by monthly instalments.

Of these the most are given by the D'Souza Trust, which has about 1,000 recipients on its list, most of them in Calcutta, and whose grants vary from Rs. 3 to Rs. 25 per month.

The 'St. John's Vestry has large endowments which are spent for the most part in the same manner, though the average grant is not quite so large. The District Charitable Society devotes 75 per cent. of its givings to the same sort of thing and the Doucett Fund gives pensions to widows alone.

There is also "Casual Relief" granted by the District Charitable Society and help given to deserving persons, mostly in kind, by the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The Caledonian Society and the Masonic Benefit Fund confine their attention to special sections of the community.

There is also a large amount given by firms and private persons to individuals, known to them or unknown, which must also be taken into account.

This list pretty well exhausts the methods at present in use.

It should not be forgotten, however, that what corresponds to medical benefits in other countries is magnificently undertaken by the Government Hospitals and Dispensaries in Calcutta, so that no sickness need be an added burden to the poor.

That members of this community often prefer expensive patent medicines and foods and doctors who charge heavy fees to free medicine in the dispensaries and free treatment in the hospitals and that both "casual relief" and "pensions" are often wasted for this purpose is an instance of the craving of the Anglo-Indian for special treatment, that is worthy of notice.

On the other hand, in spite of the many educational charities and the help of Government, many poor people still find the education of their children a financial burden. There is no regular system of free education.

As to the agents through whom this charity is distributed:—In the District Charitable Society, all casual relief and many pensions are distributed through the Central Office, the rest of the pensions find their way to the recipients through the clergymen of the Church of England.

The Doucett and D'Souza Funds are distributed through the Office of the Trust personally to all who can come for them and to the rest through their clergyman or some other responsible person.

In the Society of St. Vincent de Paul the alms are given by voluntary visitors who visit regularly and so get to know the recipients personally.

When we examine the controlling bodies of these charities, we find that the clergy have a much more leading place than in similar societies in England.

The clergy of different churches know more about the poor than most other people not of the community itself, and there is no leisured class in the city to undertake such work. They must therefore continue to do a great deal of the work that falls to be done in the way of investigation and probably also of control, but there is a weakness and a narrowness of view that comes from allowing any one class to deal with the matter.

Again jealousy between the different churches has in the past prevented co-ordination, but there are signs that this is giving way, and we may hope to see at no very distant date a common policy of charity undertaken by all the Societies of the City, and the help of those without as well as of those within the churches, sought and given to a common effort to raise the state of the poor.

Some general criticism of the distribution of charity may be allowed here.

It is evident that the widespread activities of the different societies and the comparatively small number of the channels of distribution, which at the same time are not in close touch with one another, must give rise to some overlapping in pensions granted to families, if not to individuals. This, however, is a small matter. Again, the mere fact that so wide a ground is covered is evidence that the community is semi-pauper already. And this being so the relief given must more often act as a palliative which does not cure the evil but tends rather to increase it.

As a matter of fact, the huge number of pensions granted by the D'Souza Trust, which came into operation only some four years ago, has made no difference to the number of pensions granted by the other societies. This

must mean that the community is not holding its own in the labour market and is becoming parasitic.

Another fact which strikes us forcibly is that outdoor relief is much more in favour than institutional treatment. The D'Souza and Doucett Funds grant only out-relief. The District Charitable Society and the various Church Funds, as well as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, do the same, and it must be remembered that this is in addition to the abundant if irregular help given by the charitably disposed on their own initiative.

To grant gifts of money is, of course, the easiest thing to do with the funds at the disposal of the Societies, and the argument is that thus less is expended in establishment and more goes directly to the poor. It is the most economical form of Charity.

This argument is entirely fallacious. In practice to give money is usually not to strike at the roots of poverty but to water them, and the experience of other countries is all against it.

It may seem a good thing that a family can count on a certain minimum of money coming in, in the month, but it probably increases the volume of poverty in the city, and it certainly is preventing an increase of wages and a betterment of the economic condition of the poor.

How this happens may best be explained by taking the case of the casual labourer, the tally clerk, and "gunner," from whose ranks the most of the poor are drawn.

Except in the largest of the steamer companies, these men are not employed directly by the Agents concerned, but are sub-contracted for by a stevedore whose business is to supply a certain number of men to every ship belonging to the company that enters the harbour. Now the number of ships varies greatly in the different months of the year. They must therefore be able to lay their hands on a number of men quickly. Their aim is, therefore, to have as large a population of permanently under-employed

labourers as possible. As a consequence they never give any of their *clientele* full employment, even in the busiest season, but try to throw their net as wide as possible and to have as many partly-employed men on their books as possible.

It is evident therefore that in the months when there are few ships coming in some of these men must be in actual distress. These men are kept by the subventions of charity. In fact, it is not saying too much to assert that the bulk of the money given by the D'Souza Trust and other charities in pensions is really put into the pockets of the Steamer Agents and the stevedores, who would otherwise be compelled either to have a smaller number of men on their lists, receiving more regular work, or to raise the wages that they pay them. Again, the small amounts of the grants, shows that they are being given to supplement wages. For no person could live on the average amount of the pensions. This means too, that they are being applied as palliatives and are not expected to effect a radical cure. The wisdom of the course is not clear. It tends to under-employment and the acceptance of low wages. Mrs. Bosanquet speaks of the analogy of the watering of plants. A little water, a sprinkling, makes the roots seek the surface and become permanently dependent on watering. A large supply in times of really severe drought sends the roots downwards, where are the permanent sources of moisture. The strength of the people is in their own labour; and doles tend to make them dependent and to seek for help from other sources than their own efforts. Of course, in a community where the death of the breadwinner is so frequent and the average expectation of life so small, there must be many more opportunities for granting outdoor relief wisely, than where more normal conditions of life prevail, but that the number of pensions granted should be equal to one-tenth of the whole community, which means that probably one-third of the total population comes under their scope, means that there must be something wrong.

Where, as in the case of the D'Souza Trust, the Society is precluded from any other way of dealing with the problem, it seems to me that it would be a wiser policy to give the maximum grant to a few rigidly selected cases than small doles to a number.

There are cases, as for example, where a widow in good position is left penniless with a family to support, and where there is no breadwinner, in which substantial help might be given over a series of years, so that when the children come to be self-supporting, they might take their place in society on the same level as they had been before ; or cases where by disease or accident the breadwinner is incapacitated from work.

But more attention, I am convinced, should be paid to Institutional relief, and able-bodied men should have no alternative but work or the Almshouse. It would be the kindest treatment in the end, for it would stimulate independence and effort, force up the price of their labour, and so increase wages and better their condition. Another criticism would be that there is not enough being done in the way of personal investigation, by those who are specially trained from the point of view of charity, and that there are almost no persons engaged in this part of the work outside those persons and agencies organized primarily for church work and only secondarily for charity. The granting of aid thus tends to be mechanical and to have little reference to the idiosyncrasies of the individual helped.

All honour to the churches which have stepped down from their high position to serve tables, but it has been a loss to the churches in some ways, it tends to degrade their spiritual influence. It would be better that more employment should be given to secular agencies. In particular there should be a few people with a real knowledge of the modern principles and a practical acquaintance with modern methods of Poor Relief whose work would be primarily the serving of the Societies and the

management of Institutions. I do not say this at all in disparagement of the excellent work that is at present done by such men, some of whom have a wide outlook and could not do better in their respective situations, but I would urge that their number be increased, and that by men specially interested in the work and trained for it.

So far I have contented myself with general criticisms, I would like now to give a rough classification of the classes of the poor of the Anglo-Indian community, and to suggest the treatment that seems to me most appropriate in each case.

There are the European poor, mainly ex-soldiers, many of whom have come down through drink. They have taken their discharge in India, and have lost one position after another, until they are unreliable and useless in a land where manual labour is not done by Europeans. Some of these have no ties keeping them to India, but others again have married into the Anglo-Indian community, and so must be reckoned as colonists, along with them.

Then come the main army of the out-of-works. I think it is possible to distinguish five different classes of these.

I. There are first the young men who have never got a real footing in permanent work. They begin on probation, and then are given temporary jobs, mainly on the railways, where the different seasons make such changes in the volume of traffic that temporary additions to the staff are often required.

II. Then there are men, without moral fault, and not really incapable, who resign either to get the money laid up in their Provident Fund, or because of some dispute with those above them.

The number of men who thus spend but a year or two in their appointments is astounding to those who are not acquainted at firsthand with this community.

III. There are, thirdly, those who have had permanent employment, but have lost it on account of drunkenness or other faults of character. The treatment of the wives and children of such men is one of the *crucis* of charitable relief. In Calcutta it seems the universal practice to help them, but that only increases the evil.

IV. Then there are the men who have never had permanent employment but have been casuals all their days. Many of these are genuinely anxious for employment, but have not the education or skill to enable them to rise to the grade of permanent labour. The fault is not theirs so much as that of the bad organization of the labour market. This class, through the irregularity of their mode of life, tends to drift insensibly into the next class.

V. There are the work-shy and the loafers, of whom there are an astounding number in the community. Some of these work for a month or two at a rate of pay considerably higher than their usual rate of living. Then they resign or are dismissed, live for a little longer on what they have saved from their burst of labour, and after a little time begin begging again, and when that no longer answers, go on tour, or are to be found in the Almshouse.

Many of these "go on tour," which is the Indian form of vagrancy. They travel by rail from place to place with pitious tales of woe and get sent on by kind-hearted mofussil residents from one station to another, finding help and sympathy wherever they go and turning up in Calcutta a year or two later, with the tale that they have been to Madras or Bombay or Rangoon or Nagpore looking for work, but have returned to Calcutta because work is so slack in those places. The problem is complicated by the ease with which they can obtain money in a mofussil station. They trade shamelessly on the sentiment of the poor relation. No European would like to see a white man starve in an Indian station.

A further complication is the want of communication on such subjects between the different stations. Only a widespread organization can meet the case.

Among the applicants for charity are a certain proportion of feeble-minded. There are also widows and orphans, the victims of accident and disease, and aged people whose relatives are unable to maintain them.

This rough classification will suffice to show that there is need of careful thought in finding an appropriate remedy in each case. A few suggestions may close this paper.

The European who has failed to retain his situation in India, usually through some fault on his part, should not be a burden on Indian charities permanently. In most cases it is hopeless to expect that he will get a permanent situation in India, but he is still eligible for the Home labour market. He should therefore be sent Home. The Caledonian Society performs useful work in repatriating Scotsmen or sending them to Australia, but the same thing should be done for all unattached Europeans and might be undertaken by Government. When the European has settled down in India and formed ties which make him a colonist, he must be treated as such.

For him, as for the loafer of the Anglo-Indian community, the proper course seems Institutional treatment of a semi-penal nature. The germ of such an institution is to be found in the Government Workhouse, and the Vagrancy Act makes it possible to send him there. If it were possible to make the terms of this Act a little wider, so that all loafers could be committed, and to make it possible to pass indeterminate sentences, dependent on the conduct of the men so convicted, it would greatly strengthen the position of the Workhouse in the general scheme of charitable work.

The Almshouse would then be set free to become a Labour-testing home. In view of the circumstances of the community, manual labour would not always be an appropriate test, and some provision of clerical work,

copying or the like, as well as of such light work as paper sorting for the more or less illiterate would be needed. The present labour of the oil-mills is more suited to the physique of the Indian Christian who is accustomed to manual work than to that of the ordinary tally clerk or gunner.

Much is done at present by the Superintendent of the Almshouse in the way of finding situations for inmates of that Institution. This should be made more definite, and could be, if the loafer were treated elsewhere.

A man who reappeared at the Almshouse time after time should be sent on mechanically to the Workhouse, after a certain number of appearances, provided he was not definitely adjudged unfit when he should be treated as such.

It is the unfit who are the greatest problem, and little special attention is given them at present. Some sort of celibate colonies for them might well be instituted, where they would be sent upon proper certification by magistrate's order.

Thus classes I, II and IV would be treated at the Almshouse and classes III and V at the Workhouse.

A separate Home would harbour the unfit, and pensions would be reserved entirely for widows, orphans, the aged and the deserving poor incapacitated by disease and accident.

It is obvious that all this could only be done by co-operation among the different societies and institutions working on behalf of the poor. Without co-operation there would be overlapping, different systems, and endless confusion, in which the lot of the poor would be made worse instead of better.

In Calcutta there is no leisured class, and few business men who can find time and energy for this work, there are already so many claims on their time and attention. What the Anglo-Indian community in Calcutta owes to those devoted business men who give time and

attention out of their hard-won moments of leisure to their problems, is beyond computation. But it is surely unnecessary to waste their time and efforts on separate organization when co-operation would lessen the task. To combine forces, to ensure that the best intellects of the community are at the disposal of the poor, and to ensure the confidence of the whole community in their work, so that the efforts of well-considered charitable schemes were not frustrated by the indiscriminate doles of those who view with grave dissatisfaction the present methods of charity, is an end worth striving for, and one can only hope that it will not be long before it is attained.

To sum up, the following would be the lines on which it seems to me reconstituted Charity in Calcutta might work :—

1. To stop all pensions except those given to the incapacitated, widows, children and the aged.
2. To give no outdoor relief to able-bodied men, or to their families, except where the men are in Institutions.
3. To make more use of the Workhouse as a semi-penal Labour Colony for the work-shy, where all loafers and European out-of-works should be sent, under indeterminate sentences for the most part.
4. To use the Almshouse as a Labour-testing Home, in which there would be much greater variety of work than at present and from which men should be sent out to situations under some sort of Employment Committee.
5. To erect a separate Home for the unfit and feeble-minded.
6. To have either a Central Advisory Board of Charities or else some one Charitable Society strong enough to dominate the others, in which the best brains in the City should be at the service of the poor, and which should

have the confidence and support of the European as well as of the Anglo-Indian community.

I close as I began by emphasizing the narrowness of the field for charitable effort in the strict sense of the term.

Education, such as will increase the physique as well as the morale and the intellectual power of the community, the improvement of dwellings, decasualization of labour and the organization of labour, the opening up of new avenues of employment, a new spirit of initiative, energy, hope and common feeling in the community will do more to settle the problem of the poor than Charity can ever expect to do.

What is essential is that Charity shall foster and not repress initiative, and shall promote the growth of that spirit of independence in which lies the true strength of every people.

JOHN MACRAE.

Calcutta.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE LUSHEI KUKI CLANS.—By Lieutenant-Colonel J. Shakespear (Macmillan & Co.)

There is always a certain fascination in reading an account of the life and customs of a tribe that is gradually being moulded by the influences of civilization. We find much that is crude and barbaric but we find also much that, in its supreme naturalness, transcends the conventions of those who have advanced. Lieutenant-Colonel Shakespear in his monograph on the Lushei Kuki Clans, published under the orders of the Government of Eastern Bengal and Assam while it still existed, provides a most interesting study descriptive of the peoples on the North-East Frontier of our Empire. Assuming that his readers are aware of the dealings of the British power in controlling the feuds of these tribes and of the history of the final annexation of the Lushei Hill Tracts, Lieutenant-Colonel Shakespear proceeds to give us the results of a wide experience and a profound and sympathetic knowledge of the Lushei Kuki Clans, who are now scattered over a wide area. The Lusheis are a simple folk, each household being practically able to live upon what it can itself produce. Nowadays, however, as a result of increased facilities, the standard is rising, and we read that “looking glasses, umbrellas, needles and Manchester goods are finding their way into the most remote villages.” The methods of agriculture adopted are not particularly enlightened. A part of the jungle is selected, the wood covering it is felled and, when dry, is burnt. The clearing thus made is known as a *jhum*. The *jhum* after being lightly tilled is sown with grain, the chief crop being rice. The Lusheis are migratory in habits and their purpose is not to make the *jhum* a permanent source of maintenance but rather to take from it what can be obtained by a small amount of labour, after which a move is made to another place. The previous *jhum* soon becomes overgrown with jungle growth again. Of the laws and customs, the religion, the folklore and the domestic life of the Lushei Clans much that is of absorbing interest is recounted. To take but

one example from many. Romance is not dead, for we are told that the Lushei keeps in his haversack which he always carries with him (his clothing is so simple that he has no pockets) his *tinbur*, "a small gourd to hold the water which has been impregnated with nicotine in the pipe of his wife or sweetheart. A little of this evil smelling concoction he takes into his mouth from time to time, and, having kept it there a few minutes, he spits about and declares that it has a stimulating effect." The generic and popular name given to the various tribes brought under review is the Lushai or the Lushei Kuki race. The Lushei Clans form the more important branch of this race and the description of them occupies the first part of Lieutenant-Colonel Shakespear's book. The second part deals with the Non-Lushei Clans, important amongst which are the Old Kuki Clans and the Thado Clan, sometimes spoken of as the New Kukis. The relative place and importance of these various clans is somewhat difficult to follow for one who comes to read of them for perhaps the first time, but by a perusal of Lieutenant-Colonel Shakespear's book even such a one is sure to be enlightened as well as entertained on a subject of which none of us who live in India should be entirely ignorant.

J. C. K.

INDIAN MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTIONS.—Vol. II,
Part 2. Biographical Notices of Military Officers
and Others mentioned in Inscriptions on Tombs and
Monuments in the Punjab, N.-W. F. Province,
Kashmir and Afghanistan. Compiled by G. W. De
Rhe-Philips. 1912, pp. 386.

This closely printed volume of foolscap size is called a compilation, but it is a work for which the author deserves the thanks of the Government and of those who enter deeply into the study of the British power in the East. Our countrymen have their graves scattered in very large numbers all over the north-west of India, and this is a laborious work which gathers together the history of these men so far as possible. The names are arranged alphabetically and the volume goes naturally with the preceding part which contains a list of the Tombs and Monuments. The biographical articles are necessarily of the shortest except in the cases of men who are already well known in history,

but most of them represent much inquiry and research. The men in this long list, many of them very young, most of them in the prime of life, served their country well. The author deserves well of their countrymen.

J. W.

RECORDS OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA.—Vol. XLII, 1912, pp. 280.

This volume published by the Government of India is an excellent example of how admirably such technical work can be done when there is an expert staff employed and sufficient money to publish whatever is considered to be of real value. We would call attention to the admirable plates—34 in number—that illustrate the subject, some of them beautifully executed, and to the subject index which is full enough to be of much use in dealing with the volume. The general report for 1911, pp. 59-92, and the report on the mineral production of India during 1911, pp. 133-207, by the Director, with lists of mining concessions and prospecting licenses help to make one realize how wide is the scope of the survey and how important to the progress of the country. Two articles in Part 4 on work done in the Dihong Valley and the Naga Hills remind us of recent punitive expeditions on our North-East Frontier and the readiness with which the Government links together its military and its scientific work.

J. W.

BENGALI HOUSEHOLD TALES.—By the Rev. William McCulloch. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

This interesting collection of Folk-tales was made many years ago by the Rev. William McCulloch, formerly of Chinsura, Bengal, and is the fruit of his familiar knowledge of the Bengali language and the life of Rural Bengal. The tales were narrated to him by a young Brahmin hailing from an out-of-the-way rural district who asserted that he repeated them just as he had heard them in his native village. Mr. McCulloch took them down *verbatim* in shorthand at the time and has now translated them, almost as they stood, into English.

One of the charms of Oriental Folk-tales is that they still reflect to a great extent the present life of the people. These stories of rajahs and hermits, heroic princes and

fair princesses, ogres and nymphs, spells and charms, were probably not related to children as being the only people likely to enjoy the pleasure of accepting them as true, but to men and women in the market place and in the home for whom characters and events the same or similar were not impossible of belief. Anyone acquainted with the vernacular and sufficiently familiar with the illiterate people of the villages or the women behind the *pardah* may still listen to tales scarcely less strange and thrilling than these and alleged to be accounts of actual occurrences in these very days.

Apart from their interest as tales, these stories are a mine of information regarding Hindu family and village life as it is still lived in Bengal, and incidentally furnish the reader with a key to many current idioms, especially those with mythological allusions.

Mr. McCulloch in his footnotes and appendix has linked the stories with other collections of Folk-tales both Eastern and Western, and it is instructive for the general reader interested in the source and development of ancient fables and myths, to find how the same idea seems to spring up in different soils or is carried, it may be, by the various races in their wandering over the earth. But the difference between these Indian tales and Western tales gathered round the same ideas, is perhaps more interesting and worthy of study than their resemblance. Their general complexion is typically Oriental and has taken its hues from the religious and social ideals and the ethical standards of the Hindus. The original myth is clothed in garments of a local colouring. Where humour is introduced, the foibles of certain classes, still to be observed in the present day, get many sly digs. The Brahman's love of being feasted, the pretensions to learning of the pundits who are not always such fountains of wisdom as they would fain be reckoned, the pious devotion of thieves and rascals to their chosen deities; the gullibility of rajahs by their astute ministers are present day subjects for "chaff," and are here held up to ridicule, sometimes good-humouredly, sometimes in an almost wanton spirit of cruelty such as we associate with callous schoolboys.

One mark of the primitive origin and character of these stories is that the truly heroic qualities, which we may find in later expressions of racial ideals, such as the Ramayan and the Mahabharat, are almost entirely absent, especially in the male characters; but, where women are concerned, the virtues of chastity and devoted submission

are strongly emphasised. A woman's chastity is indeed held to be a charm by which she may invoke supernatural aid when her honour or personal safety are in jeopardy. Perhaps this ancient high standard for women accounts for the fact that, in spite of their almost universal illiteracy, the women of India appear to many who are competent to judge, to be in advance of the men in the qualities most typical of high civilization. They have undergone a longer and sterner discipline.

Not only are many heroic qualities absent from these tales but certain somewhat despicable traits are held up for admiration. This is notably the case with cunning, so much so that some of the stories would seem almost to justify the current cynicism that in India sin lies, not in committing a crime, but in being found out! For instance in the story entitled a "Triple Theft," a rajah offers his daughter in marriage to any one who can commit three thefts in his kingdom without being found out. The task is achieved by the scapegrace, run-a-way son of another rajah, assisted by a rascally comrade; and the prince receives the reward. In more than one tale the defiant and prodigal son comes to honour in the far country through his own wits without having to do any penance for his unfilial shortcomings.

In another tale a good man is brought to nought by the machinations of his envious fellow-courtiers. His enemies by their craftiness come to power and exult in their victory. No compensation to the innocent sufferer is hinted at. A typically Oriental strain running through the tales and strongly insisted on in some, is fatalism, and one is made to realise how thoroughly ~~stupid~~ *stupid* the whole race is in this view of life.

The gods as they appear in these stories are not very elevated beings. The robbers invoke the aid of Kali for their dark deeds; the wife asks the help of Bhagavan in the murder of her pretended husband, and, though the end, the preservation of her honour, may be held to justify the means, it is curious to associate divine aid with such acts of crafts and violence. In another instance Biddhata in the form of a frog is swallowed by a Brahman and has to be very humble in his appeals to be set free; and even the petitions of such exalted deities as Lakshmi and Saraswati are received with contempt by the Brahman. It required Mahadev himself to overcome his obduracy. This familiar and jocular way of treating the gods is by no means obsolete.

Very few Folk-tales can stand the application of a severe ethical standard. For this reason some strict Western mothers rule them out of the nursery. Nevertheless, among those which have survived in Christendom many bear the mark of higher ethical influences than belong to the time of their crude origin. No doubt these naïve and charming Hindu tales will undergo a similar evolution in the course of time, but, as they stand, they are an interesting mirror of days that are passing away and of that old world which with, all its childish faults, is full of romance.

M. M. U.

OLIVIA IN INDIA.—By O. Douglas. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Many persons have visited India before Olivia, and many have recorded in book form the impressions there received. Whether the works of such Cold Weather visitors have been reviewed by specially incompetent or malicious critics, or whether they have one and all been worthy of severe condemnation we cannot profess to determine, for we know little of them beyond what we have gathered from reviews. The fact remains, in any case, that when any one is bold enough to write a book dealing with India after a few months' visit, Anglo-Indian critics are accustomed to rise in protest. India, we are told, is a subject that no one who has not spent many years in the country is qualified to discuss. We believe, however, that even severe Anglo-Indian critics will agree that Olivia has succeeded where many great ones have failed. The chief ground of objection to books giving the author's Cold Weather impressions of India has been that political, social, economic and other intricate problems have been discussed in ignorance of the complexity and difficulty in which they are involved in India, and that the attempt has been made to settle Indian problems by reference to principles applicable in the West but inapplicable in the East. No such attempt has been made in this book. It consists of the letters written by a young lady to a friend at home who desired to be more to her than a friend; but whom until the end of her few months' stay in India she regards simply as a friend. In the letters she

tells of the voyage to India, the people she meets on boardship, her stay in Calcutta and her journeyings in Bengal with her brother, a Civil Servant. They are such letters as most of us would wish to write but cannot, when we visit new scenes and see new people. Though the letters are written from India she tells us little about Indian life, and in what she does tell us she deals only with what strikes her immediately and does not attempt to discuss deeper questions. Therein lies her wisdom. The people of whom she writes are chiefly Anglo-Indian. How far the portraits she draws of them are faithful to the originals we do not know, but she certainly succeeds in making many persons live to us. These descriptions, full of humour but without malice, are among the best things in the letters. But the book is full of interest from beginning to end. Her accounts of her experiences in trains, in railway stations, in dâk bungalows, in camp and on the march will interest many who have had similar experiences and who will long for the pen that can so portray them. Not less interesting are many of her digressions ; as when she relates some of the sayings and doings of her little brother Peter, or when she shows the charm of the Scotch Sabbath, or when she takes us to the Matterhorn and makes us feel the fascination of the mountains. We have only one criticism to offer, and it is not a very serious one. The person to whom the letters are addressed is an exceedingly nebulous individual. He spends some time on the Continent and is engaged in the task of writing a book. We do not learn much more regarding him and somehow we get the impression that, if we did know him better, we should not like him. It comes rather as a shock to us when Olivia announces in one of the last letters that she accepts his proposal of marriage. The love element is not integral to the book and it would have been better without it. The letters might have been addressed with greater appropriateness almost as they stand to any old school friend. This is the one weak point of the book. We recommend *Olivia in India* to any one who wishes to know how India strikes a visitor who comes with open heart and mind, seeking chiefly to have a good time in the best sense of the term. We recommend it, too, to those who know India well. They may find in the book many things that will help them to see the more humorous side of experiences that have not hitherto amused them.

THE SOUL OF INDIA.—By George Howells, B. Litt., B.D., Ph.D. (London: James Clarke and Co.) 5s. nett.

The sub-title to this elaborate and comprehensive work by the well-known Principal of Serampore College describes it as "An introduction to the study of Hinduism, in its historical setting and development and in its internal and historical relations to Christianity." The title is justified by the contents. We have here rather an encyclopædia than a single book, and though certain defects are the almost inevitable accompaniments of the attempt to present encyclopædic information on so vast a subject as Hinduism within the limits of 600 pages, the book cannot be otherwise regarded than as a most successful attempt to meet a very general need. We are all of us familiar with the bewilderment which attends our first attempts at obtaining even the most meagre acquaintance with the system of thought and life which confronts us in India. We have hitherto been left to glean a little piece of information here and another little piece there, we have been sent from one authority to another, and the result has been confusion of thought—and with the less conscientious—abandonment of the attempt to understand their environment and acquiescence in a condition which would be nothing short of a disgrace were it not so common and so difficult to avoid. In the future, however, excuses will be less easily furnished, when there is available such an introduction as this, published at the remarkably low price of five shillings. Dr. Howells seems in his early days to have been acutely conscious of the disease of placid ignorance which has just been alluded to, and sets himself deliberately to provide a remedy. As he says in his preface, "I can recall vividly my own struggles and difficulties, years ago, when I made my first attempts to unravel for myself the maze of Indian religion. I tried earnestly to make a conscientious study of the standard works and the standard texts bearing on Hindu religion and philosophy. All my reading, however, seemed to bring me very little nearer to the goal I had in view—an understanding of the inner heart and soul of India, and a clear grasp of the course of Indian religious development. Light dawned only after I had devoted very considerable time to a study of the land and the people, the evolution of their civilization in its literary, social, political and religious bearings. I am quite sure that I should have

found my path a very much easier one if there had been available such an introduction to the subject as the present work seeks to supply." Most of the readers of this book will, we are sure, agree that henceforth the path will be decidedly easier as a consequence of Dr. Howells' labours.

The book is divided into five sections, of which the first deals with the land, languages and races, and the second with a historical survey of Indian civilization. The author's disclaimer of originality is justified as regards these sections, but he has done good service in bringing together from scattered sources a vast amount of valuable information. The third section gives a useful summary of the evolution of Indian religion and philosophy. The value of the summary would have been considerably increased by compression in some directions and expansion in others. We cannot, *e.g.*, quite see the bearing of the elaborate discussion of the value of anthropology in the study of religion and the disquisitions on the division of races and the various types of religion. This digression is exceedingly interesting in itself, but it rather gives us the impression that the foundations are being laid somewhat too deeply, and there is a danger that some readers may never reach the superstructure. The twenty-five pages which are occupied with this general introduction would have been more usefully devoted to a fuller treatment of the philosophy of the Upanishads, the importance of which in the development of Indian thought seems to be somewhat inadequately appreciated. We should also be inclined to urge a closer connection between them and later Vedantic thought than Dr. Howells is inclined to allow.

The author is at his best in the fourth section of the book, which is mainly a comparison between Hinduism and Christianity. A middle course is steered between denunciation on the one hand, and inordinate appreciation on the other, and the principle is firmly held and rigorously applied that, where a system of faith and life differs considerably from our own, we are not at liberty to conclude *a priori* that the differences are entirely the result of false views and practices. Dr. Howells subjects certain doctrines of Hinduism, such as revelation, immanence, transmigration, and absorption, to rigorous but at the same time sympathetic examination, pointing out the elements of truth they contain as well as the defects under which they labour. A more detailed comparison is undertaken in reference to the *Bhagavadgita* and the Christian

Scriptures. There is great similarity of teaching in certain respects. Both are opposed to materialism, atheism, agnosticism, pantheistic monism, and deism. Both set forth the spirituality and perfection of God, as well as His eternity, omniscience, and omnipresence. Both hold a doctrine of incarnation, and regard God as immanent as well as transcendent. Dr. Howells opposes the theory that the Gita is non-ethical, holding that this accusation is based upon a misinterpretation of isolated passages. With all his sympathetic treatment of the doctrines of the Gita, however, he refuses to go to the extreme of regarding it as in any way comparable or superior to the teaching of the New Testament. The Western religionist who is disposed to go to this extreme, and, impelled by his ignorance and a desire for cheap notoriety, is ready to depreciate his own religion, would do well to note the definiteness of the conclusion which Dr. Howells reaches as a result of his comparison: "From the standpoint of critical scholarship there is no ground for regarding the personality and utterances of the Krishna of the Gita as having any substantial historical basis. They must rather be viewed as the great spiritual ideals to which a devout soul in ancient India has given such beautiful and poetic expression. The progressive Christian theologian, however, unflinchingly maintains the essentially historical basis of the Christian revelation, and points to the incarnation of the Son of God as the veritable and actual fulfilment of all spiritual aspiration, Jewish and Gentile. Then, the Krishna of the Gita is so essentially one with the Krishna of the Epics and Puranas that he cannot be estimated independently. The theology of the Gita closely approximates to the Christian standpoint, but its ethical teaching, while in the main lofty, is, in comparison, on a distinctly lower plane. At its best, the Gita is but a grain of gold in a vast and very variable mine of standard authoritative and Krishna literature. The New Testament is the one standard authority of the Christian Church, and it is all gold.

In the concluding chapters of this section Dr. Howells draws attention to several aspects in which he considers Hinduism inferior to Christianity, and his arguments are so well founded and so entirely free from dogmatism as to be calculated to carry conviction to any one who is willing to consider them with an open mind. He points out the local and non-missionary character of Hinduism, its ethical flabbiness, its association with either impossible incarnations or with a philosophy which can be understood only by the

few, its depreciation of personality, its faint conception of the Fatherhood of God and of the true meaning of incarnation, and finally its pessimism. He freely recognizes the value for modern religious life of the study of comparative religion, but he argues out that such study departs from scientific precedents if it does not bring us to the selection of the *best*, and if it leaves us merely with a facile acceptance of the principle that one religion is as good as another. All science, indeed all life, is selective. "Granted that a man can maintain a tolerable existence by living on nothing but potatoes and sleeping in a stuffy room, it would be colossal folly to assume that it is all one whether we live on potatoes and foul air or wheat and fresh air; and yet one meets many educated and scientific men to-day, who, while granting that religion is an essential part of our complex nature, maintain that all religions are alike, for they all lead to the same goal, and therefore let a man cling to the religion in which he happens to be born. An attitude more fatal to the true progress of the human spirit it is impossible to imagine. It is not reason, it is not science, to say that it makes no difference whether I have as a religious ideal, as an object of religious worship the blood-thirsty Kali or the gentle Rama, the shadowy, and in the popular religion, very shady, Krishna, or the perfect and historic Christ."

Finally, a scheme is provided of the usual course of an argument between an enquirer and a Christian missionary, in which the arguments on both sides are put clearly and forcibly. The Hindu will of course begin with the well-worn argument that one religion is as good as another and that the foundation truths of religion and morality are to be found in Hinduisim as well as in Christianity. The missionary will reply that these truths may certainly be found in the Hindu Scriptures, but in a scattered form, and it is really under the guidance of Christian ideas and with the help of Western scholars that they have been brought together. The Hindu may argue that he will exert a greater influence for good if he remains within the pale of Hinduism. The missionary will point out that such conduct will indeed purchase peace, but it will be at the price of hypocrisy and disintegration of soul. So the argument goes on. We need not follow it through its various stages, but it may be commended as a model for missionary workers, and the sheer logic of it might even exert a beneficial influence upon those who in ~~the~~ ^{their} criticism of missionary work are apt to show a

pathetic forgetfulness of the primary rules of scientific investigation and rational argumentation.

The last section of the book is occupied for the most part with a most interesting account of Hinduism and Christianity in historical contact. A considerable amount of space is devoted to a discussion of the question whether the Gita is at all dependent on Christian influence. Dr. Howells, while refusing to come to a definite conclusion, rather inclines to an affirmative answer to the question. Useful bibliographies, prefixed to each section of the book, and longer bibliography at the end suggest material for further study, but, if the reader is not stimulated to further study by the book itself, he is unworthy of the labour which Dr. Howells has bestowed upon it. We would recommend its perusal to all who seek to win an intelligent insight into the conditions of life and thought in this land. It will be of use to them whatever their occupation may be, whether official, missionary or commercial, for in all spheres alike, much misunderstanding will be avoided, and in general energy will be better directed through the possession of even a modicum of the information which this book places at our disposal.

W. S. U.

MAGAZINES.

THE MOSLEM WORLD.—January and April 1913.

The first two quarterly numbers for this year of this periodical maintain the usual high level. Many topics of interest to those who are working amongst Moslems are discussed with great ability and breadth of view. Useful summaries of recent literature on Mohammedan questions are appended, and the reviews of the more outstanding books are written with fairness and appreciative insight. In the January number Dr. Shedd discusses the influence of a Moslem environment upon the Christian missionary and points out the dangers which arise from tendencies to compromise and from the prevailing looseness in argument and inaccuracy in statement. The "editorial" in the April number attempts to estimate the effect upon Turkish prestige of the loss of Tripoli and the crushing defeats at the hands of the Balkan States. The editor is disposed to think that the first disaster has had comparatively little effect, but that the results of the more recent war are damaging

to an incalculable extent. He points out how before the war the Allies were despised, it was expected that before long the Ottoman flag would be planted at Athens, Sofia and Belgrade. So when in three short weeks the power of Constantinople was crushed, the magnitude of the disaster was in proportion to its suddenness. Respect for the authority of Constantinople is no longer "a second nature in the nearer East," and it will only be a matter of time before the revolutionary and separatist tendencies in the outlying provinces of the Turkish Empire begin to assert themselves more clearly. In a weighty article Dr. Zwemer helps us to realize the bitterness of the Mohammedan opposition to the Christian doctrine of Cross, and yet, with all his complete realization of the history and meaning of this opposition, he urges that there must be no compromise, and that, unless all our teaching leads to this central doctrine of Christianity "we have not begun to preach the Gospel at all."

THE MONIST.—January 1913.

The most striking article in this issue of the *Monist* is that in which Mr. W. B. Smith of Yulane University discusses the rival claims of a mechanical or teleological conception of the universe. His style is marked by a straining after effect which sometimes disturbs the even flow of his argument, but he points out with great clearness the results of a purely mechanical doctrine. He uses the now popular illustration of the cinematograph with even greater effect than Bergson himself, and points out how the causal connection which we apparently discover in the sense world are "not between the pictures but lie far behind in the film of our own souls." The title of the article, "Push or Pull," indicates the general idea and Mr. Smith's conclusion is that the philosophy of the Twentieth Century will move more and more in the direction of teleology, regarding the present as determined by the future rather than by the past. In other words "the kingdom of ends is drawing nigh." Another valuable article is by Miss Ellen Bliss Talbot on "Fichte's Conception of God." She contends that Fichte's philosophy lends itself to a profoundly religious conception of life, that his teaching is that God is not far from any one of us—"The whole world history is a revelation of His nature and every high ideal of which we are conscious is His voice speaking within us."

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.—January, February and March 1913.

The *Theosophical Path* for January is a specially interesting number. It contains, amongst other articles, an illuminating account of some of the treasures of the Louvre as well as a historical sketch of the fortunes of the old palace. A considerable number of pages is devoted to a description of the religious and ceremonial life of the Zunis of Mexico. The illustrations are on the usual lavish scale and excellent in quality. The *February* number is of less general interest. There is a good descriptive account of a tour in Ireland and a suggestive archæological article. A full chronicle of Madame Catherine Tingley's doings in Sweden is supplied. The leader of the Theosophical movement seems to have met with a wonderfully enthusiastic reception in that country according to the account given us. In the *March* number there are two articles worthy of notice. The first is on "Modern Science and Atlantis" and is an attempt to prove that recent geological investigation supports Plato's belief in the sinking of the great island of Atlantis, some 9,000 years B.C. The levels of the bed of the Atlantic Ocean seem to point to the fact that a vast continent lying west of Gibraltar was submerged as the result of a volcanic disturbance. The name of M. Pierre Termier, Director of the Geological Survey of France, is associated with this theory, which has a certain amount of plausibility. We demur, however, to the use of the theory as an argument in favour of the teaching of Madame Blavatsky in the "Secret Doctrine." The other article referred to is on "Theosophic Truths Voiced by Browning" and gives a possible interpretation of certain portions of his teaching.

THEOSOPHY IN INDIA.—January and February 1913.

This magazine is the Indian organ of the Society which looks to Mrs. Besant as its leader. There does not seem to be much love lost between this Society and that which finds expression for its views in the *Theosophical Path*. We do not know what all the trouble is about, but the fact of so much friction between the two sections of those who profess a faith in Theosophy does not strengthen their cause. To the February number the Baroness D'Albeck

contributes the first instalment of an interesting outline of the history of Western Philosophy.

CARTOONS FROM THE HINDI PUNCH, 1912.

This collection affords an interesting commentary on various political events of 1912. Many of the cartoons deal appreciatively with the incidents of the Royal Visit, and Calcutta comes in for a good deal of ironical sympathy in connection with the change of capital. Calcutta is usually represented as a maiden weeping copious floods of tears over the loss of her prestige. The drawing of the cartoons is somewhat stiff, and they hardly come up to the level of "Picture Politics" of the West, but nevertheless they sometimes seize the point of a situation with very considerable cleverness.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH OR THE SIDDHANTA DIPIKA.—February 1913.

This little journal seems to be mainly devoted to the establishment of Dravidian claims upon antiquity. In the presidential address delivered at a conference recently held in South India, it is argued that the Dravidians were enjoying a high state of civilization peculiarly their own *when the Aryans entered India*. Reference is made to three ancient academies at Madura, and it is urged the relative history takes us back to 15,000 years before the present day—a somewhat stupendous claim. The claim is also made that the Devanagiri character is of Dravidian origin and that Tamil words are to be found in Sanskrit, Hebrew and Greek. The conclusion based upon the latter statement is that "these being dead languages, introduction of foreign words into them must have taken place when they were spoken and when the people speaking them were actively engaged in commercial pursuit with the Tamilians."

THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.—February and March 1913.

This is a comprehensive and up-to-date periodical, affording much useful information on educational matters. The topics dealt with are perhaps of special interest to dwellers in the Madras Presidency, but there are some of more

general reference. The Dacca University Scheme, *e.g.*, comes in for a good deal of discussion, and the criticism is by no means favourable. In the March number Mr. Krishnamacharie puts forward, in an interesting article, a claim for the more vivid teaching of Indian History. He points out the great improvement which has taken place in the teaching of European History and urges that similar methods should be employed in the teaching of the history which, after all, ought to be of greater interest to the majority of the pupils.

THE HINDUSTAN REVIEW.— April 1913.

This number contains many interesting papers on topics which are at present attracting general attention. The place of honour is occupied by Sir K. G. Gupta's article on "The Position of Hindus in India." He takes an exceedingly sane view of the situation and refuses to follow current fashions in criticism. It is customary, *e.g.*, to point out relentlessly the evils of English education, but Sir Krishna rightly contends that this education has done "incomparably far more good than evil. It has raised the general tone of public morality.....it has done much to dispel ignorance and superstition, to foster public spirit, and to give birth to a new spirit of patriotism which was unknown before. And instead of making men godless, it has helped to revive spirituality, and to turn men's minds to a higher and truer conception of religion than can be had from blindly following any ancestral faith." Another interesting article is upon "The Women of Burma." The contrast between their freedom and the bondage of their Indian sisters is emphasized, but at the same time the dangers of this freedom are not lost sight of.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE MINING AND GEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF INDIA.—February 1913.

Most of the articles in this journal have to do with the special topics indicated by the title, but the article on "Lessons in Sanitation from the Panama Canal Zone" by Mr. R. P. Ashton is of general interest and application. Mr. Ashton's aim was "to learn the methods by which the Americans had turned a pest hole of the world into a sanatorium, and, if possible, to advertise them in India." He realizes the seriousness of the task the Americans

had to face. Before they came the streets were unpaved, drainage was non-existent, filth was thrown on the streets and there was "a general disregard of sanitation, order, and thoroughness." In a few years these conditions were changed. War was waged against the malaria-producing mosquito, with the result that while in 1906 there were 821 deaths from malaria by 1911 this number had been reduced to 184. Water-supply and sewerage systems were introduced and a departmental commissariat was introduced. Colonel Gorges, who was mainly responsible for the improvements, expresses the hope that "our descendants will see that the greatest good the construction of the Canal has brought was the opportunity it gave for demonstrating that the white man could live and work in the tropics and maintain his health at as high a level as in a temperate zone." Mr. Ashton proceeds to apply the lesson to India. He holds that industrial development has brought about a concentration of population for which no preparation has in many cases been made, and he urges that "every new enterprise should be preceded by a survey of existing sanitary conditions and of the new conditions that will arise when it is established."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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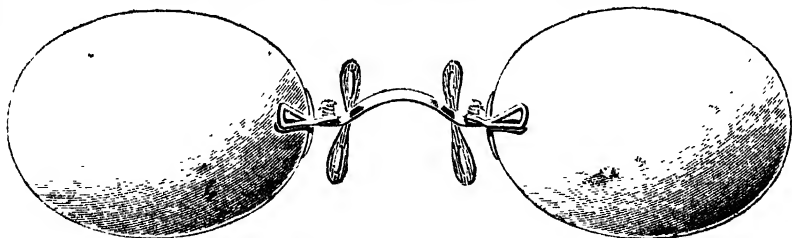
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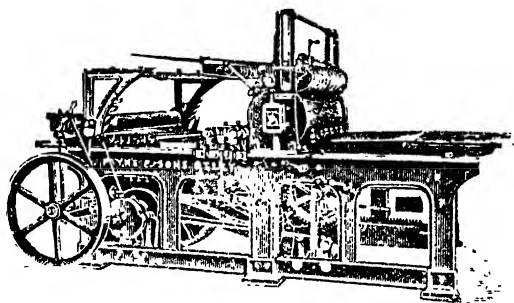
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THE CALCUTTA REVIEW

No. 274, OCTOBER 1913

SOME LIGHTER ASPECTS OF EARLY MODERN INDIA.

BY EDWARD FARLEY OATEN.

PLEASANT it is, as the tag of our school-days reminds us, *desipere in loco*,—to be foolish upon a fitting occasion; and the Muse of History may well be pardoned, if, while the tedious weariness of the Indian autumn drags its slow length along, and the north breeze tarries yet in his coming, she turn aside from the graver aspects of her task and seek to lead her lovers to make merry with the men of earlier days. And if sometimes, instead of laughing *with* them, we and the Muse together laugh *at* them, their foibles, their ignorance, their seriousness or their folly, we need not fear that their ghosts will haunt us in revenge; for the men of the West who sought their fortune in the East in early days were great-hearted folk who loved a joke, though perhaps they were rather slower to see it than we in these keener later years.

But to all servants of the Muse who set forth upon a quest for light-heartedness, there comes a voice of warning from the days when the earth was young. For once upon a time there lived—and, for aught we know, still lives—a humorous Assyriologist. And this Assyriologist deciphered many cuneiform inscriptions of the following type: “In my first campaign, I, Sennacherib, inflicted a defeat upon Merodach-Baladan, king of Kardunyash,

and on the army of Elam, his confederate, before the city of Kish." And all such undoubtedly profoundly important information, this humorous Assyriologist found singularly unhumorous. And his soul pined for humour, as a parched ox yearns for water at noon on a thirsty day. And at the last his prayer was granted; for he read on a brick in the wedge-shaped script the tale of a *roi fainéant* of Babylon, whom Sennacherib said he had brought up in his palace "like a little dog." Then did the humorous Assyriologist's Assyriologistic sides quiver with mirth, and in the book that he wrote he joyously chronicled the passage as "the only instance in Assyrian literature of the quality we call humour—slightly tinged with grimness indeed; but it were not Assyrian else." But then uprose another Assyriologist, whose sense of accuracy was stronger than his sense of wit, and pointed out—cruel that he was!—that the word translated "little dog" did not mean "little dog" at all. Then was the humorous Assyriologist sore stricken in spirit, and in a footnote he added that "the expression is *unfortunately* still open to some doubt." The world of pathos in that "unfortunately!" We can almost hear him sigh as he wrote it. And so the humorous Assyriologist went on his way in sadness of spirit, and felt much as we all felt when as boys we learnt that we must not see a subtle joke in the story of Chaucer's lady who spoke French through her nose full fetishily after the scold of Stratford-atte-Bowe.

And yet perchance is it so great a tragedy to see a joke where none was meant? 'Tis better to have laughed and lost than never to have laughed at all! If sometimes we see wit and fun where none exists, what matters it? Humour is essentially the concern of the recipient; and better is it by far to see humour where no joke was intended than to miss the point of a real one. But the wealth at our command is so great that we shall not need to strain at gnats though we must be prepared to swallow camels. In point of fact, most of our humour will be of the unconscious sort,

ex post facto humour, so to put it; we laugh at it now, two hundred or three hundred years later, but had we laughed *in praesenti*, it would have meant an early meeting before breakfast, or leisure for reflection within confining walls. So much has "unchangeable" human nature changed in three centuries. Therefore, scorning utterly the old philosopher poet, with his "nothing is born of nothing," we set forth on our quest, resolved to look only on the lighter side of things, though the heavens themselves, with the daily sameness of the Indian sky, seek to depress us into gloom.

Enter we then the bark of the gallant old Vasco, and stand upon the deck as he comes to anchor in the port of Calicut, the first of all European pioneers to reach India by the all-sea route. Before him lay a new land, with novel manners, and dark-faced people, Christian in religion, as he believed, and speaking an unknown tongue. How should he talk with them? On the second day after their arrival, however, the new comers met two men who exclaimed: "May the Devil take thee! What brought ye hither?" The language was the language of Castile! When the voyagers had recovered from their surprise, they saw that the speakers were Moorish traders from Tunis, who had reached India by the Red Sea route, and were units in that peaceful and prosperous commerce between Europe and India that had been carried on during three thousand years by the Phœnicians and Arabs. Moors and Portuguese were each to the other the most unwelcome visitors possible; but we can understand the remark of the author of the "Roteiro," an anonymous journal of the voyage: "We were greatly astonished to hear this talk, for we never expected to hear our language spoken so far away."

And now let us follow these pious old buccaneers as they first tread the soil of India. Firmly believing the people of India to be Christians, they looked out keenly for outward signs of the holy Faith. Of the people of Calicut,

says the author of the "Roteiro," "some have big beards, and long hair, whilst others clip their hair short and shave the head, merely allowing a tuft to remain on the crown as a sign that they are Christians." And then, according to the same authority, Vasco and his companions solemnly went to church in a Hindu Temple under the impression that it was a Christian edifice ! An extract from the "Roteiro" will be instructive : "A Christian Church. The body of the church is as large as a monastery, all built of hewn stone, and covered with tiles. At the main entrance rises a pillar of bronze as high as a mast on the top of which was perched a bird, apparently a cock In the centre of the body of the church rose a chapel Within the sanctuary stood a small image which they said represented our Lady." It has been pointed out that there is at Calicut a local deity called Mari or Mariamma, the goddess of small-pox, which fact may possibly explain the ludicrous error into which these Portuguese pioneers fell. But that all of the navigators were not happy in mind during the course of the "service" is shown by the story which Castanheda tells of João de Sá. That practical sailor and warrior, as he knelt by Vasco's side, muttered suspiciously to him : "If these be devils, I worship the true God !" And then came further strange Christian ceremonies. "They threw holy water over us, and gave us some white earth, which the Christians of this country are in the habit of putting on their foreheads, breasts, around the neck and over the forearms. They threw holy water upon the Captain-Major" (Vasco de Gama), "and gave him some of the earth, which he gave in charge of someone, giving them to understand that he would put it on later."*

Come we now to the early days of our own people's intercourse with India and Eastern lands. The London merchants of those days were men of business instincts, but capable occasionally of a pretty wit. What more

* "Roteiro," p. 54.

pleasing (unless perchance one be a member of the tribe of raging tearing anti-punsters) than their earliest motto "*Deus indicat*"—God points the way—in combination with three ships in full sail? How much more homely, how much nearer to us, than the later stately shield of 1698, with a crown and lions, and its "*Auspicio Regis et Senatus Angliæ.*" But, dullards though they distinctly were not, they did not see, as we now see, the funny side of a certain order which they issued in June, 1603, and which is preserved in the Court Minutes under that date. *The Ascension*, the first ship to return from the East with a cargo of spices, had just arrived. The Directors of the Company were anxious that the porters who unloaded the spices should be suitably clad. "Six suits of canvas doublet and hose, *without pockets.*" Verily were they business men, and they were not going to have their porters marching off the ship with pockets bulging with pepper and cloves, surreptitiously purloined.

But they were Puritans too, a little later, at all events, and great was their solicitude for the welfare of their servants in the tropics, in so far as such solicitude did not diminish their profits. It is true they paid them scandalously low wages; but did they not send them "the works of that worthy servant of Christ, Dr. William Perkins, together with Foxe's Book of Martyrs?" "We have now sent the second part of Dr. Hamond's Workes, and the 4th Volume of Mr. Poole's Synopsis" (Synopsis Criticorum aliorumque S. Scripturae interpretum) "to be added to our Library. We still recommend to you to procure us some of that black Sticklack of Pegu, as formerly directed." Men were serious in those days, and the collocation of Synopsis and Sticklack struck them with no sense of incongruity. Both were equally and intensely serious matters. Are we to picture the worthy writers and factors lying on a chair the while the temperature slowly creeps above 100°, with a pot of grog on one side and the Synopsis (four volumes) on the other, dipping

ever and anon impartially into both? *Credat Judaeus Apella!*

On one occasion the Directors order their servants in the East to aim in all things "at the Glory of God, and the interests of their employers." And the modern critic, though he smile at the quaintness of the collocation, may well wonder whether any better pair of instructions could possibly be devised. When in 1650 Bridgeman and others were sent to Hugli, the order was: "Principally and above all things you are to endeavour with the best of your might and power the advancement of the glory of God, which you will best doe, by walking holily, righteously, prudently and Christianly." They were not, however, as we find from what follows, to neglect mundane matters, such as "Saltpeter, Silke, and Sugers." Such were the instructions which Captain Brookhaven of the *Lyoness* issued to these pioneers. Apparently the edifying admonitions of the earlier part of the instructions were very necessary, since the event showed that "principally and above all things" Bridgeman and his friends aimed at their own prosperity. Called to account, Bridgeman and Blake straightway deserted the Company's service without any explanation; while another member of the expedition journeyed to Madras overland, and very conveniently lost all the accounts and papers on the way.*

The Masulipatam Council in 1676, under Streynsham Master, became very much exercised by the custom prevailing among the young men of carrying umbrellas, which they condemned as a Portuguese custom, savouring of ostentation. "There being an ill custome in the factory of writers having roundells carried over their heads it is therefore ordered that noe Person in this Factory shall have a roundell carried over them but such as are of Councill and the Chaplaine."† Yule tells us that "the affair of the roundels continued to afford a crow to

* Wilson's "English in Bengal," I., 28.

† Diaries of Streynsham Master, I., 295.

pluck with the young men till the middle of the next century.”*

But what chiefly exercised the paternal solicitude of the rulers, especially those in London, in those days was the prevalence of gambling. Some youths in their service lost at cards in one night three years' salary, not a difficult task, as Hunter remarks, as a writer's pay was for a long time but £20 per annum. At first the Company vainly tried to stop it altogether, ordering all who indulged in games of chance to be sent home. But in 1728 we find them compromising after over a century of experience. “We are greatly concerned to hear that the mischievous Vice of Gaming continues, and even encreases amongst our Covenant Servants and others.....for great summes of money and that the women are also infected therewith. We do hereby peremptorily forbid. all manner of Gaming whatsoever in any of our settlements or elsewhere in India to the amount of Ten Pounds or upwards, and do direct that if any of our Covenant Servants or others in our employ whether Civil, Maritime, Military or any Free Merchants, under our Protection shall ever be discovered to have plaid at any Sort of Game for the Value of Ten Pounds Sterling, or upwards at a Time, such Offender shall be *ipso facto* dismissed the Company's service and sent home by the first Shipping.”† Mr. Punch once gave journalists a stereotyped form for durbar and other articles on the Indian Empire, beginning “What would Clive or Warren Hastings say, if only they could see, etc. . . . ?” We may at least in the same spirit be permitted to wish that we could transport those worthy London merchants to the Calcutta Racecourse on Viceroy's Cup Day and watch their faces as they slowly began to grasp the significance of those rows of booths each occupied by a hoarsely shouting individual or of the continually rising and falling figures of the totalizator. The homeward boats

* Hedges' Diary, II., 232.

† Records Series. “Old Fort William in Bengal,” I., 126.

would be very full for a while with "Covenant Servants and Free Merchants" who had exceeded the Ten Pound limit!

At all events the Company failed to check the habit, and before the end of the eighteenth century we find Francis reckoning his gains and losses in tens of thousands. After all was it any wonder that the young writers gambled? Their whole existence in India was a gamble, a gamble with life and a gamble with fortune. For they did not come to India to live on £20 a year; but made haste if they did not die, to get rich quick. And so the London Merchants fumed and commanded vainly across ten thousand miles of ocean.

And now let us a little retrace our steps, and, "in praise of folly," give its due meed of attention to that quaint pedant and jester, Thomas Coryat, the Odcombian Leg-Stretcher. He walked across Europe and Asia to the Court of Jehangir, where Sir Thomas Roe found him at the time of his famous embassy, 1615. One of Coryat's letters is worth quoting by way of illustrating James I's remark about him: "What! is that fool yet living?" We must reluctantly admit that he *was* a fool and yet a pleasant and amusing one withal.

"Cordiall salutations in the Authour of Salvation, Jesus Christ. Where I writ unto you last, I remember well, even from Zobah, as the prophet Samuel calleth it, that is, Aleppo, the principall Emporium of Syria . . . I entered Mesopotamia, alias Chaldea. There hence I had two days' journey to Ur of the Chaldeans, where Abraham was borne, a very delicate and pleasant place. There I remained foure dayes, but I could see no part of the ruines of the house, where that faithfull servant of God was borne, though I much desired it

"From the famous Citie of Lahor I had twentie dayes journey to another goodly citie called Agra From thence to the Mogul's Court, I had ten dayes journey, at a Toun called Asmere.

“I spent in my journey betwixt Jerusalem and the Mogul’s Court, fiteene monethes and odde days; all which way I traversed afoote, but with divers paires of shooes, having beene such a Propateticke (I will not call myself Peripateticke, because you know it signifieth one that maketh a perambulation about a place) that is a walker forward on foot, as I doubt whether you ever heard of the like in your life; for the totall way betwixt Jerusalem and the Mogul’s Court containeth two thousand and seven hundred English miles.

“I spent in my tenne Monethes travell betwixt Aleppo and the Mogul’s Court but three pounds sterling, yet fared reasonable well every day, victuals being so cheap in some Countries where I travelled that I oftentimes lived competently for a penny sterling a day; yet of that three pound I was cozened of no lesse than tenne shillings sterling, by certaine lewd Christians of the Armenian nation: so that indeed I spent but fiftie shillings in my Ten Monethes Travailes.”

Purchas has preserved a number of Coryat’s letters, the chief characteristics of them being their quaint pedantry and the never failing egotism which they betray. “I do enjoy at this time,” he writes from Ajmir, “as pancratical and athleticall a health as ever I did in my life.” India he refers to as “the most famigerated Region of the East.” “It would be,” he writes, “supervacaneous to commemorate unto you the almost incredible extent of land I traversed.” Ajmir is “in the umbilicke of the Orientale India.” Instead of asking his correspondent to give so-and-so his good wishes, he writes: “Reduplicate my commendations unto him.” No wonder Purchas refers to his letters as being in the “Odcombian stile and the Coryaticall straine.”

His signature was on a par with the rest of the man. “Your Generosities’ most obliged countryman, ever to be commanded by you, the Hierosolymitan-Syrian-Mesopotamian-Armenian-Median-Parthian-Persian-Indian Legge-Stretcher of Odcombe in Somerset, Thomas Coryat.”

Another character, though of a different type, whom we ought not to pass by, was Parson Terry, who was in Ajmir at the same time as Coryat. The voyage out seems to have alarmed him, for on the title page of his book he prefixed the motto "*Qui nescit orare, discat navigare*," which suggests memories of *mal-de-mer*. He was very naïve and open in the enlarged volume of his travels which he published in 1655, in which he embodied many of the discourses which he had given from the pulpit since he returned from India. He confesses he did this in order "that they who fly from a sermon, and will not touch sound and wholesome and excellent treatises in divinity, may happily (if God so please) be taken before they are aware and overcome by some divine truths." In other words, the genial parson's book was a book of sermons disguised as a volume of travel! Are the children of this world after all wiser in their generation than the children of light? But it nevertheless remains a sad fact that the first volume, without the sermons, is most sought after to-day. But one likes to think of Terry ending up his sermons with his favourite jingle:—

"In Europe, Asia, Africke have I gone,
One journey more, and then my travel's done,"

and pointing all his parishioners forward to that last journey which sooner or later they must all take. As he said of Coryat: "*Sic exit Coryatus*. Hence he went off the stage, and so must all after him, how long soever their parts seem to be: For if one should go to the extreme part of the world, East, another West, another North, another South, they must all meet at last together in the Field of Bones."*

Our early relations with the islands and the Indian governments occasionally make diverting reading. "England and Bantam now are both as one," rejoiced the potentate of the latter state, and though the London merchants undoubtedly read the statement without a smile, the modern reader does not find it very easy. To the London merchants

* Terry's "Voyage to East India," 1655 Edition, pp. 58-78.

distance lent enchantment—and enhancement—to the view, and they treat these island princelets as mighty potentates. One member of the Company even showed himself anxious to become the father-in-law of the King of Sumatra. For that potentate having expressed a wish for an English wife, a gentleman solemnly and seriously proposed at a Court Meeting in 1614 that his daughter should fill the position, she being “of most excellent parts for music” (very useful, doubtless, in Sumatra!), “her needle, and good discourse, as also very beautiful and personable.” The Court debated the proposal, and as they were first and foremost business men, they discussed primarily, not the probable happiness of the lady, but what would be the benefit, if any, to the Company. They also proved its lawfulness by Scripture, though it probably taxed all their exegetical ability to do so; and gravely discussed whether she was likely to be poisoned by the potentate’s other wives. We hear, however, no further of the matter, and the Dutch, who had been greatly alarmed by the very idea of the royal alliance, breathed freely once more.

Similarly in 1603 the “most mighty King of Dachein” (Achin) and Sumatra declares: “We have entertained into our friendship and holy league our well beloved the Sirinissima Reina de Engleterra.....our confederate;” phrases doubtless dictated to him by Lancaster, but serving to show the attitude of these pioneers to the lords of the isles.

And in very truth in those early times lip homage did not always remain as such, but occasionally had to be translated into action; as witness the story which William Bruton tells of the rueful experience of Mr. Ralph Cartwright, in 1633, when three English pioneers went on a journey of commercial discovery to Cuttack. Agha Muhammad Zaman, the Mogul Governor, received them affably, but slipping off his sandal “offered his foot to our merchant to kiss, which he twice refused to do, but at last he was fain to do it.” With those hard-headed pioneers, business was business, and took precedence of dignity;

and unpleasant though such pedal osculation might be, it was all part of the game. They had come to make money and they meant to make money. But at the same time they had no intention of kissing feet a moment longer than was necessary. And one is very glad to read a little further on, how, when he could not get justice, Cartwright exhibited his mettle. "Our merchant rose up in great anger and departed, saying that if he could not have right here, he would have it in another place; and so went his way, not taking his leave of the nabob nor of any other; at which abrupt departure they all admired." It is not surprising that shortly afterwards the Governor "demanded of the assembly of what strength and force our shipping were, their number, burden, and force," and straightway admitted the English to trading privileges in Orissa.*

These early pioneers made even their dullest trade catalogues read occasionally as mirth-provoking documents. Here is an extract from one of Ralph Finch, who sent it from Surat to Hawkins at Agra, and in it mingled dry statistics with personal reminiscences in curious fashion:—

"*Laus deo in Surat. Le 30th August, 1609.* The prices of goods in India.

Cummin seed at 4 m. per m. (*i.e.*, mamoodies—nearly a shilling—per maund).

Coriander seed at 2 or 3 m. per maund.....

Green ginger at 8 m. per m.....

Asafoetida, in great abundance from 10 to 80 mam. per maund, the less being exceedingly pure and of a most horrible strong smell, yet the Banyans eat a world of it with their victuals, it being very pleasing to their taste, but God bless me from it. I being sick of wind at my stomach, an apothecary brought me cakes to eat wherein the said was mixed, but I protest the stinging savour went not forth out of my mouth many days after."†

* Harleian Collection of Travels, Vol. II, p. 272.

† Letters received by the E. I. Co., I., 31.

The professional advertisers and catalogue makers of to-day would add considerably to the gaiety of modern life if they would take a leaf out of Finch's book.

Grimly amusing to those who know is a plain entry in the diary of Streynsham Master, under date 16th August, 1676, at Masulipatam: "Mr. John Davis was married to Mrs. Mary Barker, by Mr. Peter Coven, the Chaplaine of the Loyall Eagle." * This innocent looking announcement hides a tragedy—unless one prefers at this distance of time to call it the comedy of a mended heart—which illustrates rather curiously the summary way in which imported brides had to be prepared (or at any rate *were* prepared) to transfer their affections. For Mistress Barker sailed from England in December, 1675, to marry Thomas Pace, a writer of Balasore. But alas! at the time she sailed, and for some months previously, there was no such person as Thomas Pace, for he had died in September, 1675, though she did not know it; eleven months after his death, in August, 1676, his bride-elect arrived, and speedily mending her broken heart, became, as we see, Mrs. John Davis of Masulipatam, before the second half of the month had well begun. India, that step-mother of the tenderer emotions, has but little accommodation for broken hearts, and had far less then than now; so Mistress Barker, in the cruel situation in which she was placed, did wisely to recognize the fact, though her recognition was certainly startlingly prompt.

We are all familiar with "the travelling M. P.," satirized by Aberigh Mackay and Kipling; who a week after his arrival commences his great work on the History, Literature, Philosophy and Social Institutions of the Hindu, and on his return is "only unfitted for the office of Governor-General of India from knowing too much." It may not be generally known that the unhappy creature was forestalled, during the first century of British settlement in India, by "the Travelling Chaplain," who wrote an ambitious book

* Diaries of Streynsham Master, I., 296.

about places in India he had seen or had not seen, and in course of time received the castigation that was his due. The Chaplain's name was the Rev. J. Ovington. The adventurous cleric paid a flying visit to Surat, and after visiting Bombay went back to England and wrote a large book. It was not by any means a bad book, but the Horatian line with which he prefaced it and which told how he had seen the ways and cities of many men, was not very happily chosen. For beyond Bombay and Surat Ovington saw nothing. Appropriately enough, it was a much more widely travelled man, Captain Alexander Hamilton, who meted out to the ambitious chaplain such castigation as he deserved. "I know a reverend gentleman, in Anno 1690, came to Bombay in India, chaplain of the ship *Benjamin* the chaplain stayed at Bombay and Surat, employed in his ministerial duties and in making his ingenious observations and remarks, which he published when he returned to England, for which he received a great deal of applause, and many encomiums from some of his reverend brethren, and a particular compliment from the Governor of the Church. Yet I know that his greatest travels were in maps."* The sting of this quotation, like that of a wasp or an epigram, distinctly lies in the tail, and probably deterred many subsequent flying visitors from adding to the burden of the world's libraries.

The "Storia do Mogor" of that gossipy old Italian traveller and adventurer Manucci is full of good stories; but as they are chiefly stories of Mogul court life and are not concerned with the European pioneers in India, one must suffice. "It was so common," says Manucci, "to drink spirits when Aurangzib ascended the throne, that one day he said in a passion that in all Hindustan no more than two men could be found, who did not drink, namely himself and Abd-ul-Wahlab, the chief cazi appointed by him... But with respect to Abd-ul-Wahlab he was in error, for I myself sent him every day a bottle of spirits, which he

* Pinkerton's Collection, VIII., 260.

drank in secret, so that the king did not find it out." This is perfect; and all the more perfect because one is by no means sure that Manucci intended his statement to be humorous at all.

The early history of Calcutta has more of tragedy than of comedy, and in retrospect we generally think of it as a place where men died like flies amid the swamps, and where at the end of the autumn men feasted one another in surprised celebration of the fact that they were still alive. But at least one genuinely authenticated incident of a comic nature enlivens the story of early days and the late C. R. Wilson related the story with evident relish. It is the story of how Sir Charles Eyre sacrificed all for love. As plain Mr. Eyre he returned from India to England in 1699, and much impressed his honourable masters there with a due sense of his own importance. He was made a knight, and had very long discussions with the Company on the subject of a new system of administration for the Bengal settlements. Meantime, if we may judge in the light of after events, he apparently had equally long discussions with a lady on the subject of a new system of joint administration of their respective lives. The upshot of the first class of discussions was Sir Charles Eyre's return to India in 1700 as the first President of the newly constituted Presidency of Fort William in Bengal; but alas! of the second set of discussions no immediate tangible result appeared, for the lady was left behind, still plain Miss!

Eyre had instructions to complete the fortifications begun in 1696, or if he thought good, he was to be permitted to construct a new fort in the shape of a pentagon. But the President was not interested in brick fortresses, whether four-cornered or five-cornered, but, as Wilson put it, cared only for the three-cornered fortress of his lady's heart, which was certainly bad for the five-cornered ones of Bengal!*

* Wilson, "English in Bengal," I., 157.

We will let the lovelorn President speak for himself. In November, 1700, he wrote thus to Sir Henry Johnson from Calcutta: "A Strange distemper having seized me ever since I left England, I have chose rather to returne than continue in a post of such Consequence, and not able to Execute it to the satisfaction of my Employers, as this present Indisposition has incapacitated me." *

Within seven months of his arrival, then, finding his "strange distemper" too much for him, he started for England. And naturally he found himself more welcome upon his arrival to the cause of his distemper than to his honourable masters. Elihu Yule, writing to Governor Pitt, in February, 1702, tells us: "Sir Charles Eyre arrived well, after a troubled Stormy Voyage, to his fair Mistress, to whom he was more Wellcome than to the Company, who at first hotly resented his disapoynting them of his Service, but it soon cool'd to kindness, having little to say to him; soon after which he marryed and much transported in the sweet embrace of his Mrs." †

"I think," wrote John Rudge to Governor Pitt from London in March, 1702, "Sir C. E. has not acted the part of a Gentleman towards the Company. . . . You will hear said Gentleman is married, being Deeply in Love when he went, and that Excuses all." ‡

"That excuses all." When we have composed our smiles, we need perhaps seek for no further comment upon the tale than this. The Government of India has obviously taken to heart this story from early days of a ruined career and "leave on urgent private affairs" is the modern and less drastic remedy which a benevolent administration has provided for the cure of such strange distempers!

Nor may we omit that other tale of early days upon the Hugli, which C. R. Wilson used to tell, though he gives us no authority but hearsay, and one finds it hard to credit. It is the story of the apotheosis of

* Hedges' Diary, Hak. Soc., II., 135.

† Op. cit. II., 136.

‡ Op. cit. II., 136.

Ratan Sarkar, the washerman. In 1679 Mother Ganges first bore upon her tide a British ship, the *Falcon*, commanded by Captain Stafford. While lying in Garden Reach, Stafford sent to Govindpore to ask for a "dob-hash," which is the common word in Madras for a broker. What he really wanted was an interpreter. The villager naturally thought it sounded like "dhoba," and accordingly sent Ratan Sarkar, a washerman. And now comes the miraculous part of the story. Ratan Sarkar knew a little English! That being so, and Ratan Sarkar proving naturally intelligent, the washerman became the English interpreter in Bengal, which was about as big a professional jump as mortal man ever took. Unfortunately (if I may imitate the lament of the humorous Assyriologist) it is only a story, and Ratan Sarkar with his dhoba's bundle on the deck of the *Falcon* is next-of-kin to Alfred vacuously watching the spoiling of the patties.*

When social troubles are found in East or West, but particularly in the East, the investigator's golden rule is always "*Cherchez la Femme!*" The history of Calcutta provides us with an essentially sordid example quite early in its history, with which readers of Hyde's "Parish of Bengal" are familiar.† In 1706 a factor complains that his wife feels deeply insulted because the surgeon's wife will insist on taking precedence of her in church, and Sunday after Sunday "squats herself down" in the chair which the factor's lady should have graced. The factor went on practically to wash his hands of all responsibility, and cast it upon the Council, if any "disturbance or unseemly conduct" should take place in church in consequence. It makes one distinctly curious to know whether Mrs. Factor ever leaned forward and tore handfuls of hair out of Mrs. Surgeon's head, but alas! the records are silent. If such was the spirit of the *memsahibs* of Calcutta

* Wilson, "English in Bengal," I. 259.

† Hyde's "Parish of Bengal," p. 20.

even in the levelling presence of Him who is no respecter of persons, we are not surprised to find the famous chaplain Anderson preaching on the text : " Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work."

Quaintnesses of spelling in the matter of Indian proper names are often met with among the early records. Everyone has met with that good old Englishman of ancient lineage, who obviously came over with the Conqueror, but who in some unaccountable fashion is found masquerading as Mogul Viceroy of Bengal—Sir Roger Dowler. But a less well known character, also obviously an Englishman, is Jno. Gernaet. He receives no title, not even plain Mister. In describing the ceremonies at the holy shrine of Orissa, Bowrey says : " In the Middle of that great Diabolical Chariot, is placed their great patron Jno. Gernaet, having the foremost end open, fairely to be beheld by many of the people." And to this very day Jno. Gernaet is to be seen at Puri.*

It is not the intention of this article to trespass far into the eighteenth century ; since the lighter side of the days of Warren Hastings has long ago received the ample attention it deserves. But being desirous of ending on the lofty note of lyric verse, we permit ourselves to quote a local poet who sang (alas ! unknown to fame) in Calcutta during the last years of that century. The French in 1798 were threatening India, and a number of prominent citizens of Calcutta, both Indian and European, sent a large sum of money, raised by subscription, to the home government as a free gift ; and so the local poet, full of inspiration and loyalty, sang :

The mighty God, whose trident rules the sea,
Terrific frowns, and issues this decree :
" Unhappy they who reach my sacred shore,
Doomed to return to Galtia's plains no more."
I see the thunderer with vindictive ire,
Repel their troops and urge the vengeful fire ;
While o'er the ranks of late insulting France,
Triumphant Britain wields her conquering lance.

* Bowrey, " Countries round the Bay of Bengal," p. 18.

This active fancy pourtrays to the view :
Britons, be bold ; you'll make the fiction true.
Thus erst, in great Eliza's reign,
The grand Armada braved the seas in vain ;
Nor less, illustrious George, shall be thy fame,
A loyal nation rises at thy name.
And see, they *Voluntary Contributions* bring
Proud to assert the glorious cause
Of order, liberty and laws
Their Country and their King ! *

Oh ! What a fall was there ! Bathos and Pathos have met together ; “ Voluntary Contributions ” and the lyric Muse have kissed each other ! And the Muse of History feebly protests that that is more than any respectable Muse can be expected to endure, and declines to proceed further with the tale of the follies and absurdities of early days. For she is a serious Muse, and indeed we have tried her hardly.

E. F. OATEN.

Presidency College, Calcutta.

THE ALPHABET OF THE FUTURE.

BY T. G. ARAVAMUTHAN.

WE hardly note that when we scribble a few lines we first think, then put the thought into words, then separate the words into the primary sounds of which they are composed, and finally express the sounds in the form of writing, that is, symbols for the eye. Psychologists study thought and philologists are investigating the origins of language, and the history of writing has engaged the attention of palæographers. For almost half a century, however, eminent scholars, with an eye to the needs of the future, have been anxious to devise a perfect system of symbolizing speech-sounds, and remarkable success has attended their efforts. Speech-sounds being much less complicated and therefore susceptible of being analysed more easily and much more thoroughly than music and the numerous other varieties of sounds produced by human vocal organs have been the first to be analysed and provided with scientific graphic symbols. A knowledge of the nature and evolution of the ordinary alphabet is essential if we are to understand the need for a scientific alphabet. The earliest writing pictured an entire idea or thought; later on, writing aimed at symbolizing not the thought, but the word which expressed the thought, and later still the word itself was split up for purposes of writing into syllables originally, and, subsequently, into letters. We started with Ideograms, but we have outgrown them, and Phonograms and Syllabaries as well, and we are now using Alphabets. The alphabets of the present day, whatever may have been the relation of the parent letters to the ideas or sounds which they once represented, have certainly no inherent connection with the sounds which they now serve to represent; the form of the letter gives us no clue to the

sound for which it is made to stand. The alphabets, besides being arbitrary associations of symbols with sounds, are numerous and diversified. Each people has its own special alphabet, which more often than not, is unconnected with the alphabets of kindred or neighbouring races by any similarity of phonetic values. Nor are racial differences the sole cause of variations; individuals are equally potent in introducing them. Owing to differences in the construction and the working of our vocal organs no two individuals are able to pronounce the same word alike, and no two races give the same sound value to a particular letter. There are an infinite number of minute differences of quantity, tone, stress, pitch, accent and *liaison*, and no alphabet in current use is capable of representing all these. The inconveniences caused by this multiplicity of alphabets and by the variations of the same letters in different phonetic regions and when pronounced by different individuals of the same region are added to by the changes which time works in the pronunciation of a people. It is to arrest this unceasing change that we need an alphabet—the word being used in a wide sense to denote any system of converting words into symbols—which would give us stable spelling and correct pronunciation and would enable us to express graphically to the eye such of the sounds as were, through not being in use, formerly unrepresented. Commerce requires a convenient medium in the shape of a common alphabet for purposes of inter-communication; science is in need of an alphabet which will express all possible speech-sounds, and the educationist will welcome an alphabet which he can easily teach children; hence the necessity for a Universal Scientific Alphabet which will serve to represent all the sounds which can possibly be produced by the human organs of speech, and which, while accurate enough, will not be too cumbrous or complicated for common use.

Such an alphabet is not easily constructed, and in spite of some notable attempts it cannot but be said that the science

of the graphic representation of speech-sounds has not yet made much progress. It goes without saying that there is no alphabet in common use at this day which can by any means be declared to be capable of representing all the sounds which man's vocal organs can produce. The artificial, or, rather, the scientific, alphabets which have been constructed by scientists to serve this purpose are divisible into the acoustic, the collated and the physiological alphabets. The systems which may be denominated the Code Alphabets, such as the Braille alphabet and the Morse Telegraph alphabet, are the products of the permutation and combination of dots and bars, and were never meant for cursive use. The acoustic system which may be described as a system which aims at figuring the impression made by sounds on the tympanum or at reducing sounds to letters by adopting as symbols the lines assumed, for instance, by sand on a sounding plate, or by the flickering of a gas flame when acted upon by sound waves or vibrations, or by the lines scratched by the needle of the gramophone, has not been sufficiently worked out and perhaps may not, even if perfected, be of any appreciable utility; for the system will neither be self-interpretative nor be adapted to the requirements of facile writing or of cheap printing. The Collated alphabets are those which have been framed by incorporating into a particular graphic system symbols representing sounds, which though not provided for in that particular system are yet found in other languages. The Physiological alphabet, on the other hand, is framed by creating symbols to represent sounds analysed with reference to the vocal organs which come into play in producing the sound and the positions which they take up. The choice lies between these two—the Collated and the Physiological. The system of collation necessitates the use of diacritical marks or of italics or the adoption of such typographical devices as the inversion of the letters and the creation of alteration in the shapes of the letters, or the borrowing of letters from

alphabets other than the one which is taken as the basis. The protagonists of this system have adopted the Roman alphabet as the basis and have added to it many varieties of symbols. Max Muller's "Missionary Alphabet" makes use of the ordinary Roman letters and the corresponding Italic letters. The "Standard Alphabet" of Lepsius uses symbols foreign to the Roman alphabet as well as 'diacritical marks both above and below the body of the types. The "Phonotype" of Ellis and Pitman, the "Palæotype," the "English Glossic" and the "Universal Glossic" of Ellis, the alphabet of Prince L. L. Buonoparte, the "World-English" of Bell, the "Romic" alphabets—"Broad" and "Narrow"—of Sweet (which are constructed on the continental basis as opposed to the "Glossic" on national basis of Ellis's) and the alphabet of the International Phonetic Association based on Sweet's—all these adopt a number of new letters or introduce slight modifications in the shape of the existing letters, or resort to such typographical makeshifts as inversion. The number of lower case letters alone required by the alphabet of Lepsius is 280 and Buonoparte's alphabet is composed of 385 symbols. Since in these collated alphabets the sounds are identified with the symbols only arbitrarily, much strain is imposed on the learner's memory and, further, the system contains no provision for the uniform and easy adoption of new symbols for new sounds which it may be found desirable to represent. Though of all collated alphabets those that are based on the Roman stand the fairest chance of prevalence, and have been adopted by the creators of "scientific" language such as Esperanto, yet the diacritical and other devices with which the deficiencies of that alphabet have to be eked out prove so cumbrous and burdensome that speed in writing is much diminished, the clearness and the compactness of the symbols both in script and in print are lost, and the whole grows too bulky for purposes of typewriting and even of printing.

Such being the defects of the collated alphabets it may be useful to inquire into the suitability of the physiological alphabets. Unfortunately, however, only two attempts of note have been made to construct alphabets of this type. The earlier and perhaps the better-known, though not so well known as it deserves to be, is Bell's "Visible Speech." By profession a teacher of elocution and curer of defects of speech, Bell had his attention drawn to the physiological basis of voice production, and he conceived the idea of representing speech-sounds by symbols figuring the physiological elements of speech, and he worked out a graphic system which, if properly taught, is very easy to learn. Its merits were such that Ellis, the distinguished philologist, himself the inventor of some phonetic alphabets, approved cordially of the scheme on finding that it was capable of recording with minute fidelity the sounds of any language, whether as in standard speech or as affected by peculiarities of individual pronunciation, and a literary journal of high repute was so impressed with the capability of the system to take note of slight shades of difference in pronunciation that it declared that for aught it knew Bell could undertake to furnish every member of Parliament with an accurate transcript of his own particular sneeze! What flaws there were in the scheme as originally propounded have been removed by Sweet in his "Organic Alphabet" and by Bell himself, and the system as amended may be said to be perfect for all practical purposes. But the system, it is to be regretted, is not widely known or understood, for it is found only in books that are now out of print or are of almost prohibitive price, or in an old report of a defunct philological association, and in pamphlets for the instruction of the blind. The other physiological alphabet is that of Professor Jespersen of Copenhagen, which is constructed on what is called the "alphabetic" basis in which each sound, as is pointed out by Sweet, is represented by a group of symbols

resembling a chemical formula, each symbol standing, not for a sound, but for an element in the production of a sound, such as the part of the palate or the tongue where the sound is formed, and the degree of separation of the organs of speech. The advantages of alphabets such as those of Jespersen or Bell are, that a person who has acquired a knowledge of the primary symbols can in a remarkably short time read with extreme fidelity and great facility in any language without having to learn and retain in the memory the unconnected symbols of the collated alphabets. Though requiring special fonts of type, no typographical difficulty, when once one of the schemes is adopted, will be met with, especially in the case of "Visible Speech," as has been demonstrated by the Volta Bureau conducted by Bell.

We have examined the merits of the two systems of alphabet which may be rationally constructed so as to be self-interpretative. A speech-sound is produced by the vocal organs and is heard by the ear; it is on one of these bases that a rational alphabetic system can be built up. No acoustic alphabet is likely to satisfy all modern requirements, but the phonetic alphabet does; Bell's system at least is legible, beautiful and highly cursive and is excellently adapted to purposes of mechanical processes such as printing. The adoption of a physiological alphabet will overthrow our monstrous systems of unphonetic spelling. The constant and continual flux of pronunciation and the consequent upsetting of all spelling will be arrested if a phonetic, or, better, a physiological, alphabet is adopted, and if—and this is more important—the learner is taught to keep it in mind that for correct spelling the sound is more important than the symbol. We have a way of using a symbol to identify a sound; but if we observe the sound and thereby the physiological configuration of the vocal organs, and endeavour to alter the symbol when the sound alters, all the confusion of unphonetic spelling would be obviated. Up to now

we have learned first to write and then to read; the process will have to be reversed and we will have to learn reading before we learn writing. Formerly a child was literally taught the A. B. C. and was led to consider the letters, not as figures of sounds, but as aids, *memoria technica* to help to identify the sound; the idea of the sound was evoked by its visible embodiment, the letter, for prominence was given and attention was directed, not to the sound, but to the letter, primarily. This method may perhaps save trouble in a phonetic language like Spanish, but in the case of children, especially children learning a foreign language, the alphabetic medium of which differs materially from that of their mother tongue, the imparting of a knowledge of reading and writing by making the alphabet—the written letter—the primary medium of instruction serves only to confound their poor brains. There was a time when the difficulty of teaching children the alphabet was sought to be obviated by training them to lay sticks in such a fashion as would represent the outlines of the letters of the alphabet. With equal, if not with greater, ease it is possible to teach children the elements of phonetics, and when the analysis and synthesis of sounds has been grasped to teach them to understand and to use rationally a physiological alphabet such as that of Bell's. On the child being put to school the teacher may teach him instead of the letter A, B or Z, what is meant by, say, the nasal or the glottal stop, or an open or a voiced sound, or a point or a palatal consonant, or a vowel or a glide; all this can be taught rapidly as children easily take an interest in all that looks like play. The child may then be taught the symbols for the primary vocal positions, and as soon as those symbols have been mastered, may be led on to work out the representation of compound 'sounds. The advantage of such a course of training is that instead of the beginner being set to learn symbols arbitrarily arranged and arbitrarily identified with the sounds they stand for, he

is taught first to learn the vocal sounds he may have to do with and is capable of producing, and therefrom to learn rationally and easily the symbols which represent those sounds. The balance of advantage is, therefore, decidedly in favour of a Phonetic alphabet constructed on a Physiological basis. The need of an alphabet of this kind is already pressing, and is likely to grow more pressing in the course of some decades as a result of the growing inter-communication between the peoples of the world. To make the adult learn a new alphabet is difficult, but no difficulty will be felt if a phonetic physiological alphabet is taught in primary schools in addition to the ordinary alphabet; it will indeed help to improve the spelling of children speaking any language, except perhaps English and the few other languages with equally irrational spelling. Sentiment indeed would protest vigorously against abandoning the current arbitrary alphabets, but sentiment has never succeeded in holding its own against necessity. It may therefore be safe to say that an alphabet constructed on the physiological basis will be the alphabet which future generations will find profitable to adopt.

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CHARLES DICKENS AND BERNARD SHAW AS SOCIAL REFORMERS.

BY MARGOT B. WELLS.

CHARLES DICKENS and Bernard Shaw are reformers in the truest sense of the word. They are both peculiarly representative men of their times, and are, almost more than any other writers, creators of that atmosphere which alone makes reform possible. Each is at heart and by conviction a reformer. He has looked on his own age and found corruptions in public places and callousness displayed towards the essentials of life. They share a common lack of faith in party government. Both set out to make straight the crooked places of our social life, but as Chesterton remarks, "To really reform a thing you must first love it," and therein lies one of the countless differences between the writers.

Dickens' continual and burning plea for the larger life of the poor was actuated by his love for them, his respect for their line, and at that time, unrecognized qualities.

Shaw, while spending a vast deal of his time and much of his great brain power on exhaustive inquiries as to Condition of Trade, Swcated Industries, the Poor Law, Extension of the Franchise to Women, Housing and almost every other branch of reform, remarks nevertheless "I have never had any feeling about the English working classes, except a desire to abolish them and replace them by sensible people."

Dickens had a most elementary knowledge of politics and never attained to a real theory of reform. His teachings were always more ethical than political, and his reform work was chiefly the outcome of emotion, his compassion for everything weak and helpless.

Shaw, on the other hand, never departs from his habit of looking at emotion from the outside. His judgments of men and things are hard, crystalline and clear. With him, sentiment of all degree is at a discount.

The difference in ideal and principle between the two, is to a great extent the difference between the spirit of the times they represent. The Mid-Victorian was a simpler age than ours, a less restless and questioning one. Its problems were, to a large extent, material ones. To study Dickens, both in his novels and in his miscellaneous articles and sketches, is to get an intimate knowledge of the Mid-Victorian spirit, its rising tide of Democracy, the superior attitude of the rich towards the poor, its heartless and careless treatment of its small children, its stupidity on the subject of education.

To create a better understanding between rich and poor, to put an end to the prevailing custom of pouncing on the poor and applying benevolence like a strait-waistcoat, to get better housing and education, a kindlier, saner treatment of the young and the feeble-minded—this was Dickens' task. That there has been a great revolution in all these things since Dickens' day is undoubtedly owing to him in no mean degree.

In Dickens' time the poor were only beginning to be articulate. The poor of Dickens are very patient and uncomplaining for the most part. They had not then become voluble about their wrongs, nor was it Dickens' ideal that they should become so. Socialism has now spread throughout every class. The poor are no longer the dumb, and this day Shaw has done much to bring in. His sympathies are not with the Stephen Blackpools, the Trotty Vecks, the patient and inarticulate poor. A wrong patiently endured, he considers the sign of a pitiful and hurtful weakness—the misery of the world largely due to the fact that the mass of men act and believe as his Peter Shirley in "Major Barbara." His praise is not for Lazarus at the gate, but for Dives within.

As Dickens did much to give expression to the spirit of his time, so does Shaw for his. That tendency to question everything, to try all by new and searching tests, to accept no ideals, principles or beliefs on faith, but for each individual to think out each problem afresh—to all this Shaw gives voice.

Dickens was an optimist; Bernard Shaw is a pessimist. Dickens' attitude to life may best be expressed in the words of the fresh coloured gentleman in "Nicholas Nickleby"—"The good in this state of existence preponderates over the bad, let mis-called philosophers tell us what they will," or (from the mouth of the same merry gentleman) "look at both sides of the question, and apply the magnifying glass to the best one."

The opinion of John Tanner that "Every man over the age of forty, is either a knave or a hypocrite," may fairly be taken as Shaw's idea of his fellow-man.

Dickens' aim was to better what was bad in English laws and institutions, not to replace them with new ones, to show up cant and hypocritical humbug, while retaining in its entirety his belief in the fundamentals of religion.

Shaw's one hope for the nation lies in making a clean sweep of everything that is or has been. Marriage to him is a blundering institution that society has outgrown but not modified; Christianity a pernicious slave-morality; medicine he refers to as "that witchcraft called medical science." He is, as Chesterton remarks, "merely a destructive sort of anti-confectionary person, whose whole business it is to rub the gilt off the gingerbread."

He deals with the reality of things and is never more in earnest than when most whimsical. He concerns himself, not merely with the facts of wrongs, as Dickens does, but goes to the root, to the very deepest evil that lies unsuspected at the bottom of the human soul.

One of Dickens' greatest services to mankind was the new spirit he introduced towards childhood. Except for

some very sketchy children in Scott and Jane Austen, that priggish book *Sandford and Merton*, the Fairchild family, and a few pious and rightminded children in the pages of Jane Taylor, children were almost unknown to literature till introduced by Dickens. David Copperfield, Amy Dorrit, *Oliver Twist*, *The Artful Dodger*, Nell, Paul Dombey, *The Marchioness*, Little Bailey and many others were the first in that long array of children now known to fame in the pages of Kipling, Barrie, Stevenson, Kenneth Graham and others, as the sand of the sea for multitude.

Dickens made a wide plea for the education of the masses, being convinced that the lack of it had a great effect on crime. "I find it written," he says in an article, " 'two little children whose heads scarcely reached the top of the dock were charged at Bow Street on the seventh, with stealing a loaf. They said in defence that they were starving, and their appearance showed that they spoke the truth. They were sentenced to be whipped in the House of Correction.' Woe, woe! can the State devise no better sentence for its little children? Will it never sentence them to be taught?" His magazine articles he followed up by his novels, whose inimitable mingling of pathos and humour made a lasting impression on thousands who would never have concerned themselves with Blue Book reports or newspaper records of crime. In laughing over the *Artful Dodger*, it was borne in upon even plain understandings that it must be owing to a defective system that his fine original qualities should only procure for him a convict's end. They shuddered over Smike and those other children "with every young and healthy feeling flogged and starved down, with every revengeful passion that can foster in swollen hearts, eating its way into the core in silence;" and the deathblow was dealt to Yorkshire Schools. In *Dombey and Son*, Dickens held up to scorn such establishments as Dr. Blimber's, which too often satisfied the well-to-do Victorian parent—where the forcing

apparatus was always at work, and all the boys blew before their time, with the effect, as on young Toots, that when he began having whiskers he left off having brains. He waxed indignant over the Mrs. Pipchin theory that a child's mind should be opened by force like an oyster, instead of encouraging it to develop and expand itself like a young flower. "Let the child have its fables," he pled, to a hard material age, "and let us always remember that He set us the example of blending the understanding with the imagination—and following it ourselves, we tread in His steps, and help our race on to its better and best days."

In 1833 Lord Shaftesbury began his great work of trying to rouse the nation on the subject of its wasted child-life. Dickens threw himself into this struggle and had not long to speak in vain. He thundered weekly in the columns of *Household Words*, of small children pushing wheels with tired puny hands—staggering under heavy weights in the bowels of the earth—of their naked bodies forced up narrow chimneys. When he spoke men roused themselves. Both by satire and sentiment he helped on the better day.

Dickens was also the first to interest himself in that pitiful and sorely neglected class—the feeble-minded. He cherished a peculiar affection for them and made them lovable to his readers in his own inimitable fashion. Poor Jo, some of whose speeches, as Shaw remarks, are at bottom conscious social criticism, "allus moving on ;" little Miss Flyte with her captive birds, "always expecting a judgment. Shortly. On the Day of Judgment ;" Amy Dorrit's charge, Maggy ; young Toots, Smike, Barnaby Rudge, they are all most tenderly and feelingly drawn.

Shaw concerns himself little with childhood in his writings, though he contributes much that is useful to the child legislation of the day. The child is paramount now. New legislation is made to protect him and his interests

every year. The nation has at last learnt the lesson that its young is its most valuable asset.

The two reformers join issue on the Housing question. Both have in common the belief that the truest and highest patriotism consists in improving the condition of the people, morally, mentally and physically, and that better housing must be the foundation-stone for all such improvement. While holding this common belief, their points of view on the subject of poverty and home are diametrically opposed.

To Dickens, moderate poverty was no evil. He was imbued with the idea that the love of money was at the root of much of our social crime. Poor law guardians neglecting those entrusted to them, the better to line their own pockets; schoolmasters starving their pupils for the same laudable end. He depicted men like Jonas Chuzzlewit, Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Grice, men whose sole aim in life was the heaping up of wealth, as coming to desolate, unloved ends, haunted by the ghosts of those they had wronged, pursued by shadows; while Harry Maylie's way to attain to true happiness was to give up wealth and live with Rose in the humble parsonage.

Home, especially a poor home, was to him a sacred word. "Man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place." Bred in dire poverty himself, his home for many a day the Marshalsea Debtor's Prison, a Micawber-like father, and a mother who never seemed to realize the agony of soul felt by the small sensitive boy, wasting his years and strength in the Boot-blackening Warehouse, yet no one ever wrote more feelingly of the divinity that hedges about domestic affection, or depicted so many happy home circles, such as the Cratchit family, the Cheerybingles, Kit and his family and many others too numerous to mention.

Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, is convinced that the greatest of evils and the worst of crimes is poverty, and that the crying need of the nation is not for "better

morals, cheaper bread, temperance, liberty, culture, redemption of fallen sisters and erring brothers, nor the grace, love and fellowship of the trinity, but simply for enough money." He speaks sternly of the stupid levity with which we tolerate poverty as if it were either a wholesome tonic or else a virtue to be embraced as St. Francis embraced it, and suggests as an improvement on the present condition of things that every adult with less than £365 a year should be painlessly but inexorably killed. The universal regard for money, Shaw considers the one hopeful fact in our civilization, the one sound spot in our social conscience.

Shaw does not share Dickens' love of the home. Indeed one of his great self-imposed tasks is the shattering of these time-honoured shrines. His pity, not unmingled with contempt, is for the unhappy prisoners of home, and it is his unwavering conviction couched in varying terms, that only by the breaking up of home-life can modern society come to its full power. He rejoices in the modern clever Englishwoman's loathing of the very word "home," and urges that her insistence on qualifying herself for an independent working life tends to humanize her whole family in an astonishingly short time.

Nothing is more different in the minds of the two writers than their attitude towards their public. Dickens while bantering his readers on their foibles with inimitable humour, was always at one with them and carried them where he would. Nothing he saw embittered him. He saw facts, ugly facts, and unhesitatingly gave them voice, but his genius was such that he made people laugh and weep with him, and join hands with him in the redress of abuses. In *Pickwick* and *Little Dorrit* he showed up Debtor's Prisons, Parochial Management in *Oliver Twist*, Yorkshire Schools in *Nicholas Nickleby*, Chancery abuses in *Bleak House*, Politico-Economic shortcomings in *Hard Times*, Hypocritical Humbug in *Martin Chuzzlewit*; and the iniquities of Mrs. Gamp helped to bring in the

much-needed reform in sick-nursing. In Dickens' oneness with his readers lay his strength for reform. The sympathy of the people was at all times the breath of life to him. "Do you think it may be done?" he wrote once about a certain character in *Dombey*, "without making people angry."

Nothing pleases Shaw more than to know that he has done so. "In this world," he protests, "if you do not say a thing in an irritating way, you may as well not say it at all, since nobody will trouble themselves about anything that does not trouble them."

Dickens' keen irony never strikes at human nature, it is entirely directed against social wrongs. Shaw's thunderbolts are launched against the foibles of human nature first, and after, at the social wrongs which are the outcome of its weakness. He writes things that sting because he wishes to hurt. To him the be-all and end-all is the facing of facts. Idealism of all kinds, he distrusts. He speaks with no uncertain voice to "a miserably incompetent age," and strikes alike at every section of the community—the selfish rich, the incompetent poor—the cupboard loyalty of the Irish, the smug self-satisfaction of the English. His steady passion for being a nuisance makes his plays by no means always pleasant reading. Nor are they meant to be, written as they are, with the avowed purpose of wounding the monstrous self-conceit which it is the business of romance to flatter, of bringing his readers face to face with the naked truth.

Dickens had much to say on the evils of slum landlordism, but he never came near Shaw in his forceful searching play, *Widowers' Houses*. Shaw's incomparable humour makes his plays the delight of numerous playgoers, but it is in his prefaces, unknown to most of those who laugh over his stage figures, that the real Shaw is to be found.

It is possible to read Dickens and fail to see ourselves face to face—to feel indignantly that some one is grossly

mismanaging terrestrial affairs, without knowing ourselves to be in the wrong. We may smile over Mrs. Jellyby with her "hair like the mane of a dustman's horse," her mind so engrossed with the woes of her dear black brothers the natives of Borioboola-Gha, as to be oblivious to tear-stained, ink-stained Cissy by her side, while the luckless Peep'y jams his head in the area railings; we may smile at her and have no qualms on our own account. We may quite conceivably fail to see ourselves in the Shepherd Stiggins, drinking pineapple rum in Mrs. Weller's back-parlour, Chadband discoursing largely on Terewth, in Pecksniff requesting sweetly to be reminded to pray for one who had dared to speak the truth to him. We may contemplate Mr. Bumble ill-treating little Oliver, Smike being tortured by Squeers, Miss Flyte and Grindley growing old and mad, waiting for the judgment in their cases that never arrived, and expend all our righteous indignation on the system that allows such things to be.

We cannot, however dull and witless, do the like with Bernard Shaw. His indignation is not for Sartorius and his like, noxious as they are, nor for Mrs. Warren and Sir George Crofts, nor for the Philanderer and his ways. Shaw's attacks are never directed against his stage figures, as Dickens' are. He warns his readers with no uncertain voice that his attacks are directed against themselves—that the blame of defective organization lies with each equally—that the social evils we deplore are the direct outcome of the apathy, the greed, the lack of public spirit, in the whole body of citizens, rich and poor alike. Vivie Warren, conscience-stricken on realizing that the money which has educated her and made her what she is, comes from her mother's abominable profession, directs her anger, not at Mrs. Warren, but at the society which tolerates, and the laws which protect her and her like.

Undoubtedly Shaw exaggerates in order to stimulate dull minds and startle them into thought. Like the prophets of old, he cries aloud and spares not.

In his day, Dickens roused public opinion about certain abuses, and kept it alive till they were either modified or removed. What he did, can, to a certain extent, be gauged.

There is no line to fathom what Bernard Shaw has done or will do, by his peculiar method of forcing sluggish minds into new channels of thought—by “hitting” people full in the conscience.”

The methods of Bernard Shaw are calculated to make men think, Dickens’ to make them act. Which is the greater factor in true reform remains an open question.

MARGOT B. WELLS.

THE ARMENIANS IN BENGAL.

BY H. W. B. MORENO.

THE average European is ignorant as to who the Armenians are. Beyond probably being able to say that they make very good merchants, that they are foreign in origin, there is little to be added to these statements. If it were mentioned that no less than 1,063 Armenians are in Bengal alone, not to speak of India, the average man would doubtless express some surprise. It is for the purpose of directing the attention of thoughtful people to this large and interesting community that this paper is written. To give a comprehensive idea let us begin at the beginning and ask : Who are the Armenians ?

The Armenians are a very ancient people, and the history of Armenia, like that of other ancient nations, begins with a legend, according to which Haik who was the son of Togormah, who was the grandson of the Japheth, lived in the land of Biblical Ararat and migrated with his family to Mesopotamia, where the tower of Babel was erected. The Babylonian empire was ruled by Belus who invited Haik to pledge allegiance to him ; Haik refused to do so and returned to his fatherland, where he was soon attacked by Belus and his warriors. Belus fell by an arrow from the bow of Haik ; the warriors of Belus fled and the victorious Haikians conquered a vast territory extending from the Caspian Sea to the Mediterranean Sea, and from Pontus to the boundaries of Assyria. The territory conquered was called Haiastan, after the name of Haik. In one of the war-songs, sung now-a-days by Armenians, we are reminded of the fatherland by this name, for they sing :—

“Tepi, tepi, tepi, Haiastan
Thurrek haier thurrek tepi Haiastan.”

This country is otherwise known as Armenia, derived from the name of Armenia the Great, the sixth successor of Haik. Some maintain that Armenia, with Mount Ararat, was the cradle of creation, and that the Garden of Eden was situated within its boundaries.

Alexander Polyhistor, a Greek writer in 175.B. C., affirms that the Armenians lived as a nation twenty centuries before Christ; and as a proof of this assertion he cites the fact that the Armenians in an expedition against that powerful maritime people, the Phœnicians, conquered them and captured many prisoners, among whom was the nephew of Abraham.

The Armenians attained the height of their glory under their king Tigranes II., whom Cicero thus describes: "Tigranes made the Republic of Rome tremble before his prowess." Lucullus also writes: "It is but a few days' journey from the country of the Gabiri or Sebastia into Armenia, where Tigranes, King of Kings, sits upon his throne surrounded with that power which wrested Asia from the Parthians, which carried Grecian colonies into India, and subdued Syria and Palestine."

There is a beautiful myth which runs, that Abgar, the leprous king of Armenia, sent a letter to Jesus Christ to cure him of the malady he was suffering from. Evagrius says that Christ not only sent a letter in reply but also a likeness of himself, as Abgar had expressed a strong desire to see him. Additions are made to this story that Thaddeus, one of the Seventy, was deputed by the Apostle Thomas to fulfil the promise of the Saviour to send one of his disciples to heal Abgar.

The nation, however, became Christian, in the fourth century, through the labours of Gregory the Illuminator. In the beginning of the fifth century Mesroby caused a wider diffusion of Christianity in the countries about the Caspian Sea. He invented the Armenian alphabet and in 411 he translated the Bible from the Septuagint into

the Armenian language. Up to this date this translation is known as the "Queen of Versions."

Unfortunately, in later years, Armenia became the prey of neighbouring peoples—Greeks, Romans, Persians and Tartars. In 1080 A.D., after the fall of the Bagradonian dynasty, thousands of Armenians fleeing before the Mongolian invaders, took refuge in the inaccessible fastnesses of the Taurus Mountains (Cilicia) where Ruben, a scion of the Bagradonian dynasty, set up a Bagradonian kingdom over which his descendants reigned until 1375 A.D., when the last king of their line Leon VI., after a heroic struggle with the Egyptians was vanquished. From this event dates the extinction of the kingdom of Armenia. Leon vainly hoping to secure assistance from France went to Paris, where he subsequently died and was buried.

Europe and civilization owe a debt of gratitude to Armenia. For centuries the Armenians defended the gates of Europe against the uncivilized hordes of Asia, first against the Persian fire-worshippers, whose advances towards Europe the Armenians checked at the battle of Avarair in 45 A.D., and later against successive invasions of the Mahomedans. Afterwards the Armenians acted as guides to the Crusaders in Asia, and supplied them with food when they were about to raise the siege of Antioch for lack of provisions.

Most of the Armenians, however, in Bengal came from the town of Ispahan in Persia. On the outskirts of that town, situated on the southern bank of the river Zende-rud dwells a small Armenian community. The history of the community in this strange land is strange in itself. Shah Abbas the Great of Persia, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, fought against the Turks in Armenia in the year 1604. Being victorious and desiring to increase the wealth and trade of his capital, for the Armenians, he discovered, were born traders, the far-sighted monarch transported a large number of Armenians estimated at several thousand families from Julfa, a town on the river Araxes and from the neighbouring towns to Ispahan in

Persia. Many were lost on the way owing to the dangers of the journey of those days. Those who reached Ispahan settled in that part of the town, now known as New Julfa, or Nor Choura, and were granted extensive privileges by Shah Abbas besides that of carrying on unmolested their Christian worship.

For an Armenian to travel from Persia to India is no light matter. The journey lies across the mountains of South Persia and Ispahan to the Persian Gulf. Sure-footed ponies and mules are hired to carry the traveller and his baggage; halts are made at night as well as in the day, especially if there are villages near by to replenish supplies; above all there is always the possibility of being held up by brigands, hence the necessity of travelling in large parties in order to have some sort of common protection.

The Armenians have been established in Bengal, Behar and Orissa for now nearly three centuries. They made their way to India as pioneers of foreign trade and formed a settlement at Sutanuti (the site of modern Calcutta) at least 60 years before the foundation of Calcutta by Job Charnock. Mr. Mesrobian J. Seth in his "History of the Armenians in India" mentions that he discovered a tombstone in the Armenian Churchyard of Calcutta with an inscription in the Armenian language, bearing the date of 11th of July 1630 A.D. of which the following is a *verbatim* translation: "This is the tomb of Rezabebah, wife of the late charitable Sookeas, who departed from this world to life eternal on the 21st day of Nakha (11th of July) in the year 15 (new era of Julfa = 1630 A.D.)." Tombstones in the old town of Behar point to their having settled there in the first half of the 17th century, and from 1645 onwards there was an Armenian community at Chinsurah, at the head of which was the wealthy family of merchants known as the Margars. In 1665 the Armenians obtained a *firman* from Aurangzeb giving them permission to settle in Saiyadabad, the commercial

suburb of Murshidabad. In 1688 they received a charter from the Honourable East India Company granting them free trade in the Company's territory with full liberty in the exercise of their religion. One of the clauses of this charter ran: "That they should have liberty to live in cities, garrisons, or towns in India, and to buy, sell and to purchase land and houses, and be capable of all civil offices and preferments in the same manner as if they were Englishmen born and shall always have the free and undisturbed liberty of the exercise of their own religion. And we hereby declare that we will not continue any governor in our service that shall in any kind disturb or discountenance them in the full enjoyment of all the privileges hereby granted to them, neither shall they pay any other or greater duty in India than the Company's factors, or any other Englishman born do, or ought to do."

At this period trade appears mainly to have engaged their energies, but they also had considerable political influence. It was largely due to the Armenian merchant, Khoja Sarhad, who accompanied the Embassy of 1715 to the Court of Farrukhsyar, that the British obtained the right of free trade from the Moghuls. Others rose to high office under the native rulers of Bengal. Gurgin Khan (Khojah Gregory), originally a cloth-seller, became Commander-in-Chief under Mir Kasim Ali, and a number of Armenians were officers under him.

Calcutta being regarded as a good place at which to give Armenian boys a start in life, and a knowledge of English being a valuable commercial asset, a constant stream of boys is sent from Persia to receive an English education, chiefly at the Armenian College and Philanthropic Academy, situated at No. 39, Free School Street, Calcutta, the premises in which in 1811 the eminent novelist William Makepeace Thackeray was born. Half the number of Armenian males in Calcutta are born in Persia, but the number of females hailing from that country is insignificant.

To go into statistics, there are altogether 1,063 Armenians in Bengal against 45,284 Europeans and 19,833 Anglo-Indians. In Calcutta alone there are 850 Armenians, whereas there are 30,105 Europeans and 14,966 Anglo-Indians. Of the 850 in Calcutta 637 are members of the Armenian Church, most of the remainder joining the other Christian Churches in India, a sprinkling being Roman Catholic. Again of the 850 in Calcutta 318 only speak Armenian habitually, whereas no less than 532 speak English habitually. Of the 1,063 Armenians in Bengal it is interesting to note that 133 are boys under 15 years, 120 are girls under 15 years, 496 are men over 15 years and 314 are women over 15 years. These figures are gleaned from the Census Report of 1911 and may well represent the present number of Armenians in Bengal, including Calcutta. In this connection it may be pointed out, that four-fifths of the Armenians of Bengal reside in Calcutta. The Census of 1911 when compared with that of 1901 shows that there is no great increase in their number; the numbers of this decade being only 74 more than those enumerated in 1901. The reason is probably that many of the Armenians in Bengal after being domiciled are readily admitted into the great European or Anglo-Indian communities of the provinces and identify themselves with these.

To hazard an estimate of the total number of Armenians in the world must largely be in the form of conjecture. Approximately they should number between 5 and 6 millions. As far back as 1895 an attempt was made to number them and below are the details of the enumeration :—

In Armenia, European and Asiatic Turkey and Egypt	3,500,000
In Russia	1,800,000
In Persia	225,000
In India, Burma, the Straits and Dutch East Indies ...	25,000
In Austria-Hungary	25,000
In Bulgaria, Western Europe, America, etc. ...	425,000
Total ...	6,000,000

To the Armenian the European should be grateful for they have more than once saved Europe from an invasion of the Eastern nations ; to the Armenian the European in India should be more than grateful for being the pioneers of civilization in India and for being the first to help to lay the foundations of this vast and glorious Empire.

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ETHICAL VALUES IN INDIAN THOUGHT.

BY W. S. URQUHART.

NO philosophy which claims to be a complete system of thought can permanently avoid the demand that it shall take up a definite attitude towards ethical questions, that it shall provide us with a basis for certain judgments as to the relative value of the objects of human endeavour and thus guide us in our relations to these objects. We must be allowed at least to call them good or bad and to direct our practical conduct accordingly, with a reasonable hope that such conduct will be effective in bringing us nearer to the goal which we seek to reach. For the purposes of this paper we may take the Vedanta philosophy as the chief representative of Indian philosophical thought, and we shall ask the question whether it enables us to make a truly ethical distinction between good and evil, whether it secures the permanence of the good and inspires us with longing for the attainment of it ; we shall ask further whether it can create in us any belief that the effort which we may be inspired to consider is really possible for us and, *if possible*, whether we can hope that any progress will be secured by means of it. In other words, we shall inquire whether the assertions that Vedantism transcends moral distinctions and is deterministic and conservative in its outlook on life are justifiable.

As regards the first point, purification from evil would seem to be an immediate consequence of the generally negative attitude of this philosophy. Its strength lies rather in what it denies than in what it affirms. But if this denial includes the denial of evil and of all wandering and degrading desires, surely we may expect an ethical system of the utmost purity, closely allied to mystical absorption

and leading to deliverance from the very region of wordly temptation.

In many passages in the Upanishads we have straightforward assertions of freedom from evil. In the Chhandogya Upanishad 4-14-3, *e.g.*, we read: "As water does not cling to a lotus, so no evil deed clings to him who knows it;" and there is an uncompromising condemnation of evil deeds in the same Upanishad, 5-10-9. Also in the Isa Upanishad v. 12 a simple yearning for moral purity is expressed: "Keep us free from crooked evil, and we shall offer thee praise." Moreover the stages in the ascetic life imply a gradual progress in the satisfaction of ethical demands and a growing self-renunciation. The doctrine of the "sheaths" holds a prominent place in this philosophy, and the penetration of each of these in turn involves an ever fuller freedom from those illusions of human life in which so often temptation is concealed. Indeed we might, from one point of view, describe the prevailing spirit of the Upanishads in the strongly moral language in which Newman presents the ideal of religious detachment: "To be detached is to be loosened from every tie which binds a soul to the earth, to be dependent on nothing sublunary, to lean on nothing temporal; it is to care nothing what other men choose to say or think of us or do; to go about our own work as soldiers go to battle, without a care for the consequences; to account credit, honour, name, easy circumstances, comfort, human affections, just nothing at all when any religious obligation requires the sacrifice of them." (University Sketches, p. 127.)

There are, however, certain characteristics of the Vedanta philosophy which cause us to doubt whether the second or more positive part of this quotation *can* be applied to describe the ideal of the Upanishads. Does this ideal inspire us to go about our work as soldiers go to battle, "without a care for the consequences"? We may assume that being "without a care for the consequences"

means here disregard of personal risks, danger and pain, and we may freely admit that the Vedanta does encourage such oblivion. But there are other consequences in regard to which we cannot be so careless if we wish to preserve our energy of action. Can we, *e.g.*, go about our work if we have no sense of the value of work, and if we have failed to discover that this work leads to any valuable end, such as the victory of our cause, or, in the ethical life, a permanent triumph of the good which may be waited for and admitted by the scheme of reality. It is not sufficient to transcend the evil if we must transcend the good as well.

Now the Vedanta allows to works as a means of advancement towards ultimate truth only, a subordinate place. Action of every sort is, in the highest life, to give place to contemplation, and no amount of action can produce the freedom which is aimed at. Thus it becomes somewhat difficult to lay any strong emphasis upon the distinctions of the moral life, which is pre-eminently a life of action. And, as a matter of fact, we find several passages in the Upanishads which seem to teach the transcendence of both good and evil. The absorption at which we aim sweeps within the range of its negation both good and evil deeds, and the enlightened man need no longer have regard to moral rules. The Brihadaranyaka Upanishad tells us that "the self becomes no greater by good works, no less by evil works." The Chhandogya Upanishad 8-4 might have been quoted in support of the doctrine of the simple transcendence of evil, but in the very same passage we read "The bridge of the Atman is not crossed by day or night, age, death or suffering, nor good works, nor bad works." There is similar teaching in the Taaittiriya Upanishad 2-9: "The thought afflicts not him, what have I left undone, what evil done?" And also in the Kaushitaki Upanishad 1-4 we read that "when the enlightened man comes to the river Vigara, he there shakes off his good and evil deeds." We may compare also the

teaching of the third section of the same Upanishad. Good and bad works are no more the works of the enlightened man, he has transcended his individuality and all that clings to individuality. His world is defiled by no works. "He who knows me thus," says Indra in this section, "by no deed of his is his life harmed, not by the murder of his mother, not by the murder of his father, not by theft, not by the killing of a Brahman. If he is going to commit a sin the bloom does not depart from his face." Something of the same disregard of the importance of all works, apart from the consideration of their ethical quality reappears much later in Sankara: "That the knowledge of Brahman refers to something which is not a thing to be done and therefore is not concerned with the pursuit or avoidance of any object is the very thing we admit, for just that constitutes our glory, that as soon as we comprehend Brahman, all our duties come to an end and all our work is over." (Vedanta Sutras, Sankara's Com. 1-1-4.) In general the teaching which is encouraged by the Vedanta is that we do not carry moral distinctions with us to the highest level, and Gough would seem to be accurate in saying that "good works no less than evil works belong to the unreal, to the fictitious plurality of the world of semblances."

A consideration of such passages as the one last quoted from the Kaushitaki Upanishad might seem to indicate that the Vedanta teaches freedom from good and evil in such a way as to involve positive encouragement to license. Some Indian writers even have drawn out these consequences. The late Ram Chandra Bose, *e.g.*, in his book on Hindu philosophy has described the pantheism of the Vedanta as "pan-diabolism" and he speaks of it as follows: "The system has proved a refuge of lies to many a hardened sinner. The perplexed minds which have found shelter in its solution of the problem of existence are few indeed, but the number of wicked hearts which have been composed to sleep by the opiate of its false hope is incalculable."

("Hindu Philosophy," p. 359.) This idea, however, that the system provides a positive encouragement of evil is an extreme conclusion and based too much upon isolated passages. On the other hand it does seem possible to say that the system is ethically defective in a negative manner in the sense that it does not *guard sufficiently against* morally disastrous conclusions which may be drawn, especially from its doctrine of the transcendence of both good and evil. Most of the defence of the Vedanta in regard to this question has failed to recognize the distinction just made. The apologists have successfully refuted the charge of direct incitement to evil, but they have not been equally successful in avoiding the criticism that they insufficiently protect the good. They have rightly condemned the desire to obtain merit by particular good acts but they have not sufficiently realized the ethical value of the general desire for the permanence of the good. We may agree with Max Muller that this system "never was intended as freedom in the sense of license, but as freedom that can neither lapse into sinful acts nor claim any merit for good acts, being at rest and blessed in itself and Brahman." ("Six Systems," p. 180). We may also admit the contention of the Vedantists themselves that the enlightened man will not do evil because the illusion which is the preliminary of all action whatsoever has been destroyed. But does their teaching provide sufficiently for the enlightenment of any outside the circle of the chosen few, and is the enlightened man himself supplied with a sufficient reason for the doing of good? Is it not a matter of indifference whether he continues to act or not? May he not "live as it happens."

A similar criticism may be directed against the defence which is offered by Pundit S. N. Tattvabhushan. He points out, in the first place, that the Upanishads "by saying that the wise man, he who knows God, avoids both virtue and vice, mean that such a man rises above popular morality, above the desire for reward, the fear of punishment." If this were all that was meant, the defence would

be justified to a large extent, but the Pundit goes further and says that certain passages "indicate the purely impersonal attitude to which the mind is raised by conscious union with God, an attitude so far above all considerations of personal gain and loss, and so perfectly at one with the universal that if one were to do even an apparently sinful act from such a standpoint, no sin would be imputed to him." Again it is asserted that this "obliteration of distinctions" is simply meant to express "the fundamental unity of things." (Cf. "Hindu Theism," p. 104). The "apparently sinful action" we suppose means an action which, if committed by an unenlightened man, would be unhesitatingly condemned as sinful; and, if this is so, it would seem that a very dangerous privilege is conceded to the enlightened person. It is further difficult to distinguish "the purely impersonal attitude" from the attitude of indifference, and the "obliteration of distinctions" is too big a price to pay for a maintenance of a sense of "the unity of all things."

We may discover the influence of this conception of morality even in the writings of one of the leaders of the Brahmo Samaj on the subject of Bhakti. He says:—"True Bhakti is beyond the region of morality and immorality. The Bhakta cannot be sinful. It is unnecessary to say that he must be holy. The truth of the matter is this. The ground of moral purity must be fully secured before Bhakti can begin. Let all sin first go away; let all moral duties be first discharged, and then only can the discipline of Bhakti commence. Unless a man's character is thoroughly good, he is unworthy to take up the question of Bhakti . . . mere morality is not enough for Bhakti, but immorality makes Bhakti impossible. It is a most dangerous thing to say that a Bhakta can ever be immoral. It is never his custom to say 'First let me cultivate Bhakti and I shall be pure afterwards.' No! One eschews all sin before he begins Bhakti." (P. C. Mazumdar's "Rise and Progress of the Brahmo Samaj.") We have quoted this passage for two reasons. In the first place

it fully bears out our contention that it is unfair to charge the Vedantic conceptions (which have largely influenced this passage) with an explicit and positive tendency towards license. But, in the second place, the passage seems no less clearly to illustrate the point that the Vedantic position gives an insufficient support to the good. The highest religious attainment is one which leaves morality behind it. Bhakti is a further stage which we reach *after* we have fully performed the duties of the moral life. Morality is not carried *into* this highest sphere, nor is religious devotion regarded as the crown and development of morality. Bhakti is an "extra" in the moral life and not the spring of it. Morality does not reveal truth—it is little more than a spiritual gymnastic. It does not lead to the religious point of view, neither does the religious attitude lead to morality. The enlightened man looks down from a superior height upon morality as upon a stage which he has transcended. He himself may most assuredly continue to respect all the requirements of morality, but does he give to morality all the support of his exalted position? Is there not a slight suggestion here that morality is a problem for souls of lower rank, and is there not a danger that these less exalted souls may imagine too soon that they themselves have reached the higher level, and may abandon the sphere of morality before they have performed all its duties. What may be no danger to the enlightened man is certainly a danger to them, and the system does not sufficiently protect them from this danger. The thought of the goal ought never to diminish our attention to the steps which are necessary to reach it. The relation of the highest ideal, call it ethical or call it religious, to the moral life of our every day, is always—to use Green's phrase—"a further stage of the same journey."

Yet the Vedantic doctrine unmistakeably is that we cannot carry moral distinctions with us to the highest life, nor can we use moral categories to describe the highest unity. It is a unity excluding all differences and therefore

the difference between evil and good. They are sublated into this unity and perish within it. Cf. the Kaushitaki Upanishad 2-4: "To know every quality as possessed by Brahman is oneself to possess Brahman. The qualities give themselves up as servants unto him but he does not ask for them." Vedantic pantheism shares this obliteration of distinctions with modern pantheism, but the attitude of the latter is very frequently somewhat different. In it evil is viewed as a lesser good, as a necessary part of the system of things. In Indian pantheism the distinction is dropped, and both good and evil are relegated to the unreality of the finite.

In both, however, the explanation of the procedure may be found in excessive intellectualism. There are no sins: there are only mistakes. Evil is nothing but ignorance and carries no positive harm. With the modern pantheist evil is evil only because we do not see its place in the whole; with the Vedantist it is evil only because we do not see that good and evil alike belong to the unreal world—the world of semblances.

We may now consider the metaphysical justification for the theory that the ultimately real is non-ethical. A basis for the theory is found in the assertion that the good is something which is desired, and therefore because desire involves incompleteness, the predicate good cannot be applied to anything which is, by supposition, complete. "We do not value the universe," it is said, "we value all else by it." But perhaps the fuller truth may be that we hesitate to give value to the universe, not because it has no value, but because it has supreme value and is the standard of all other values. We may value finite things by the degree in which they reflect this character of the whole, and if the whole has no character, all valuation even of the part would be impossible. A thing does not borrow its goodness merely from the fact that it is desired. We desire it because it is good, or, in other

words, because it seems to us to have an inalienable right to a place in a scheme of reality of a definite character. Good does not partake of the impermanence of our desires and pass out of existence with them, nor in general does its connection with desire disqualify it in the very slightest for being a predicate of reality. We may point out also that the mere fact of desire, which even the Vedantist would admit as a universal characteristic of human nature, implies the recognition of an ultimate standard of value. Even the destruction of desire at which the Vedantist aims, could not, supposing it were possible, alter the fact that this testimony had been given.

It is, of course, true that we cannot apply the predicate good to the absolute if by good we mean the ever closer approach to a higher standard, but we can apply the predicate as a description of the definite character which we believe the absolute to have. Our hesitation arises from our practice of using the predicate good to indicate a *satisfactory degree of approach* towards a goal. In human life the word has always a reference to something *beyond*, and therefore we get into the habit of thinking that when there is nothing beyond the predicate cannot rightly be applied. But surely we may distinguish between relative good, in the sense of gradual attainment, and good in a mere absolute sense, used as a description of the highest we can conceive. It does not follow that because the first use has become meaningless on account of the completion of the process, the second use should also be abandoned. Though we may have to transcend many erroneous and limited moral predicates, there is no metaphysical justification for the idea that we may not carry any moral predicate whatsoever into the region of the absolute. The use of moral predicates in application to ourselves implies that we stand in a certain definite relation to the whole, and we cannot be related definitely to a nonentity or a pure abstraction. Mr. Bradley's saying to the effect that the "destiny of goodness in reaching which it must itself cease to be is

accomplished in the whole" ("Appearance and Reality," p. 411) would seem to include the distinction we have drawn between relative and absolute goodness, and indicates generally the position we have attempted to describe.

Of course we must remember that to apply the predicate good to the absolute is not sufficient for moral purposes unless we abandon the idea of totality and of pantheistic passivity. If we imagine that without any effort on our part we may be caught within the sweep of a good absolute, we have advanced ethically only a very little beyond the point of view from which the absolute is conceived of as altogether indifferent to goodness. To think that we are already good is as fatal ethically as to think that it does not matter whether we are good or bad. As Mr. Bradley again says: "Finding that all is already good, both in itself and in the world, religion may cease to be moral at all, and become at once therefore irreligious . . . Because for it all reality is in one sense good alike, every action may become completely indifferent. It idly dreams its life away in the quiet world of divine inanity or forced into activity by chance desire, it may hallow every practice, however corrupt, by its empty spirit of devotion." ("Appearance and Reality," p. 444.)

This danger of false optimism rapidly passing over into pessimism is, however, rather aside from my main argument and is here introduced merely as a caution, its proper place being in the discussion of freedom in relation to pantheistic thought. Here we are concerned more immediately with the question whether there are any valid reasons, from a metaphysical point of view, against the application of moral predicates to the divine unity. We have found no such valid reason and, indeed, the tendency seems to be in favour of granting permission to apply such predicates. As Dr. Rashdall puts it "our conception of the highest good may be inadequate, but we certainly shall not attain to greater adequacy or nearer approach to ultimate truth by flatly contradicting our own moral judgments.

It would be just as reasonable to argue that because the law of gravitation might be proved, from the point of view of the highest knowledge, to be an inadequate statement of the truth, and all inadequacy involves some error, therefore we had better assume that from the point of view of God, there is no difference between attraction and repulsion." ("Philosophy and Religion," p. 68.)

It would seem to be a natural demand of the human spirit that goodness should be rooted in ultimate reality, and also a necessary demand if we are to obtain sufficient support of the moral life and adequate security against evil. The force of obligation is weakened if goodness is regarded as merely a moral ideal and less than the ultimate truth of things. And in considering the practical effect of this sublimation of both good and evil we may notice that if good is also thought out of existence, the negation of evil, which everyone would be disposed to regard as a desirable element in the system, loses much of its force. For evil cannot simply be negated; it must be conquered. It is not therefore to be wondered at if we find the Vedantic writers in difficulties in their attempts even to *think* evil out of existence.

In the presuppositions of their system they have everything in their favour. Seeing that there is in evil what has been called a "unique sense of personality" it is quite intelligible that in a system where little emphasis is laid on personality the sense of evil will not be very acute and consequently the difficulty of explaining it away not very serious. Still even such evil as is recognized appears to be an uncomfortable and even insoluble problem for the Vedantist. Sankara and his followers try to explain the inequalities and miseries of the world by reference to the law of Karma. In the Commentary on the Vedanta Sūtras, 2-1-34, we read that "Inequality of dispensation and cruelty cannot be attributed to Brahman on account of his regarding merit and demerit. For so scripture declares." The unequal conditions at

any stage in the universe are thus declared to be due to the merit or demerit of the individuals concerned at some previous stage, and, if we wish scriptural authority, we are referred back to the Kaushitaki Upanishad 3-8 : "For he makes him whom he wishes to lead up from these worlds, do a good deed, and the same makes him whom he wishes to lead down from these worlds, do a bad deed." Thus evil as it at present exists cannot be explained by reference to a central principle of unity, but only in connection with a law to which God himself is subject. If we urge that this is simply to regularize and rationalize evil and is therefore not a sufficient explanation, we are met in one passage by the assertion that there is no beginning which requires explanation (cf. Ved. Sūtras 2-1-35). This law of the process has always been in existence, and therefore God cannot be made responsible for the origin of it. In place of an explanation then we have here what is virtually an acknowledgment of insolubility.

A reference to the doctrine of nescience provides another way of escape for the embarrassed Vedantist. In his commentary on Ved. Sūtras 2-1-21, Sankara says : "As soon as the consciousness of no difference arises in us the transmigratory state of the individual and the creative quality of Brahman vanish at once, and what becomes then of the creator and the faults of not doing what is beneficial and the like?" This explanation is more in accordance with the general spirit of Sankara's teaching, but the other reference to the law of Karma shows that the explanation through nescience is not considered as sufficient in itself. Occasionally it is seen to be a mere shutting of the eyes, and when they are opened, recourse is had to a law which is not an explanation but a mere statement of inevitableness. It is easy to see that in the minds of those for whom we are simply part of God there will be a strong temptation to explain evil by denying its actuality as the opposite of good,

but the strength of the temptation does not increase the value of the explanation. The attempt which they have made is really a hopeless one, for the truth is that evil cannot be explained away by process of thought. There must be some positive force to put over against us, and unless this is provided for us we are destined to the pessimism of defeat.

Practically the consequences of this attitude of indifference to moral distinctions are depressing. We cannot for long maintain the attitude of exaltation above all differences, and when we fall below it and allow the finite to regain its power of attracting attention, it is evil which first tightens its grasp upon us. We may put the matter theoretically and say that we have divided abruptly between truth and sense appearance, and that, consequently, the latter has become detached from all controlling power. We are then determined to action by the concrete and particular character of our experience and can see no principle of unification or of guidance. Our conduct is determined by the circumference of our experience rather than by the centralizing ideas. We are at the mercy of every wayward impulse, and out of this chaos and confusion of evil we have provided no way of escape. And what have we to put over against these evil forces? In our struggle against them the conception of the unreality of evil is not a powerful enough influence. We require something more positive, and we find this counter-active only in the belief that goodness is an ultimate and supreme reality. Without such a faith it would seem that human nature must despairingly acquiesce in the practical dominance of evil. The metaphysical theory may demand that we take up a strongly negative attitude to evil, but the practical result may easily be somewhat different. We may, in moments of weakness at least, reflect that evil is on the line of least resistance, and there is much truth in the words of Moberley that "the mystic who finds God negatively through the intellect, by dissolving in thought all the attributes of God, is saved only by his moral

earnestness and by a happy incapacity for being fully consistent from what would have been at first an intellectual scepticism and ultimately a moral chaos also." ("Atonement and Personality.")

And, on the other hand, when we wish to deliver ourselves from this moral chaos or even to turn aside from the path of slothfulness, the question which immediately presents itself and which no amount of philosophical reasoning can prevent our asking is, "Is the struggle worth while?" We do not necessarily ask this question under the influence of any low and materialistic desire for reward. We need not even put it in personal form, at least if by personal we mean anything approaching a selfish point of view, but we cannot get away from the idea of the completion of personal efficiency and from the demand that we should be allowed to find ourselves again in an eternal Reality of which goodness is an essential characteristic. This need of a warmer and more personal ideal is indicated occasionally in the Upanishads themselves. Cf. Chhandogya Upanishad 8-3-2, "We reach the wishes we have never had fulfilled and rejoin those whom we have lost if we descend into our heart where Brahman dwells. There are all our true desires, but hidden by what is false." But this idea of Brahman as the home of our true desires, the reality of our "projected efficiency," is not maintained; or, at least, for the most part, even if our true desires are to find their satisfaction in Brahman, they are permitted to do so only by giving up all definiteness of character and losing themselves in an ocean of nothingness.

If, however, we have the dismal consciousness that one lot happeneth to all, that there is no fully real distinction between good and evil, and that good is no more akin to the ultimate meaning of the world than evil, we cannot long continue to strive for the better. We shall be apt to seize prematurely upon the sublimation of good and evil, and allow ourselves to act as we please, seeing that in any case we arrive at no real result. If our desires should

happen not to be vigorous we shall acquiesce too readily in the actual dominance of evil in the world around us, and this is a practical judgment of pessimism. We shall suffer more and more from the disease of *impuissance de vivre*. Nothing will seem really worth striving for—not even the highest goodness; therefore why should we strive? Our struggles count for nothing; therefore let them cease. We are going nowhere in particular in the journey of life, therefore we may go anywhere. Metaphysical emptiness and moral indifference are not very far away from each other. In any case we cannot hope for the continual support of religion in our moral life. There is no passage from our religious ideal to the duties of life, and consequently there is great danger that these may remain undone, and that we fail to take our share in reducing actual and depressing moral confusions. Yet if left to itself, the chaos may overwhelm us, notwithstanding all the theoretical defences of an abstract philosophy.

By the Vedantic method according to Eucken, “man attains a purely inward life, but it cannot be denied that there is no path leading from this inwardness to the wide field of life. Hence in the end there remains a cleavage between the height of the inner life and the rest of existence. There are only particular moments when the thought of the All takes complete possession of us.” (“Christianity and the New Idealism.”) And we may add that if in those rare moments the thought of the All is without moral colouring we do not receive from it strength and inspiration which will send us forth to our world again. Rather it is that in weakness and without protection we have once more to confront the sorrow and the pain and the evil, which after all *are* there and will remain until we take mightier weapons than abstract thinking and vague devotion wherewith to fight against them.

We must now ask the question whether, even supposing that the distinction between good and evil retains its

sharpness and its inspirational force, the system here set forth makes possible any genuine effort or warrants any belief in progress. We are immediately confronted by the alleged Determinism and Conservatism of the Vedanta.

In so far as the reality of the world is admitted and a tendency towards naturalistic pantheism is manifested, the standpoint of the Upanishads would seem to be one of rigid determinism. The view exactly resembles that of Spinoza, and here also there is no question of the "freedom of the will within the range of nature." Man is simply a part of the universe and has not proper individuality or power of initiative. On the empirical side, at any rate, the bondage is complete. Present actions are controlled not only by the past actions of this particular life but by those of a whole series of lives. The consciousness of this bondage has a paralysing effect, for it seems as if a dark Fate overwhelmed us, and the result is apparent both in mental depression and practical inactivity. As Hopkins says, "This bowing to Fate paralyses effort and multitudes die every year through its baneful influence. In times of sickness remedial measures will not be tried, because it is written that the patient must die whatever trouble be taken and expense incurred." ("Religions of India," p. 320.)

If we are simply parts of the whole we can have no freedom in reference to the whole, and if our aim is absorption, power of initiative will appear to us altogether unimportant. To borrow the phraseology of the Upanishads, we are in the empirical world fettered "like a bird to its nest." There is a suggestion of fatalism in the Kaushitaki Upanishad. The self of the Universe with whom we are to obtain unity is a dominating, predestinating power, determining some to good deeds and others to evil deeds. The same idea reappears in Sankara's Commentary on Sutra 2-1-35. "As the world is without beginning, merit and inequality are like seed and sprout, caused as well as causes, and there is therefore no logical objection to their

operation." It may be noticed also that the idea was so strongly rooted in Vedantic thought as to pass over into other schools of thought. Even in the theistically inclined Patanjali we read, "Whatever I do, good or bad, voluntary or involuntary, that is all made over to thee. I act as impelled by thee." (Sarbhā Darsana Sangraha, p. 261.)

It will, no doubt, be admitted by the Vedantists and by those influenced by them that empirical freedom is an impossibility, but they will go on to argue that this is a matter of small moment as room is still left for transcendental freedom. After all, we are told, the self which dominates us is not an alien self. It is our own self. We are not crushed by the universal: we are the universal, and if we can but attain to the universal point of view we shall discover our freedom. The way of life which is prescribed is itself emancipation. We may be advised to study more carefully the passage which has been quoted above from the Kaushitaki Upanishad or we may be referred to the following from the Chhandogya: "Therefore who departs from him without having discovered the self and the true desires, in all worlds there will be for them a life of unfreedom. But those who depart from here, having discovered the soul and true desires, for them is in all worlds a life of freedom." (8-6.) The doctrine of determinism must be supplemented by a doctrine of freedom. By following the idealistic teaching of the Vedanta we are enabled to regard the whole chain of cause and effect as an illusory one. What does it matter though we are but links in the chain if the chain itself does not exist? We need not worry about the strength of the walls of the prison house if it is possible for us to get outside.

But the difficulty lies just here—how are we to get outside? The freedom which is promised seems to be very similar to that offered by Kant, and reminds us of the criticism passed upon his doctrine to the effect that it is an attempt to comfort a man in prison with the assurance that there is freedom outside his prison. The Vedanta

philosophy promises us deliverance when we are outside the chain of cause and effect, but at the same time it takes away from us all such power of initiative as would make it possible for us to break the chain. It dazzles us with the prospects of freedom and at the same time emphasizes our bondage. Whenever we ascribe even so much reality to our experience as is involved in making it an object of thought at all, we are confronted with the doctrine of emanation and with the theory of the whole world proceeding from God and returning to Him, inevitably, irresistibly. The determinism is found to be not only within the natural universe and amidst its details: it exists between these details as a whole and the unity we are asked to reach by transcending the empirical. Thus we lose all sense of reliance upon our own personality and all sense of responsibility. It is a mistake to think that *we* have done certain things: we have neither done them, nor have we the power to do them. There seems to be no point at which we can even initiate the progress towards the divine, and freedom will thus appear as an idle dream. It is offered to us with the one hand and taken away with the other, and this contrast between a transcendental ideal and an actuality which is throughout described deterministically, is bound to have a depressing effect. The door of our prison house is opened a little way and we catch a glimpse of the outside world of freedom. But at the same time we realize that with the means at our disposal we can never reach this world. And so we become uncomfortable and suspicious of our visions, and like Descartes' captive "who perchance was enjoying in his dreams an imaginary liberty, and begins to suspect that it is a vision" we also "dread awaking and conspire with the agreeable illusions, in order that the deception may be prolonged" (Med. I.)—only, face to face with the facts of life, we find it impossible to prolong the deception. The open door of vision becomes the shut door of reality, and we sit in the darkness again, feeling the weight of our fetters and hearing the sighs of our fellow prisoners. But

now we know that it is the prison house and the fetters which are real, and the open country and the freedom illusory—so far as we are concerned.

Even if we were to grant that the freedom *can* be attained the question immediately arises, whether it is worth attaining. It is undoubtedly a deliverance from many of the ills of life and also from the power of temptation, but the character of the deliverance itself does not satisfy us. It may be described as freedom, but it is rather absorption, carrying with it, as its highest virtue, resignation. It is a purely negative freedom, gained by the sacrifice of personality, rather than by the development of it. That this would produce disappointment was indicated long ago by Ramanuja: "If a man were to realize that the effects of activity (directed towards final release) would be the loss of personal existence, he surely would turn away as soon as any one began to tell him about release." (Ved. Sūtras, Ramanuja's Com. 1-1-1), and he goes on to tell us that no pupils would remain with a teacher holding such doctrines. This dissatisfaction with a freedom which is purely negative is expressed by many modern writers on the Vedānta, and we can quite well understand why it should seem inadequate. The only freedom worth having is the freedom which gives us the right to act, and not merely to abstain from acting, a freedom which invigorates rather than benumbs our faculties, which strengthens us to bear the burden rather than to lay it down, to undertake the trust rather than to escape from it. Abstraction from ordinary experience is not necessarily concentration on spirituality. We may be delivered from the stormy sea of passionate desires, but this is of small advantage if we perish with hunger upon a desert shore. We do not reach the highest religious level simply by caring little for the things that are temporal: we must also care much for the things that are eternal.

The assertion of a determinism, relieved only by a purely abstract freedom, produces a conservative attitude

to life and involves a denial of progress. This becomes obvious if we consider, first of all, the subjective effect of determinism. If a naturalistic determinism leaves no place for moral initiative, it will also fail to provide for the feeling of subjective remorse which creates, by contrast, the desire for moral progress. If *we* did not commit the sins which distress us, or if they were due simply to the spirit of the whole working through us, there is no reason why we should be sorry for them. Regret or shame are useless: these unfortunate occurrences simply *had to be*. Now, at first sight this absence of personal loss might seem to be an optimistic gain, relieving us from a considerable amount of discomfort. But is it not the case that the comfort which comes from a sense of irresponsibility for disastrous actions, is likely soon to pass into dull and cold indifference. If this be so, the relief is only temporary and the final issue is a deepening of the gloom. Even apart from the obstacles which it places in the path of progress, the temper of callousness has a hardening effect which is very nearly akin to despair. There are moods in which men would give anything to be able to break through the ice of indifference and become sorry for their misdeeds, for in such sorrow there is an element of hope. But if they can be only indifferent towards their failings, even the impulse which makes deliverance possible is taken away, and dull acquiescence in imperfection of character remains. Wakefulness of spirit seems desirable even at the cost of pain, and there is no depression deeper than that of the soul which desires to *feel* and cannot feel—even pain. And this depression is deepened if, from the same point of view, we regard other lives. If we are trying to exert a moral influence upon another, we depend upon rousing within him a sense of shame and remorse, and if there is no justification for this attempt, as the philosophy we are considering would have us believe, our leverage is gone. Progress is possible only if dissatisfaction with present attainments, either in

ourselves or in others, is available to produce a desire for progress.

But the further question arises whether, even granting that we have the factors necessary to produce this desire, it can be justified from an objective point of view? Does the world-system as conceived by the Vedanta admit of progress, or must we be content merely with process, and with empty return to the point from which we set out?

The denial of world progress includes within it the denial of individual progress, and this latter again is a corollary of the denial of freedom. If we are bound in the chain of the past, or if everything we may think we are doing is the inevitable action of the Divine Unity working through us, then we are deprived of all incitement to action—"An icy cold breath" has blown upon us and benumbed our faculties. Our actions become merely recurrent exercises of the soul and the moral struggle is a meaningless process, leading to no useful end. As is said in the Mandukhya Upanishad 2-36 "Who knows the being of the world, he holds true to unity—sure of the want of difference, he moves *cold* in the world." In general, if we allow the thought of *being* to occupy the foremost place in our minds, we shall not pay much attention to *becoming*, either because moral becoming is superfluous or because it is inevitable. And if, further, the *being* is conceived of as abstract and admits of no concrete and permanent individual character, the stimulus to progress on the part of the individual is taken away. In order that a man may put forth his most intense moral effort, he must believe that his efforts count for something in the scheme of reality. If he cannot have this faith it would be almost a contradiction in terms to say that he believed in progress in individual character. It is undoubtedly true that in this system, as Schlegel says, "the divine origin of man is continually inculcated to stimulate his efforts to return, to animate him in the struggle, and incite him to consider a reunion and reincorporation with divinity as the *one* primary object of every action and exertion ;"

but mere reunion is not progress, and yet it seems impossible to obtain from the Vedanta a higher ideal than this of the return of the soul upon itself and, in the end, the leaving behind of all that has been won by moral endeavour.

If further a man feels that he himself can make no real progress, he is not likely to attribute progress to the world as a whole, or to conceive of it in terms of a gradual embodiment of an ideal. If he cannot himself initiate reform, and if it is true that in the larger world "all movements toward reform and progress are due to personal initiative in the first instance," it is a short step to the belief that no schemes of reform whatsoever have enduring value and that reality does not admit of them.

The spirit of this philosophy in its more idealistic phase does not admit of such attention to the world process as would invest it with the dignity of progress. If Brahman is the sole reality, and if the world, philosophically considered, is unreal, progress can mean only a gradual negation of the world. The past can have no value for the guidance of the future, for past and future alike, as belonging to the time process, are unreal. The teaching of history is a meaningless phrase, for why should we seek to understand the past in order to go beyond it if the whole is a meaningless round? Why should we spend our efforts at reform upon a totality which as a whole is an unreality? We become oppressed with a sense of futility, for in Brahman everything is lost, like bubbles in the ocean. Abstract idealism can permit no reform of the world but only an abandonment of it.

If, on the other hand, being more naturalistically inclined, we fail in our idealistic endeavour and discover that the world refuses to be negated, are we any nearer a belief in the possibility of progress? It would seem rather that after we have tried—and failed—to negate the world, it will present itself to us, on our return to it, as a huge insoluble problem. We have found no place for it in our philosophy

but we have been unable to get rid of it. What has been described as a "sense of cosmic discouragement" steals upon us. We have taken the reason out of the world and left it as a formless mass, while yet it oppresses us continually with its problems. We have failed to explain the world; why should we not run away from it and leave it in its present unsatisfying state?

The same refusal to entertain the idea of progress forces itself on our notice even in the teaching of the interpreters of the Vedanta who would ascribe greater reality to the ordinary world. No doubt there are phases of the Vedantic teaching in which the world is regarded as divine and full of meaning. But even in this connection the question remains whether, when we get beyond the region of poetical idealization, the reality which we are permitted to retain "for practical purposes"—as Max Muller would put it—admits of progress or only of process.

We are compelled to choose the latter alternative. The general effect of the position taken up is simply to deify the existing state of things or what is the inevitable consequence of the existing state independently of all human endeavour. As it stands, the universe is regarded as divine, and it would therefore seem almost impious to regard it as either requiring change or susceptible of it. Already it is perfect, at least with a potentiality which does not require our help in order that it may be transformed into an actuality. If we should still have doubts as to this perfection, we must remember our ignorance and conceive it as at least possible that there is no such thing as evil, and that what we conceive of as evil is so only because of our partial view of the whole.

Process there no doubt is, but it is only of a cyclic character. And there may be many series of such processes in the illimitable succession of the centuries, but there will be no advance. Each later cycle as it comes will resemble the earlier; in meaningless repetition. All things will be as they were in the beginning.

What, then, is the effect of this denial of progress upon our sense of the value of life. It would seem that it must be depressing for the following reasons. In the first place it deepens the sense of bondage which the determinism of the system had already produced in us. We should not feel that there was so much of fatefulness in the refusal of individual freedom, if we could be sure that the world process with which we are bound up and to which we are told that we must surrender ourselves was, in any sense of the word, a progress and not a process. We *might* be willing to surrender our individuality, for the sake of an increasing purpose, but when this also is denied us the surrender is unrelieved.

Secondly, the denial of progress deprives us of the remnant of value which the pantheistic explanations of pain and evil seem to possess. . Suffering, *e.g.*, has been explained as sacrifice for the good of the whole, but sacrifice is unmeaning in an unprogressive world—it serves no purpose. Neither—to take the narrower point of view—can we explain physical suffering as necessary for the moral progress of the individual. If moral progress is ultimately either unnecessary or impossible, there is no place for such painful agencies as may be expected to promote it.

Again, the denial of progress makes it more difficult for us to accept the transcendence of moral distinctions which the Vedanta in both its phases would inculcate. We are more ready to agree that evil is necessary for growth or that when viewed in connection with the whole it is no evil, if we can see that some plan for the whole is being worked out. But when such insight is denied us, when we find that what we have to acquiesce in is the place of evil in the present world or in some future world which is in no way an improvement upon this one, the denial of evil, under such circumstances, will give us comfort only so long as we can, somewhat slothfully, shut our eyes to it. But it is difficult to content ourselves with this

position. The ever-recurring demand of the human soul is that evil should be regarded, not as a normal but as an abnormal thing, as something which can have an end and must be allowed to have an end. We cannot permanently acquiesce in its inevitableness : to do so even temporarily is a pessimistic judgment. Yet without progress we seem shut up to this—or to mere theoretical removal of the difficulty.

Finally, we come to the chief reason of all : the denial of progress paralyses human effort and makes impossible the joy which such effort creates. The subjective effect of the denial is a sense of futility, and the futile is not worthy of human endeavour. In the Kaushitaki Upanishad we get the advice “Let no one try to find out what action is—let him know the agent,” and the advice is all too readily taken. Why should we act in reference to a world which is meaningless, or in reference to a reality which will give no permanent place to the results of our effort? Indian writers often refuse to face the difficulty here and strengthen themselves in their position by reminding us that the highest souls do not desire the fruit of works. But as has been already pointed out, there is here no question of desiring the fruit of works in any material shape. But there is a question—and an unavoidable question—of the ultimate usefulness or uselessness of work. If the denial of progress involves that all work is in the last resort a futile endeavour, the effect of this doctrine is without doubt paralysing and depressing, and prompts the question which is well put by Eucken : “Must we not conclude that all our work is vain, and would not this conviction of futility arrest every vital impulse and put an end to all joy in active creative effort?” Again he puts the matter in closer relation to our subject by remarking that “the futility of a life like this—a life entirely adrift on the ocean of becoming was never felt more keenly than by the Hindus” (“Christianity and the New Idealism,” p. 42). We may not desire reward in the shape of pleasure, but we

certainly desire it in the shape of result, and it is difficult to undergo labour and trouble, to offer the sacrifice of renunciation, while all the time we have the disconcerting consciousness that the lives both of ourselves and others are supremely unimportant. It is more than difficult—it is impossible, for it is contrary to human nature. As the Upanishads themselves allow, “Whatever man reaches he wishes to go beyond.” (Aitariya Upanishad 3-3-1.) If we are simply adrift on the ocean of becoming and if the stream flows in no definite direction, if, as things have been so they will be, on and on for ever, without progress, we feel inclined to ask “What is the use of it all?” The universality of the reach of the pantheistic conception swallows up the importance of the individual, and mere cyclic processes have a satiating effect upon us. “A like event happens to all.” Under the impulse of the innate impulsive activity of human nature we may initiate new schemes, but we have not the power of continuance. There comes to us the paralysing thought that this has happened before, and even though there appear to be improvement, it can be but temporary and soon we shall be back at the place where we were at the beginning. Those who are interested in Indian reforms have often to lament the spasmodic character of the efforts put forth. There are many new beginnings, but steady continuance is not so frequently to be marked. A recent writer in the *Hindustan Review* has directly connected this failure in constructive social effort with the esoteric character of Indian philosophy—“by making the impermanency of every state of being, earthly and heavenly, a cardinal point, Hinduism has so stereotyped the mental condition of its adherents that there is no immediate prospect of Indian thought being in the least prepared to discard the eternal reproduction of its old ideas. . . . Brahmans have for ages been teaching the Hindus the ways and means of escape from the world of restless strife and error and a speedy departure to another tenement. . . . The old notions as to the unreality and consequently the

futility of life are still abundantly manifest." (Captain Berkeley Hill, *Hindustan Review*, December 1912.)

So we conclude that in this system of philosophy the highest ethical values find insufficient support. It has had a benumbing effect on the national energies for the reason that it has failed to maintain the eternal distinction between right and wrong or respond to the individual consciousness of freedom. Nor does it lay hold on the power of the future and satisfy our demand for an ideal beyond the present, an ideal of fullness of life, based on a Divine Reality which is the source at once of all the good that now is and of all that is to be. If this demand of the human spirit is ignored, if we are told that our highest aspirations have no claim to rank as interpretations of reality, that freedom and progress are but vain imaginations, then pessimism and gloomy conservatism are the inevitable results. There ensues a contemplative attitude which refuses to

"Take arms against a sea of troubles
And by opposing end them"

and this indifference to practical requirements results further in what has been described as a "cataleptic insensibility," or, less strongly perhaps, a relapse into vacuity of interest and poverty of purpose. Progress is essential to optimism and, conversely, optimism is essential to progress. If, therefore, we would have progress we must generate an atmosphere of optimism, and this we can do only through faith in an ideal beyond the actual, which shall show its ultimate reality, not by negation of the actual, but by conservation of the good that is in the actual and victory over the evil. Such a faith Indian philosophy can attain to only as it strengthens the theistic elements in its creed and abandons both its contempt for the historical and its unlimited respect for philosophical abstractions.

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THE MOHURRAM.

THE MOSLEM FEAST OF MOURNING.

BY A. F. M. ABDUL HAFEEZ.

THE Moslem month of mourning is called Mohurram—the first month of the Moslem year. Its contrast with the opening days of the first month of the Christian year is worthy of note. While the first of January is a day of rejoicings and festivities among the Christians, the first of Mohurram dawns on the Moslems as a day of grief and lamentations. It requires the mighty pen of a Gibbon or the racy style of a Macaulay to present a vivid pen-picture of this great theme. Before describing the celebration it is necessary to give a short account of the great event which has been observed for the last thirteen hundred years to commemorate a most stirring and memorable epoch in the history of Islam. History has rarely recorded a greater tragedy, and in producing a parallel event, history has failed to repeat itself during a dozen centuries. But unfortunately the commemorative rites have degenerated into artificiality to a great extent, specially among the illiterate classes. To a pious Moslem, having regard to the genesis of the event, there should be no such spectacular display of this kind as has now become an inseparable feature of the occasion.

The fateful tenth of the month is intended to honour the pious memory of the greatest tragedy in Islam—the anniversary of the martyrdom of Hossain, the grandson of the Prophet Mahomed, called the “Lion of God.” The event makes a poignant appeal to the imagination of the faithful. It must be borne in mind that the origin of the Mohurram is not merely a matter of tradition, but a historic event of far-reaching consequences. It is

recalled and lamented as the tragedy of Karbala. The perpetuation of its memory has slowly developed into one of the settled institutions in the faith of Islam.

To trace the origin of the tragic memory. Ali was the last of the four Caliphs of the "Republic of Islam." On his death an ambitious general named Moavia succeeded in installing himself as King of the place, and on his death his son Yazeed was appointed as his successor, being nominated by his father. All the principal officers of state were forced much against their will to take the oath of allegiance to this man. This action was in direct contravention of the great elective principle of Islam and involved a serious violation of the usage in such election since the death of the Prophet. This innovation was the natural forerunner of the disastrous results that followed. A cruel and treacherous chief, Yazeed delighted in torture, cruelty and human suffering. The monstrous tyranny of this despot excited the people under his sway. So they appealed to Imam Hossain at Mecca to assert his claims to the Caliphate with a view to free them from the intolerable yoke of Yazeed.

After great deliberations and on the assurances he received from his party, he decided to start for Kufa with his family and a few devoted followers and a number of women and children. After traversing the desert of Arabia he encamped at Karbala near the banks of the Tigris. Hossain had serious misgivings and apprehensions which proved only too true. For days the tents were surrounded by the enemies who cut off all connection with the water of the river. The sufferings of the poor band of martyrs were intense and simply indescribable. Hossain conferred with the chief of the opposite party and desired to be allowed to return safely to Medina or conducted to the presence of Yazeed. But the commander of the opposite forces was inexorable—that no mercy should be shown to Hossain or his party, and they must be brought before the Caliph as criminals. As a last resource Hossain implored the

authorities to leave the women and children unmolested and to kill *him* only. But this request was of no avail. The friends of the Imam unanimously refused to survive their beloved and revered master. A portion of the enemy's party, struck with the horror of waging war against the grandson of the Prophet, deserted their own camp and joined the other side.

At last the war was declared ! A series of single combats and close fights commenced. It was soon proved that the valour of the Hossainites was invincible, and the Imam was considered the beau-ideal of Islamic chivalry. But the enemy's archers were too strong for them. Here I cannot resist the temptation of quoting a well-known author whose words send a thrill into the hearts of every reader :—" One by one the defenders fell, until at last there remained but the grandson of the Prophet. Wounded and dying, he dragged himself to the riverside for a last drink ; they turned him off with arrows. And as he re-entered the tent, he took his infant child in his arms. Him they transfixing with a dart. At the door of his tent one of the women handed him a cup of water ; as he raised it to his lips he was pierced in the mouth with a dart, and his son and nephew were killed in his arms. Rising he threw himself among the Omayyads who fell back on every side. But faint with loss of blood, he soon sunk to the ground. His opponents cut off his head, trampled upon his body, and subjected it to every ignominy. ' Alas ! ' exclaimed some people, ' on these lips have we seen the lips of the Apostle of God. ' "

I should now like to give a short account of the ceremonies performed in this connection in Shiah homes in specially reserved apartments called the Imambara. Amongst the principal places in India where these celebrations take place on a large scale, Hyderabad, Bombay, Lucknow, Dacca, Murshidabad, Patna, Hooghly and Calcutta may be specially mentioned. In Persia—the centre and stronghold of Shiaism—the event is naturally

celebrated with great pomp and ceremony. To return to the Imambara. The place is richly decorated with very costly flags of real Persian shawls specially manufactured for this purpose and embroidered with appropriate passages and verses from the sacred books. Chandeliers and other articles are profusely requisitioned. Professional reciters, some of them being poets of considerable distinction, ascend the pulpit and discourse on the various episodes in the tragedy to the accompaniment of profuse weeping on the part of the audience. By a slow process of easy transition they recapitulate the principal points. This is accompanied by lamentations and the beating of breasts with the hands and sometimes with iron chains. Professional weepers and paid mourners who have cultivated the art of shedding an abundance of artificial tears contribute largely to the mourning. It has sometimes happened that fanatics have lashed themselves to a frenzy of excitement which has terminated in their death. But the ways of the more pious and sober and learned are quite different. They do not encourage this type of professional pecty. Elevated sentiments are expressed in the pulpit in most elegant and dignified language, and the sublimity of style enhances the effect of the sermon, often producing seismic tremors in the hearts of the whole assembly and imparting an air of genuine grief. In front of the pulpit a group of enthusiastic weepers form themselves into a ring and punctuate the recitations with the most pathetic but sonorous choruses. Their movements are regulated by one of the fraternity who prides himself on the appropriate title of *Meer-i-Buka* or "Master of Lamentation." In order to refresh the wearied audience rosewater is profusely sprinkled, and tea and coffee and *sherbat* are served at convenient intervals. In every Imambara there is a separate room exclusively set aside as representing the last resting place of Hossain. This is called Zareeh.

✓ To come to processions. In Calcutta the most important Majlis is held at the old historical Imambara of

the late Haji Karbalai in Portuguese Church Street. Gole Kothi of Chitpore Road, which belongs to the Nawab Bahadur of Murshidabad, comes next. Ceremonies are also performed at the residence of Khan Bahadur Mirza Shujaat Ali the Persian Consul. The occasion is celebrated on a pretty large scale at the late King of Oudh's Imambara in Garden Reach. On the 7th, 8th and 10th grand Alam processions come out as representing the three important battles fought on those dates. The procession is headed by a very heavy glass-case called Zoolfakkar containing the imaginary sword of Hossain and other sacred articles. It is followed by hundreds of Persian shawl flags with silver hands or cones at the ends of the poles. These line the two sides of the road, and the procession marches slowly in solemn silence. At the rear a number of richly caparisoned horses with turbans and swords on their backs are slowly conducted by two Moghals on either side, while large quantities of milk are sprinkled over the feet of the animals by the public along the line. These horses are called Dulduls and represent the horses of the Imam. Large groups of mourners accompany these horses, reciting verses and beating their chests till they reach their destination. These processions represent the battlefield of Karbala. The tenth of the month is the last day of the battle. On that day the procession is followed by an imitation funeral cortege. A large number of *tazias* are also brought out by the masses. The most curious feature of the whole ceremony is the wholehearted participation of a large section of Hindoos in this Moslem festival. In the Hindoo states of Indore and Gwalior particularly the Mohurram is practically an annual state event of importance. The Maharajahs evince personal interest in the ceremonies.

A. F. M. ABDUL HAFEEZ.

FROEBEL AND MONTESSORI.

BY WINIFRED PLUMBE.

IN considering the work of Froebel it is necessary to begin by reminding ourselves of some of the main points in the life of this teacher, that we may see what led to his giving the world the system of education called the Kindergarten system, and the way of looking at the life of little children which was so true that our difficulty now is not so much to think how he could have reached these ideas as to understand why no one before him had done so. It is true of course that the thoughts and writings and experiments of previous writers had been leading up to this; Locke, Rousseau, Comenins, Pestalozzi had been approaching it on some sides; it was bound to come to the light in the end; but as a matter of fact Froebel was the first educator who gave children their place in the world, and who through his persistent endeavour to get at a right principle in education, and remove the stumblingblocks which he found in the way of the attainment of true knowledge at a maturer age, opened the eyes of the world to the important and exclusive function (if we may so call it) of the early years of life. Let us recall then in brief the events of Friedrich Froebel's life. Born on 21st April, 1782, in a village in a German forest, he was left motherless at a few months of age. His father, a pastor in the Lutheran Church, while not lacking in a sense of duty towards him, was too busy to pay him much attention, and all his life failed to understand his son. Friedrich was left in early life to the care of servants, and but for his elder brothers would have fared badly—they afterwards dispersed to business and college and he was left. The coming of his step-mother only increased his loneliness. His father with difficulty taught him to read,

and allowed him to help him in his gardening. Friedrich also helped his parents at times in ordering the house, making alterations in furniture and so on : he notes that by these things he gained knowledge and his games were made more valuable by them. Nature, within the limits of his knowledge of it, gave him pleasure and food for thought. As he himself says in his autobiography "My life was early brought under the influence of Nature, of useful handiwork and of religious feelings."

On the day when he first went to the girls' school in his village the text was repeated "Seek ye first the kingdom of God" and that, he says, made a lasting impression upon him—he wanted always to be good, but he found it difficult to make his outer life express his inner desires, and he did not forget that when later on he advised parents to "live with" their children, that they might help them in this very thing.

Owing to neglect in childhood he had acquired many faults ; his very sensitiveness made him act in such a way as to have his motives misinterpreted, and actually, as he says, drove him into untruthfulness.

Loneliness was the keynote of his early life, and so he has to say "Unceasing self-contemplation, self-analysis and self-education have been the fundamental characteristics of my life from the very first."

Following his own method in the autobiography, I have dwelt at some length upon his early life, agreeing with himself that it provides an important aid to the right understanding of his life and work as a man, and foreshadows the Kindergarten system, both by what it showed Froebel to be desirable in childhood, and by what it taught him to avoid.

To continue. At the age of 11 he went to live with his uncle, and there the life of school and his uncle's sympathy rescued him from his lonely state. From the time of his leaving school till he became a teacher in 1805 we have a period of unrest—to all appearance he was

a rolling stone—that was because he had not discovered for what he was really hungering, and so was dissatisfied with each successive experience. First as apprentice to a forester, then as a student at Jena, as a student of practical farming, as a clerk in the office of woods and forests, as a land surveyor, as a private secretary, as a student under an architect—he studied nature and man under many aspects, and tried to find a unity in all things. His aim, though he was only able to formulate it even to himself at the end of the period, was expressed in the prayer : “Thou givest man bread : let my aim be to give man himself ;” in other words, “the culture and ennoblement of mankind” were what he sought.

At Midsummer 1805 through the persuasion of a friend he became a teacher at Frankfort-on-the-Maine : he describes the pleasure he found in this new experience ; he was as happy “as a fish in the water or a bird in the air ;” he had found his vocation !

But no sooner had he begun to teach than he must go and see the work of Pestalozzi of whom he had heard. This is typical of the man ! He is not content to go on in any way but that which completely satisfies him, and so, as before, his life is full of changes. He studies French only to discover he does not know his native German ; he combines teaching and learning ; he takes his pupils and lives with them in Pestalozzi’s institution ; his own “deficient culture,” as he calls it, drives him to learning again and again. In this way he goes to study at the Universities of Gottingen and Berlin, studying, now the tongues of India as likely to be the fountain-head of knowledge ; now the Philosophy of History in its relation to the development of man ; now geology and crystals for the sake of the symbolism he finds in them : always that which appears to him at the moment necessary to complete his circle of knowledge ; but through all his study he becomes more and more convinced of “the unity of all things and especially the unity, simplicity and the unalterably necessary course

of human nature and human development." His aim in education he formulated in those days in the words : " I desire to educate men whose feet shall stand on God's earth, rooted fast in Nature, while their head towers up to heaven and reads its secrets with steady gaze, whose heart shall embrace both earth and heaven, shall enjoy the life of earth and nature with all its wealth of forms, and at the same time shall recognize the purity and peace of heaven, that unites in its love God's earth with God's heaven."

Having in the interval taken up arms for his country from a sense of duty in 1816, at the age of 34 Froebel opened a school on his own account, the pupils being five nephews and nieces, and the somewhat grandiloquent title of the place " The Universal German Educational Institution." From that time, though in many different places and helped by different people, Froebel worked in institutions carried out on his own lines : his thought on educational matters was continually progressing—backwards, as some might say—but really getting nearer to the heart of things, as he was thinking out the early beginnings of education, which control the whole. For five years of that time Froebel worked in Switzerland.

His ideas on the training of little children finally took shape in 1837 when he opened a school for such in Blankenburg. This was not " the first Kindergarten " as he had not yet thought of this name for it, and it expired for want of funds ; but in 1840 a second school was opened in the same place, which did bear that name of Kindergarten which seemed to come to Froebel almost as an inspiration from heaven, carrying with it as it did the idea that children like flowers, placed in their right environment, will expand according to their own beautiful inner nature.

Froebel lived for twelve years after the establishment of the first Kindergarten, and in that time by means of his own books and lectures and through the efforts of a band of faithful devoted followers of himself and of his system

of education, many Kindergartens were established in Germany and other European countries.

In those years, as his letters show, training of mothers and teachers was one of his great endeavours.

Now, of course, almost wherever European education is found, we find some knowledge of Froebel and his system. He died in 1852, suspected by Government, and his Kindergartens closed because his teachings were confused with those of his Socialist nephew, but honoured by a devoted band of friends.

Time hardly avails to tell of how he made use of his life experiences in the Kindergarten, how he provided for that contact with Nature and that partaking in domestic affairs which he himself had found helpful: how he provided against that loneliness of spirit which he suffered from as a child; how he took the free natural activity of games and developed its educational capacity to the full; how he sought to give knowledge in such a way that its inner unity might appear and satisfy the child, how he advised that religious instruction should be suited to the capacity of the child and made clear to him by the family relations which can be understood in early life, and arranged that provision be made for the inner life of the child to find expression so that peace and harmony shall result.

But to turn to another question which it may not be amiss to ask, what progress can Froebelian ideas be said to have made in this country? We must remember that his range was the whole "Education of Man." When we remember this we shall, I think, be fain to confess that too much of what we call education here, as everywhere, still consists in the learning of subjects which lack connectedness and unity, which are rather added on as accretions of dead matter than absorbed and utilized in the growth of the whole man. But as regards Kindergartens themselves, what can we say? There are certainly a good many schools in which handwork is done and an object lesson

given. Unfortunately in some cases this is accompanied by a complete lack of understanding of underlying principles.

I might instance a case where a teacher anxious to show how well he had absorbed Froebelian ideas instructed his class to "stand up and recite the object lesson on the hen;" one was not surprised to hear the sequel. The class announced that the hen had four legs!!! Just to label a certain hour in the timetable an "object lesson" does not turn an infant school into a Kindergarten, neither does the use of gifts or the occupation material.

But there are some, and we hope an increasingly large number of schools in this land, where the spirit as well as the outward form of the Kindergarten is present.

One cannot stop completely to define that spirit, but there are certain fundamental beliefs that underlay Froebel's didactic method which bring, I think, a special message to this land—

1. The rights of children.
2. The desirability of the development of an individual life rather than the absorbing of other people's thoughts as the end of study.
3. The place of the mother in training.

Each of these might form the subject of a paper in itself. I have not space to speak fully of any one, but I think we should all be glad to see childhood prolonged in this land and not invaded as it seems to me it often is by a premature manhood and womanhood. We should be glad to see independent and original thought taking more and more the place of the cramming of text-books and notes; and we should be glad to see the mother in every home, through the development of her own intellectual nature, fitted to guide the beginnings of intellectual life in her children. And for all these reasons we hope that Froebel and his teachings will ever continue to be honoured in this land. But what about the new light that has arisen above the horizon of early education? Is Mme. Montessori to claim our allegiance too, or are we

to treat her teaching as antagonistic to that to the truth of which we have given our assent ?

A study of the Montessori method seems to show that some at least of it has grown out of Froebel's ideas, and though we may not approve of all its details we need not reject it *en masse* because it bears another name. . None saw more clearly than Froebel how lifeless a system may become if it is but blindly followed, and our devotion to him would be ill-shown by a refusal to take wise and well-considered advance in any possible direction. Let us see briefly what is the relation between the ideas of these two.

As all who have read anything on the subject are aware, Mme. Montessori's approach is along quite a different line from that of Froebel. She, the first woman to take the degree of Doctor of Medicine from the University of Rome, took up children's diseases as a specialty ; and in her visits to insane asylums, where lived the idiot and feeble-minded children whom she attended, her notice was attracted by those who were what in England we class as "deficients." She turned her attention to the process of getting at their brain-centres—in other words, to their education : finally, she gave up her medical practice to start a school for them, and by the wonderful success of her methods (not entirely original but founded on the ideas of two Frenchmen), as a result of which her pupils frequently acquitted themselves better in examinations than children of normal powers, she was led to wonder whether a modification of the same methods would not be generally efficacious in education.

Of her further investigations let it be said only that, feeling like Froebel the need of preparation for the task of educator, Dr. Montessori spent seven years on a course of self-imposed study before undertaking further practical work, and afterwards started the *Casè dei Bambini* (or Children's Homes) in certain model tenements in Rome.

Here and in other schools on the same method subsequently established, the children, from the age of

3 to 6 or older, spend their day ; making their toilet there in the morning, and taking meals together, spending 8 or 9 hours there before returning home, all these hours being so planned out as to contribute to their education.

How do the Montessori methods carry out Froebel's three fundamental beliefs spoken of above ? Our further remarks will be devoted mainly to this aspect of the subject.

I. If Froebel may be said to have taught mankind the existence of childhood, Mme. Montessori may be said to teach the abolition of slavery for children. (One wonders parenthetically to whom it will be left to advocate the extension of the franchise to children ; no one outside the pages of *Punch* having as yet ventured so far !)

This, not merely theoretical, but intensely practical application of the doctrine of freedom for children is said to be the true answer to the question " What in the Montessori method distinguishes it from all other methods ? "

How is this practical application carried out ?

1. Every effort is made to deliver the child from the slavery of dependence on others, generally considered unavoidable for children. The ordinary child's freedom of action is limited by the necessity of being washed and dressed, by his inability to eat his meals without help, by his inability even to walk through a drawingroom without endangering some of the objects in it. So Mme. Montessori has devised apparatus by which, to his own great delight, the child can learn the mysteries of buttons, hooks and strings, and she teaches the children to make their own toilet ; she not only trains them to eat their own food without help, but trains these infants to set their own tables and wait on one another : she has invented arrangements by which they practise balance, and she perfects their touch to such purpose that you may allow a Montessori baby not only to walk about in your drawingroom, but to handle its most precious treasures !

2. The child in a Montessori school has its liberty unrestricted by any discipline imposed from without. There is no silence in the "class room," except when silence is required for a particular game; there are no classes properly speaking, as that would involve the sacrifice on the part of some children of their liberty to choose what they would do at a particular moment; there are no fixed hours except for meals: everything is left open so as to make possible the free development of the life within. At times the children take concerted action, but it is at their own wish; their liberty is not interfered with unless, which apparently happens very seldom, they do some action which is in itself ill-mannered or is harmful to the community. They are described as happy little citizens of a free republic.

II. This leads us straight up to the second principle we are to consider—that of individual development. The root idea of this is contained in the very name Kindergarten. The Kindergarten is simply to be a place in which the life within develops. Now here we find that, in some ways Froebel, in some ways Dr. Montessori, carries out the idea more completely. Take the latter points first. Froebel takes his children into a room where are other children, a Kindergarten teacher, and occupation material; but the teacher decides what material the child shall use, in what way he shall use it and for how long at a time: she teaches him by it and so directs the growth of her little plant. The Montessori child is taken to a room where indeed are other children and materials of various kinds and beyond that a *directress* who rarely goes beyond pointing out the objects with which the child can occupy himself. By means of the materials to be had the child educates himself. One would like to describe some of the materials, which themselves correct the errors made in their use, but all we can do is to refer readers to the books on the subject. Evidently, however, as regards that which such material can teach the Montessori plant has a freer growth. But

the range of these materials is limited—sensitiveness of touch, of colour discrimination, of weight and other kindred matters are attended to, but with material such as stories, songs, etc., by which the imaginative and æsthetic instincts are to be fed, the Montessori child is poorly supplied.

Mme. Montessori allows herself to speak slightly of games and of “ foolish stories ” which surprises anyone acquainted with the natural loves of children ; and in place of the Froebelian idealism which calls every brushwork pattern a flower or star, or something of the kind, most of the objects constructed with Montessori material are severely recognized for what they are.

But we must remember that Mme. Montessori has been as it were caught in the act of elaborating her system, and such omissions as do not arise from her physiological starting point, as contrasted with Froebel’s philosophical one, will undoubtedly be supplied when the system is complete.

To sum up on this point : it seems to me that by making the child from the first his own teacher Mme. Montessori is doing much to form the habit of acquiring knowledge at first hand ; but, in so far as self-correcting material takes the place of what we might call passive material, she is preventing the very self-expression on the need of which Froebel laid such stress, and which must be an important factor in the formation of the habit of strong original thinking.

It has been said by one writer on the subject that Froebel meekly said : “ All growth must come from a voluntary action of the child himself.” Mme. Montessori would say “ All growth must come from a *voluntary* action of the child *himself*.” Be that as it may, it was *Froebel* who made the remark ! But by its acceptance Mme. Montessori places herself in the front rank of Kindergarteners.

III. As regards our third principle, we may by this time be prepared to find that by many at least of the

Montessori directresses the mother and the home are not regarded as the best means of education for children. The mother by her loving ministrations to her little one, is only tightening his shackles ; the home, being a place where all arrangements, including even the furniture in use, are ordered for the convenience of the grown-ups and where children must “ fit in,” naturally suppresses his free growth. But if mothers will learn to take pleasure in making their children self-dependent and will order their homes, as by a little thought they may, so that no lawful activities may be hindered, they may still be to their children all, and more than all, that Froebel thought they might be. So then, let us all who desire India to have the best of education, study Froebel and Montessori even more deeply than we have done ; so that by the use of either, or both methods, we may produce such trained yet original thinkers as shall give to India the system which will develop to the full all her latent possibilities.

WINIFRED PLUMBE.

Calcutta.

A STUDY OF INDIAN ART.

BY HEMENDRA PRASAD GHOSE.

WITH the accumulation of materials carefully collected by the Archæological Survey Department a new era seems to have dawned for the study of Indian Art. When European *savants* like Fergusson and Lubke were beginning to study this fascinating subject India had already been written about by Macaulay and others. Unfortunately India, though within the ample range of their genius, lay outside the area of their exact knowledge. Moreover they were accomplished classical scholars, trained in the traditions of a school which had firm faith in the theory of the Græco-Roman origin of civilization and to which the theory of a different school of art originating from a different and more ancient civilization seemed like a rude assault on the fundamental doctrines of religion—a thing not to be argued. In the absence of such collections of art relics as we now have in the various museums and such works as the Reports of the Archæological Survey of India they naturally entertained a very poor opinion of Indian art. To them examples of Indian art were “grotesque and hideous.” They had not visited distant corners of the country to examine those works of art in which Indian artists had dramatically held for the moment in sculptured suspense passions and emotions on the human face. They had no idea that Indian artists had represented animals true to life. They did not know what enormous labour, skill, perseverance and endurance had gone to the excavation of the cave temples of India. They included Indian art in one sweeping anathema and embedded in amber a calumny that would otherwise have died a natural death long ago. The opinion given currency to by them was for a long time the prevailing

opinion of Europe. And it certainly is a matter on which we can congratulate ourselves that the opinion about Indian art which prevailed in Europe even a quarter of a century back has given way to a juster and corrector estimation of that art. Indian art—as Mr. Vincent A. Smith said the other day—can no longer complain of neglect.

The civilization of the East is different from the civilization of the West, and India, while retaining the original and common civilization of the East, engrafted on it her characteristic peculiarities with such cleverness that it soon blossomed forth into a literature and the arts which were her own. Her geographical position helped her to develop to perfection this literature and these arts which have so successfully withstood the corrosive wear and tear of Time. “Those upheavals of Nature which partitioned off India from the cooler lands of the west and north by a gigantic wall of vast mountains, allotted at the same time to the people, who should first tread this highly favoured land, a *role* of detached isolation. The Indian nation, in a manner scarcely paralleled by any other nation in the civilized world, has developed its life out of itself and according to its own lands, far removed alike from the alien and the cognate peoples, who in the west, within the compass of closer mutual relations, have performed the parts to which history called them.”*

In a country where architecture has reached the dignity of an art the history of its art is contained in the history of its architecture. Moreover, “it is generally the case that, in any culminating period of artistic creation, one art leads the rest and gives them their tone. In the thirteenth century (in Europe) it was Architecture: all other arts were her handmaidens. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Painting led. Even sculpture was then picturesque. The change from architectural sculpture to picturesque sculpture may be traced in many French cathedrals and

* Oldenburg—*Buddha*.

is very interesting to follow. Sculpture in the first period is a mere architectural decoration. In the second period architecture becomes a frame for sculpture or painting.”* It seems the period during which Indian art reached the zenith of perfection unhampered by the disorderly invasion of foreigners, and the oppression of the Mahomedans was the period during which her artists realized the dream of those gigantic and beautiful buildings which were so numerous that all of them could not be effaced by the policy of ruthless destruction dictated by the bigotry of the Mahomedans and the marauding zeal of the Mahrattas.

Of their architecture let Fergusson speak:—“Like all people untrammelled by rules and gifted with a feeling for the beautiful, they (the Hindus) adorn whatever they require, and convert every object, however utilitarian in its purpose, into an object of beauty, knowing well that it is not temples and palaces alone that are capable of such display, but that everything that man makes, may become beautiful, provided the hand of taste be guided by sound judgment and never forgets what the object is, and never conceals the constructive exigencies of the building itself. It is simply this inherent taste and love of beauty, which the Indians seem always to have possessed, directed by unaffected honesty of purpose, which enables those who are now without independence, or knowledge, or power, to erect, even at the present day, buildings that will bear comparison with the best of those erected in Europe during the middle ages.”†

Even when a distinguished authority like Fergusson spoke thus of Indian architecture the vast majority of European art critics—trained in the traditions of European art with their attention directed almost exclusively to the Græco-Roman foundation of modern civilization—declined to believe that India had attained at least some degree of

* Conway—*Domain of Art*.
 † *Handbook of Architecture*.

eminence in the plastic arts and painting. They overlooked the fact that India had not "so much to do with architecture or sculpture separately, as with that peculiar cultivation of the two arts, side by side, of which Rheims Cathedral may perhaps be cited as the most conspicuous modern, or rather mediæval example; the Parthenon, it may be added, being the corresponding specimen in the antique."* And when such conditions prevail the callings of the stone mason and of the carver are only divided by an indivisible line, and carvers of images are almost as numerous as hewers of stone.

And what was the origin of the huge sculptured temples of India? Let us take a parallel case—that of France. "The great French cathedrals," as Fergusson points out, "sprang out, not so much from the activities of patron, architect and mason as from the spirit of the whole nation carrying out a combined project, to a well-considered end. Great churchmen, like the Abbe Suger, Maurice de Sully, and Fulbert of Chartres, gave the initiative and the money; great architects, whose names have perished, came forth when they were wanted; and the wandering bands of masons, with their secret signs and mysteries, were in readiness to carry out the work; but their united energies would never have produced work of such consummate excellence if the national mind had not been made up to have nothing but the best that human effort could give."† In India the princes—the possessors of the accumulated wealth of their ancestors—considered it a pious duty to spend huge sums in the construction of the sculptured temples,‡ the masons exhausted their skill on them; and the princes, the masons and the public were of opinion that only the best work should be dedicated to the gods—neither money nor skill should be spared to the work of perfecting

* Indian Art, in the *Calcutta Review*, Vol. LXXVIII, 1884.

† Waters—*Five Italian Shrines*.

‡ cf. "Gold and jewels to the value of a million and a half measures of gold were set apart for the work (the construction of the temple of Jagannath) being estimated at half a million in the money of our time."—Hunter—*Orissa*.

places of worship. Grunwedel has expressed the opinion that "the art of ancient India has always been a purely religious one; its architecture as well as its sculpture, which has always been intimately connected therewith, was never and nowhere employed for secular purposes." * "The sculpture of ancient India," he adds, "originating as it did in religious tendencies and destined to serve religious purposes, could only follow its own immediate purpose in sacred representations; otherwise it was, and remained, simply decorative and always connected with architecture." †

People who could decorate these temples with beautiful works of sculpture, who could hold in sculptured suspense fleeting fancies and passing passions were not wanting in that skill which has produced splendid works of sculpture in the West. Mr. Vincent Smith has admitted that there are works of sculpture of a superior class in India though they are not numerous.

The question may be asked Why are such superior specimens rare in India? They are rare in every country. We have but one Venus of Milo,—the miracle of an unknown master—the smiling entrancing goddess who in the course of centuries has lost her arms but not her witchery; and not more than one Laocoon. And there are especial reasons why such specimens are exceptionally rare in India. Ancient India was divided into a number of small states, and the idea of establishing national museums where works of art could be collected for the benefit of the nation had not dawned on the Indian mind. There were only separate schools with individual idiosyncrasies which were the outcome of peculiar surroundings.

Then followed a period of ruthless vandalism. "Stress," says Grunwedel, "must be laid on the fact that in comparison with the vast extent of the country, the monuments are far from numerous, that great numbers

* *Buddhist Art in India.*

† *Ibid.*

of them have been destroyed through the indolence or by the sheer vandalism of men of other faiths, so that considerable monumental groups, in good preservation, remain only where the districts subsequently became deserted and monuments consequently forgotten and so saved from direct destruction at the hand of man, or where, as happened in Ceylon, the old religion remained and protected the monuments of olden times.”*

“The Moghul,” wrote the writer on Indian Affairs in the *Times*, “wrought havoc amongst religious buildings which, to him, represented nothing but a hateful and wicked idolatry. The fanaticism of a religion still in its early fervour urged him to iconoclasm, just as Cromwell’s soldiers were impelled to mutilate and destroy what, to them, represented the survival of idolatry.” There was a Mahommedan canon forbidding the representation of life. It repressed the plastic instinct. Probably the earliest encouragement the Moghul painters received was from Akbar who in a characteristic speech is alleged to have said :—“There are many that hate painting, but such men I dislike. It appears to me as if a painter had quite peculiar means of recognizing God; for in sketching anything that has life, and in devising its limbs one after the other, he must feel that he cannot bestow individuality upon his work, and is forced to think of God, the only giver of life, and will thus increase his knowledge.” “You may hear, when going over palaces in Rajputana, of elaborate carvings in stone which on a threatening hint from the iconoclastic Court at Delhi, were hastily covered up with plaster.”†

Yet the Moghuls marched “as a complete nation to seek a new home, bringing with them, besides their armies, their culture and that architecture which reached its highest development in the Alhambra and Mosque at Cordova in the West, in the Taj and the palaces of Agra

* *Buddhist Art in India.*

† Kipling—*Reast and Man in India.*

and Delhi in the East." They originated the style of stonework that has received the name of Indo-Saracenic. Unfortunately Shah Jehan could not remedy its defects—the loss of the restraining influences that centre round the principles of construction—proportion and composition; and "in consequence, when the hands of the great Emperor architect were withheld by his usurping son, it tumbled over almost instantly into the tawdriness and eccentricity of the palaces of Oudh and the tombs of Junagad." *

It was otherwise with the English. They came here as traders. And, to quote the words of the writer in the *Times*, "where they found a building suitable to their purpose, they occupied it or adapted it by alterations or additions in which harmony and beauty were alike sacrificed to convenience and utility. When they had to construct new buildings the same considerations prevailed." And when force of circumstances compelled their development into soldiers and empire-builders "the era of vandalism"—as Lord Curzon calls it†—continued. Thus referring to the destruction of ancient art relics at Jaipur Sir W. W. Hunter remarks:—"It was reserved for the English to put the finishing stroke of ruin to the royal and sacred edifices of Jaipur." ‡ The English even profited by the destruction of ancient monuments. "Gaur was famous for its glazed tiles, but unfortunately these formed a much coveted spoil of vandals, who in the early days of the Company's rule wantonly destroyed many a fine building solely for the sake of tiles. *** I have alluded to the wanton destruction done to the remains at Gaur and Panduah. According to Grant the *Nizamet Daftar* received an annual payment of Rs. 8,000 from two local Zamindars for allowing them the exclusive right to demolish the venerable ruins at Gaur, in order to carry away the highly prized enamelled tiles and

* Watt—*Indian Art at Delhi*.

† *Ancient Monuments*.

‡ *Orissa*.

the so-called Gaur marbles.* The tomb of Husain Shah, which about 120 years ago, when Creighton made his paintings, was still quite intact, has now entirely disappeared, and only the basal sarcophagus remains lying broken in two pieces inside the modern village of Madhiganj, west of Gaur. The walls of the tomb as depicted by Creighton were covered all over with glazed tiles alternating in colour between white and blue. Likewise all the stone facings of Gunmant mosque, up to the springing of the arches, have been stripped off. The same vandalism has caused irreparable damage to the *Baradwari*, also called the Great Golden Mosque, which once was one of the finest mosques in Gaur.” †

“The excavations at Sarnâth,” says Vincent Smith, “may be expected to disclose more remains of the Maurya age.” ‡ Unfortunately sufficient care has not been taken with the finds. General Cunningham states how some forty statues were carried off “and thrown into the Barua river, to check the cutting away of the bed between the arches.” “It would seem also that in the erection of the other bridge over the Barua, the ruins at Sarnâth were used as a quarry, and that quantities of stone were brought from it to use in the foundations.” §

No wonder relics of Indian sculpture which would enthrall the attention and evoke the admiration of the art critic are not numerous to-day. But we hope when the excellent work that is being done by the Archaeological Department of a Government which grudges neither men nor money to bring to light and presence ancient art relics has made further progress it will be possible to convince the

* “We know from Grant’s Essay (Vth Report, p. 825) that the *Nizmat Daftar* contained an entry of Rs. 8,000 under the head of *qimat khistaker*, which was annually levied from a few landholders in the neighbourhood of Gaur, who had the exclusive right of ‘dismantling the venerable remains of the ancient city of Gaur or Lak’hnauti, and conveying from thence a peculiar species of enamelled bricks surpassing in composition the imitative skill of the present race of native inhabitants’”—Blochman *Geography and History of Bengal* (J.A.S.B., Part I, 1874).

† *Archæological Survey of India* (1902-3).

‡ *Asoka*.

§ *Greaves—Kashi or Benares*.

world that in the past India had made considerable progress in the art of sculpture.

Then there is the prevailing prejudice that India had made no progress in painting. This was, perhaps, because the men of the chisel always keep well ahead of the men of the brush. "In Greece, as everywhere else, the plastic method was the first to arrive at excellence because, quite naturally, it was the first to take the fancy of the neophyte in art. The plastic process, so simple and direct, has in every land been the first to commend itself to the shepherd or herdsman when the desire came upon him to fashion out of a bit of wood or stone or a lump of clay something in the likeness of a familiar object. Painting (apart from polychrome wall-decoration and the colouring of images) was only undertaken after society had made considerable advance. Colour and shadow, aerial perspective and composition, could only come after a long course of experiment and instruction, and it was no easy task to present to the eye on a flat surface an effect equivalent to that which the carver was able to produce by his shapen mass."* In Italy, for instance, sculpture, up to the opening years of the fifteenth century, was far in advance of painting in beauty and in effective truth of expression.

Evidence is not wanting to prove that in painting too India had made some progress. The paintings in the Ajanta caves may not deserve the high eulogy which it has been the fashion with a coterie of critics to bestow on them; but they are certainly supremely interesting as sincere efforts to express emotions. And, what is more, they certainly prove that in painting India had made considerable progress before her artists could produce such works of art. Of the art manifest here Griffiths says:—"In spite of its obvious limitations, I found the work so accomplished in execution, so consistent in convention, so vivacious and varied in design, and full of

* Waters—*Five Italian Shrines*.

such evident delight in beautiful form and colour, that I cannot help ranking it with some of that early art which the world has agreed to praise in Italy." *

As we have had occasion to show elsewhere the caves at Bhaja (200 B.C.), Karle (100 B.C.) Bagh and Elura were painted. †

Then there is the evidence of literature which cannot be dismissed lightly.

In addition to the causes of paucity of materials in the department of Indian sculpture we must take into consideration the fact that the climatic conditions of the country are disastrous to the preservation of painting. In this climate colours fade, canvas crumbles into ruin and paper and palm-leaf decay rapidly.

When all these are considered we cannot help saying that in the past India had acquired a not inconsiderable degree of excellence in the arts. Her art history—which so richly deserves critical examination—has yet to be written.

HEMENDRA PRASAD GHOSE.

* * *The Paintings in the Buddhist Cave Temples of Ajanta.*

† *Cadcutta Review.*

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN CALCUTTA.

III. CITY IMPROVEMENTS AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

BY D. L. MONRO.

ANYONE who has watched the beginnings of that growth of civic consciousness which is becoming apparent in progressive countries will be struck by the fact that its source lies much more in the general heart or conscience than in the general intelligence. And it is to the work and the investigations of social reformers, rather than to those of the scientist, that we must look for the inspiration and the impulse that have resulted in the schemes of city improvement with which we are becoming familiar and which are beginning to be accepted as a matter of course by the ordinary city dweller. That a city should develop on carefully planned lines, should extend in consciously controlled directions, seems an elementary proposition and we forget that, in the modern aspect at least, it is something quite new. Further, when we say that this development and extension are things intimately connected with the daily life of the ordinary citizen, we feel that we have said nothing startling ; this ancient truth, nevertheless, requires reiteration, and to some extent re-statement, for, like other obvious things, it is sometimes in danger of being overlooked.

We think of our particular city or town as it may impress the visitor, or as it vies with other places. The grandeur of its approach from the sea perhaps, the stir and importance of its business quarter, the fine situation of its public buildings, the stateliness of its principal street, the old world-charm of some historic mansion or monument—these are the things that rise to our minds, that flow from

our tongues, when we think or speak of our city as a whole.

But it may be that our factories and warehouses, our arcades and shops are spacious and imposing, while our ordinary citizens are crowded into badly-planned, airless houses and streets ; as in Calcutta, some of our huddled streets and lanes may be within a stone's throw of a spacious park ; again, there are civic authorities who, for the sake of fine and imposing town halls and market places, fountains and ornamental gardens, will tolerate square miles of slums. What shall be said of a city corporation whose public buildings and other architectural displays are petty and insignificant while its mileage of miserable slums challenges comparison with the world ?

The conception that needs emphasis at the present time, in the midst of all our schemes of development, is that the city is a place to dwell in. It may be a port of entry for merchandise, a confluence of trade routes, a centre of industry and manufacture, an apex of government and law. Primarily, these things, or some of them, may be the reason for its existence. Without the river and the railway there would be no city undoubtedly. But these things being the cause of the citizens' existence here, we have still to put our finger on the purposes for which we build our city. It is a place for the citizen to work in, to dwell in, and, let us add, to play in.

It should follow then that the city government seeks first the comfort and convenience, the health and happiness of its citizens, and it is admitted and warmly asserted by all and sundry that the city is for the citizens—all of them. Now at least, in Calcutta, we are making a serious effort to reconstitute the city in accordance with our needs. We want more air, more light, more room, streets where traffic can move more easily and safely, healthier suburbs and better access to them—more room to live in every way.

All this is more than sentiment : a scientific view of life, a business view if you like, will bear the same

import, will be stated fundamentally in the same terms. The business man wants efficiency, the doctor wants health, the humanitarian wants comfort and happiness, and all these things are interdependent.

METHODS OF IMPROVEMENT.

The methods by which we seek to attain these desirable things are many and varied :—

- (a) Clearing unhealthy areas and building thereon blocks of airy and spacious dwellings ;
- (b) developing suburban areas and building dwellings on a more open arrangement ;
- (c) improving the means of communication, so that outlying areas become accessible ;
- (d) widening existing streets and lanes and opening new streets ;
- (e) providing open spaces and parks.

Directing our attention to our own city of Calcutta, we find the Improvement Trust, judging from the various Notes and Reports that have been made public, embarking on a policy which includes all the activities mentioned. A perusal of the Annual Report, and of the two Town Planning Reports dealing with main roads, will convince any reasonable citizen that there is to be no lack of purpose or energy or imagination about the operations of the Trust, if we are to take the utterances of the Chairman, the Engineer, and the Chief Valuer, as indicative of that purpose, and if we are to suppose that the Trust as a whole will continue to support and encourage energetic action. If there are signs of restricted financial resources in the drawing out of the town plan, assuredly this is not the fault of the Trust or its officials.

An open-minded observer, who had carefully studied the progress of events during the last ten years, while the Improvement Scheme, or, rather, the possibility of an improvement scheme, was in the air, would probably direct his most scathing shafts of ironical criticism against the

almost complete absence of anything that might truly be called public opinion on the subject. It would occur to him that if there had been a public opinion on the subject ten years ago, that expensive period of waiting would have been summarily cut short, and the improvement scheme would have followed more closely on the earthquake of 1897, so that much of the reconstruction that followed on that event, might have been guided along better lines. It is useless, however, to lament the absence of civic consciousness in Calcutta ; it is one of the facts of the situation, explain it how we may. There have always been the few who take an interest in the City's welfare, and we must hope that the signs of awakening that seem to be visible at present are not deceptive, and that there will grow up, stimulated perhaps by the progress of improvements, a vigorous and well reasoned public interest in civic affairs.

FINANCIAL CRIPPLING.

There are signs, as already mentioned, of financial crippling, and evidences, moreover, that this deficiency of immediately available funds is to be allowed to affect the general town plan in so far as it is concerned with the town proper—that is to say, the area within Circular Road. It is pointed out that the scheme is a “practical” scheme. In the words of the Report: “It may be urged, in criticism of the schemes within the City, that they display little imagination and are humdrum in character. The answer to such criticism is that there is nothing imaginative about the Trust's financial resources, and that first and last the schemes are practical ones, capable of immediate execution within the limits of these resources.” Criticism, of course, is dumb in the face of such a declaration. But it may be doubted whether a town plan, or a main road scheme, which, for financial or other reasons, is laid down on such lines that it is capable of “immediate execution,” can possibly be on the best lines.

It is stated in the Report that an ideal scheme in the City is financially impossible :—

“It is clear that no scheme can be undertaken by the Trust unless it is within the scope of its financial resources ; and these are insufficient to meet the whole of the improvements which might be desired. It is essential that it should be recognized from the beginning that this is the case, in order that the waste of time involved in the investigation of ambitious and impossible schemes may be avoided. The second plan which accompanies this report, shows what may be regarded as the best lay-out of Calcutta if the question of cost did not arise, and if there were no other considerations which made a reconstruction of the City on western lines difficult, if not impossible. In the circumstances existing it is doubtful whether anything more than a severely practical scheme is desirable within the City. It appears to be clear that there is no popular demand for an elaborate scheme, and in any event, there is insufficient money available for the execution of an ideal scheme for the centre of Calcutta.”

But even the critics may prefer the severely practical to the elaborate, and desire an approximation to a “practical ideal,” if the expression may be permitted. It is merely a question of whether financial limits and the supposed necessity for an immediately practicable town plan are to prevent the City from attaining to such facilities as shall make its traffic, its trade and commerce, its general life, practical in the highest sense of the word.

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

There is no more practical question involved in this matter of main-road planning than the question of road width. The present writer, at various times, as opportunity has arisen during the last ten years, has argued (in the face, at first, of a declared policy of street widening and of 60-foot and 40-foot new roads) for one or two main avenues in the city of not less than 100 feet width, leading right out from the centre to the outside main roads. He also advocated that these main avenues should run through “back lands,” instead of along the lines of existing streets ; this was about ten years ago, when

“the widening of Chitpur Road” was looked upon as the outstanding feature of any possible scheme of improvement. He rejoices to find in the Reports the policy of 100-foot avenues, not only stated, but argued in some detail, by the experts of the Improvement Trust. It is nowhere argued that 80 feet or 60 feet is adequate for, a main traffic route with tramways. There is a section of a 100-foot tramway road shown, but no 80-foot section.

It is a disappointment, then, to observe that the one main avenue shown on the town plan is only in a small part of its length to attain the greater width, the admitted “practical” width, and that it dwindles down to 60 feet at its northern end, thus in a sense perpetuating that “bottling-up” which has been the curse of Calcutta traffic, the greatest stumbling-block of suburban expansion since expansion became necessary, and the chief cause of high rents and central overcrowding.

The argument against the 60-foot road is very clearly given in the Report :—

“It is proposed that 60-foot roads should only be laid down where they are unlikely to become tramway routes and double tram tracks should not be allowed in any new street or road of less width than 80 feet. A 60-foot road devoid of tram tracks allows of four traffic widths and two 14 feet footpaths, whereas with tram tracks it only allows of two clear traffic widths, unless the footpaths are cut down to the almost useless width of 6 feet.”

The 60-foot road is thus ruled out of court for tramway routes and it is more than doubtful whether an 80-foot road will be adequate.

ATTRACTIVE SUBURBS.

It is evident that if the suburbs are to be developed as residential areas for the ordinary citizen, the tramway connection must be adequate. The question of the speed of tramcars is an important one; that is to say, it makes a very considerable difference in the daily life of the suburban citizen if it takes 40 minutes to travel from home to workplace and from workplace to home, instead of

20 minutes—80 minutes spent in travel daily is a considerable slice out of a man's waking hours. This has a distinct bearing on the attractiveness of suburbs, and if suburbs are not made attractive, central crowding will not be cured. It has been very seriously suggested therefore, for the reason given, that tramcars must afford more rapid transit, and that this was impossible on any roads of less than 100-foot width. It may be argued, in support of the narrowing down of the northern part of the main avenue, that the traffic lessens as the distance from centre increases, but it might have been better that this lessening should be utilized to obtain increased speed, possibly on a protected track, rather than that the width should be curtailed. It would have been better to drop the idea of immediate execution for three or four of the smaller road schemes, such as Park Street widening, the Amherst Street-Loudon Street connection and the diagonals in Wellesley district (there is little need for diagonals inside of Circular Road), than to have allowed any diminution in width in the main avenue which should run from Esplanade and Dalhousie Square to the Barrackpore Trunk Road.

For the true line of extension of Calcutta is North and South; the distribution of its industrial, commercial and shipping interests indicates this. The river is the life of the City, and it will probably be found that the future expansion of Calcutta will be most pronounced along lines parallel to the river. The growth of large communities in connection with the jute industry, and the increasing importance of the Kidderpore and Garden Reach areas are noteworthy in this respect. The northern extension of Calcutta and Howrah population, extra-urban, seems to be broadly laid out by a framework consisting of the East Indian and Eastern Bengal Railways, as far as Serampore and Barrackpore, with the Grand Trunk Road (improved) and the Barrackpore Trunk Road as internal lines and the broad river as industrial highway and "lungs." In this connection a map, shaded to show the

variations in density of population in the country around Calcutta and Howrah, would have been an interesting and useful addition to the Report and would have indicated roughly the natural lines of extension.

The Russa Road line of extension is, perhaps, not strictly indicated by the abovementioned considerations, but there can be no doubt of its importance for residential purposes. The recently published Report on the Grand Trunk Canal project foreshadows great developments in this direction, and, if this project could be co-ordinated to the Improvement Trust's work in the south of Calcutta, the result should be to simplify the work of the Trust immensely. It is calculated that the Canal excavation will produce about 250,000,000 cubic feet of spoil per annum for about four years ; the unique opportunity which this offers in the direction of land reclamation and tank filling in a district riddled with useless tanks need not be insisted on.

It is to be regretted that, owing to the financial and other restrictions mentioned, no attempt is made, in the main road scheme, to provide an adequate approach to Sealdah Station from the centre of the town. The future importance of this railway terminus in its bearing on the question of suburban, or extra-urban residential expansion, north and south, need not be elaborated, and if it is impossible to continue the Mangoe Lane avenue to Circular Road, through the not very valuable lands involved, or to open up some equally useful approach, the obstacles should be insurmountable indeed.

CONGESTION.

It has been suggested that with the opening out of these two avenues, Calcutta's network of traffic lines would be fairly complete, and that what is further required is a policy of minor improvements—the thinning out of buildings in congested areas and the opening of a large number of 20-foot lanes. The running of a new street

through a congested area will do very little to improve the general condition of that area; it has been found, indeed, in European experience that new broad streets sometimes increase congestion in their neighbourhood. Unless, therefore, the construction of main roads is co-ordinated with some such policy of local improvements and with a watchful eye on the lanes and back lands adjacent to new roads, we must expect to find these areas, at the end of the improvement operations, very much as they were.

RE-HOUSING.

The student of social conditions will probably read with the greatest interest that part of the Annual Report which deals with re-housing schemes and will find encouragement in the evident thoroughness of the experimental scheme outlined. Paragraph 20 of the Report reads as follows :—

“Re-housing Scheme No. 1.—The Board also early embarked on a re-housing scheme under Section 52 of the Calcutta Improvement Act, with a view to provide accommodation for persons likely to be displaced by the Improvement Schemes which were under preparation at the time. The buildings designed resemble those erected by the Bombay Improvement Trust, each block consists of a three-storeyed building 200 feet long with rooms 12 feet by 12 feet with a 4 feet verandah and opening on to a central passage 7 feet wide, with latrines and bathing accommodation at each end. The more recent chawls in Bombay have rooms 11 feet by 11 feet with a verandah 5 feet by 11 feet but up to 1909 the rooms were smaller, *viz.*, 8 feet by 10 feet, 9 feet by 11 feet and 9 feet by 12 feet.

“In Calcutta the average area of a room in a bustee hut varies in different wards between 54 square feet and 80 square feet and the average number of inmates is about $4\frac{1}{2}$. The rent of a room if there is a corrugated iron roof usually varies between Re. 1 and Rs. 2-8, but occasionally rises as high as Rs. 4 and Rs. 5.

“The standard of accommodation fixed by the General Committee of the Corporation is 300 cubic feet of space for each adult: if an attempt were made to enforce this limit a considerable proportion of the population of Calcutta would be turned into the streets. With 1,440 cubic feet in the room and 480 cubic feet in the verandah a

room in the buildings now under erection by the Trust would doubtless be allowed to accommodate 5 adults.

“The original estimate submitted to Government provided for the following expenditure :—

	Rs.
78 cottahs of land at Rs. 600 a cottah ..	46,800
Buildings	1,30,000
Roads and drainage	5,000
	<hr/>

“The estimated receipts were—

248 rooms at Rs. 4	11,904
4 shops at Rs. 12	576
	<hr/>
	12,480
Less Municipal taxes	2,415
	<hr/>
	10,065
Less 5 per cent. cost of administration ..	500
	<hr/>
	9,565
Less 1 per cent. for repairs	1,300
	<hr/>
	8,265

with 4 per cent. interest and '61 per cent. sinking fund this return would allow of a capital expenditure of Rs. 1,79,350 or practically that estimated.

“The scheme was sanctioned by Government in letter No. 726-T.M., dated the 12th August 1912, but its actual execution has proved more expensive than was anticipated mainly owing to the rise in the price of building materials during the year and partly owing to extra work being required in the foundations at the site finally selected. The Land Acquisition officer estimated the cost of land at Rs. 52,000 for 3 bighas 15 cottahs, but owing to the postponement of Improvement Scheme No. III 12 cottahs extra land had to be acquired so as to give a frontage to the existing road and the actual cost was raised to Rs. 58,000. Possession of the land was obtained on 5th February 1913.

“The final estimate of cost is—

	Rs.
Land	58,000
Buildings	1,59,000
Roads and Drains	5,000
	<hr/>
	2,22,000

If the rooms are let at Rs. 5 a month the buildings will probably be self-supporting: it remains to be seen what

class of the population will seek accommodation in these buildings : but it is apparent that it will not be the poorest. . . . "The housing problem in Calcutta is of supreme importance : the figures of the last census show that much of the improvement in the health of Calcutta is only apparent ; the sanitary measures of the Corporation result in the removal of bustees and the population which occupied the bustees does not find healthier accommodation in the same locality but moves on to even more insanitary bustees in the suburban ward or in the adjacent suburban municipalities. The Board do not anticipate, nor do they desire, that the chawl should become the usual dwelling for the poor of Calcutta, but it may be suitable to some classes of its heterogeneous population and especially to those who come here for work, leaving their families behind. It is difficult to see what other class of building can be erected by the capitalist where land costs more than Rs. 600 a cottah : on really cheap land it is possible that good results could be obtained by arranging for the construction of sanitary 'bustees,' the Board merely laying out and draining the site and controlling the class of hut erected.

"The dwellings are under construction in Wards Institution Lane in the fringe area of Ward No. 4. It is not anticipated that the residents dishoused by any of the schemes hitherto notified, will occupy in any large numbers these dwellings when erected, but a considerable population will undoubtedly be displaced, *e.g.*, by general Improvement Scheme No. I. Persons displaced will largely find accommodation in the immediate neighbourhood of their present dwellings, displacing a corresponding population which will tend to move outwards to the suburbs. The Re-housing Scheme will, it is hoped, therefore receive a population indirectly dishoused by the operations of the Trust and which would otherwise have been compelled to live in the extremely insanitary accommodation which is all that is at present available in the fringe area. The Board has not so far decided to embark on a policy of re-housing, which would involve a financial loss. Its first endeavour will be to ascertain whether sanitary dwellings cannot be constructed so as to yield a moderate return on the capital invested. All experience shows that this cannot be done where land is expensive. A public authority may be able to borrow money more cheaply than a private capitalist and may therefore be content with smaller returns on the capital invested but nevertheless expensive

land is found to increase the capital cost so much that rents to be remunerative become higher than can be paid by the poorest classes."

A full set of plans and elevations are published with the second Main Road Report, and these, with the measurements given, show that Calcutta is to better the instruction of Bombay.

The concluding remarks of the last paragraph quoted give rise to the comment that some housing reformers in European countries are in favour of a "housing valuation" for such schemes. That is to say, if it is deemed necessary, as in many cases it is, that houses should be erected for the poorer classes in central areas, where site values have greatly increased, a certain amount of the cost of acquisition is written off, to be set off by the profits on other houses erected on cheap suburban land. This seems to be a just and equitable arrangement, requiring only common ownership of urban and suburban schemes, or a bracketing together of particular schemes.

LAND VALUES

The important thing is, of course, the question of land values. Some years ago the Corporation, on the motion of the Hon. Mr. W. C. Madge, appointed a committee to enquire into the rise in land values in Calcutta, and the present writer, as a member of that committee, utilized the opportunity to bring out certain aspects of the question which appeared to him to require emphasis. The "bottling-up" of the outlets to the suburbs and the neglect of suburban areas that was its natural consequence, the inadequate width of main thoroughfares and consequent inconvenience and slowness of passenger transportation; these obviously were the immediate causes of the extraordinary rise in site values. But a great deal of confusion of thought seemed to exist on the question of land values—it was even gravely asserted that "rents were high because of high land values."

It is deeply interesting to read at this stage the remarks of Mr. Shroobree, the Chief Valuer to the Improvement Trust, and one would like to have had him as a member of that forgotten committee. In view also of the threatened litigious action of various "Ratepayers' Associations," it would be interesting to have a clear pronouncement on the question, "Who pays the rates?" If it is accepted that "the value of an investment may be measured by the income it produces," is it not equally true that that income (rent) must bear all charges, including owner's rates? Mr. Shroobree says with regard to the principles which should underlie scientific valuation :—

"1. The valuation of land and buildings in combination is not necessarily the sum of the values of the structure and of the land taken separately. The difference may be due to the value of the enterprise of the person who combines them, or to a variety of other factors.

"2. It is more convenient and accurate to calculate value by an investigation into rents and years purchase than by reference to comparisons and opinions of value of the land together with the value of the buildings.

"3. Market value is a general deduction from a number of varied transactions, and individual results may be misleading.

"4. Valuation is essentially effected by comparison.

"5. The greater the number of transactions available for comparison the greater is the probability of an accurate valuation.

"6. Transactions in the open market under which a limited interest in the property is acquired in return for the payment of rent, are inevitably more numerous in a town such as Calcutta, than transaction for the sale of the whole of the interests in the property.

"7. Such transactions by way of rent are generally concerned with a combination of land and buildings. They therefore form the most convenient basis for discussing the capital value of a combination of land and buildings.

"8. The value of an investment may be measured by the income it produces to the investor and the security of that income.

"9. The net rent produced by a property affords a clear indication of the annual return obtainable by an investment in that property.

“10. Rental value is the simplest factor available for comparison. It is therefore the most convenient and is likely to be most accurately ascertained.”

The Chief Valuer says elsewhere that “the present planning of Calcutta has produced a concentration of land values.” It is to be hoped that the new planning will be effective in the other direction.

Mr. Shrosbree's remarks are a clear and sufficient exposition of the theory of land values and may be recommended to those who are inclined to think that rising rents and rising values are due to some great uncontrollable force which cities are helpless to deal with, and that, because they are an evidence of general prosperity, they are good in themselves. Those communities which recognize that high land values in private hands are an evil, and nothing but an evil, and therefore a thing to be controlled and restricted, are on the right lines in this matter.

TOWN LAND.

Calcutta, one realizes, is somewhat out of the current of some modern ideas in town-development, and it seems useless to mention ideas that one has more than once already attempted to bring to public notice. Yet, in view of the recognized fact that improvements will, in certain directions, lead to greatly enhanced values (where, for instance, undeveloped suburban land will multiply its value many times), it may be allowable to suggest that the “sale of surplus land,” however wisely managed and opportunely carried out, will never secure the increment to the community so completely as a policy of continued holding, or “town land.” It is possible that the financial resources of the Improvement Trust do not permit of this holding of land; it is certain that there is a strong body of interested opposition to such a policy both on the Trust and in the Calcutta Corporation; there are even grave signs of an organized attempt to restrict the operations of the Trust in regard to the eminently fair and

moderate method of recoupment by sale of surplus land. It may be impossible to legislate for and finance the formation of a Land Trust to act with the Trust, relieving Trust funds for construction work, as has been suggested at various times. But none of these things invalidates the argument above stated, that if the community wants to secure the whole increment of value, as it is justly entitled to do, the best way to do so is to hold the land.

At a time when, in Great Britain, the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems at last, after considerable preliminary rumblings, to have launched his rhetorical but disappointing thunderbolt on the land question, in the shape of a policy of small holdings, it is well to point out that there may be a better and a wiser way of dealing with land than the method of the retailer of small parcels.

It is not intended to convey, in this article, that the operations of the Improvement Trust, as they are set forth in these Reports, are to be ineffective. But it is necessary to insist that, in the opinion of the Trust itself, because of certain restrictions, Calcutta is to be asked to content itself with something considerably short of the best. There is, of course, more modesty than truth in the suggestion of the authors of the Main Road Report that there is to be no room for imagination in the planning of the City, and we look confidently for more vision and insight in the operations of the Improvement Trust than its officials would seem at present to claim for themselves. "Without vision," it has been said, "the people perish."

If public demand is taken as the measure of public deserving, Calcutta is probably getting a great deal more improvement than it deserves. But the dumb acceptance of fate of the masses of the indigenous people and the bird-of-passage attitude of the thousands of Europeans who spend from 20 to 40 of their best years in this country, have become equally proverbial. Assuredly, the most clamant voice at the present time is not the voice of the

people, and it is therefore fitting that those who are trying—in the face of financial restrictions, of the impediments of ignorance, and of the opposition of selfish interests—to improve the lot of the dumb million should have the hearty support of all who claim to consider the case of the poor.

D. L. MONRO.

Calcutta.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

SOCIAL PROGRAMMES IN THE WEST.—By
C. R. Henderson, Ph.D. (Macmillan & Co.
The Barrows Lectures for 1912.)

Those who had the opportunity of hearing Dr. Henderson deliver these lectures in Calcutta will be glad to have them in this printed form, but at the same time it will be felt that by being reduced to cold print the lectures have lost a certain amount of their original attractiveness. We do not mean to suggest that the lectures are not attractive in the form in which they are now presented, but Dr. Henderson's manner of delivery had unusual charm, and the absence of this, as well as of the inspiration of crowded and enthusiastic audiences, can hardly be disregarded.

In his choice of subjects Dr. Henderson departs somewhat from the tradition established by previous Barrows lecturers, who dealt more directly with religious problems. In these days, however, when it is becoming more and more fully recognized that an essential expression of religion is to be found in efforts after social amelioration, the departure can hardly be called a departure. In discussing before an eastern audience "Social Programmes of the West" Dr. Henderson is always careful to point out that these social programmes are largely due to Christian motives, and that therefore in presenting them he is presenting the essential truths of Christianity, wrought out in practical form.

Dr. Henderson comes to India, not with a theory, but with a record of facts connected with social efforts, and he holds that, while plans of improvement which have proved successful in the West cannot be adopted without modification in the East, yet the social needs of men are the same pretty well all the world over and there are universal human interests which have to be considered in all countries. India is at present awakening to an era of industrial progress; her people are not so conservative as they are often made out to be; they are willing to learn from experiments which have proved successful in the

West, and there is every possibility that the mistakes which have accompanied industrial expansion in Western countries may be avoided by a more scientific procedure. "It does not seem necessary that Japan, China, and India should repeat our blunders and grope their way. We in the West had to pass over a route which had never been explored. It was a voyage to an unknown world. When the Western peoples began their new economic career, modern science was not yet born and medical art was in a backward state. Public hygiene was in its infancy. Europe and America can now offer without price to the Orient all that it has bought at so great a cost of trial and failure or ordered experiment and bungling error."

In all his treatment of his subjects Dr. Henderson is fully conscious of the responsibility which scientific knowledge brings, and he strives to awaken his readers to the same sense of responsibility "Wherever there is a consensus of experts, there is a plain moral obligation to follow with concerted action." He takes also a wide view of social policy. It must not concern itself merely with what might be called directly economic problems: it must also take account of the nation, both physical and spiritual. It is impossible to hope for progress unless the race is powerful and vigorous and the spiritual personality of man must ever remain the fundamental consideration.

The humility of Dr. Henderson's attitude in regard to Western achievements is specially noteworthy in view of the criticism of those in this country who seem to see nothing but the slums and the sores of the great cities of Europe and America. No claim is made that the ideals which are described fully control citizenship, public institutions and conduct, but yet they are not wholly in the air. "Our ideals are not mere dreams, theories, pretensions and unrealized aims: they are already powerful forces, actually at work, and have to show for themselves mighty achievements which fill our souls with hope for our own brighter future and open up vistas for all mankind for our brothers and sisters of other continents." To open up these vistas is the aim of this book, and as we follow the author through the various chapters and study his record of the organizations which are already in existence for dealing with social evil, we feel that his hopes are well-founded and that, if example is better than precept, he has brought a powerful influence to bear upon Indian society.

The second chapter deals with the relief of dependents and abnormals and includes a description of the Elberfeld

system and of the activities of the Charity Organization Society. The next chapter takes up the question of social policy in relation to the anti-social, and Dr. Henderson has a good deal to say about the institution of children's courts, with which movement he has personally been closely identified. Perhaps the most interesting chapter in the whole book is that upon Public Health, Education and Morality. In a most eloquent passage he contrasts the scientific efforts of the modern physician in the case of epidemic diseases with the superstitious acceptance of the so-called inevitable which was the custom of former generations in the West and is hardly an obsolete custom in the East.

Chapter V deals with the improvement of the conditions of wage-earners, and in passing a tribute of admiration is paid to the Co-operative Credit Movement. The author quotes with approval Morrison's saying that "there is no nobler or more genuinely patriotic work to be done in India than to teach the people to organize village association upon the principle of mutual credit." The emphasis which is laid upon the culture interests of working-people is also noteworthy. "We do not regard the grimy labourers in factory, mine and field and mill as mere candidates for sleek, fat and prosperous animality" and the general form of this volume upon modern social organization is popular in form but scientific procedure is never forgotten. In the investigation of social evil there is always an effort made to "trace back the tiger of pain to his lair in the jungle of causes." Throughout the book also the religious attitude is strongly marked. Progress is impossible without faith. "A Sadducee asking his way to Utopia will never find it." Doubt is narrow and paralysing and, though he delivered the lectures to what was mainly a non-Christian audience, Dr. Henderson does not hesitate to declare in unobtrusive, but none the less effective, language, his conviction that the impulse to all movements of reform at the present day has come from the spirit of the Founder of Christianity.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP.—By Winston Churchill.
(Macmillan & Co.)

In this novel, which most people will probably reckon as his greatest, Mr. Churchill forsakes the field of history

and addresses himself to the problems of theological and social reform. The novel has probably attracted more notice from reviewers than any other work of fiction published within the last two or three years. It inevitably provokes comparison with *Robert Elsmere*, and its treatment of the topics which were so arrestingly dealt with in that famous book is in many respects similar. Most people, we suppose, would agree that if the less extreme at least of the doctrines set forth in *Robert Elsmere* were promulgated in England or Scotland to-day they would attract little attention—theological thought having advanced to meet them; and one must confess to a certain amount of surprise that the theology of Mr. Hodder—the hero of the novel—should be regarded as so very *new* and revolutionary by the majority of his hearers. If the book is at all a faithful presentation of the actual state of things, America must have advanced more slowly in theology than in most other departments of thought and life.

The book is a theological novel, and is, perhaps, in certain portions overweighed with discussion. It does not, however, lose its character as a novel and descend to the level of chopped pamphlets as novels with a purpose are sometimes apt to do. But, though it is theological its strength does not lie in its theology, but in its successful attempt to seize and express a spirit of revolt against formal, commercial and comfortable religion. Its motto might have been “It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.” The setting of the story is the life—if life it can be called—of a fashionable congregation in an American city. Eldon Parr—the millionaire—is typical of many in the congregation who attempt to compensate for questionable business transactions by giving handsomely to the schemes of the Church, building institutions for the relief of the children of the people they have ruined, and demanding in return only that the Church should be run on orthodox lines with no uncomfortable sensationalism or tendency towards socialistic ideas. To this church comes John Hodder, a man of enthusiasm and sincerity, but with an, as yet, unawakened mind and an implicit belief in the authority of the Church. He finds that his “orthodox” preaching makes no impression whatsoever on his complacent congregation. He becomes uneasy at the contradictions between the comfort of the Church and the misery of the neighbouring slums; and he begins to

question the Christianity of those who have made fortunes by commercial transactions which differ from what is usually called crime only in magnitude of scale and whose revenues are even now drawn from the pitiless overworking of shop girls or from even more questionable sources. In the clergyman's own soul sincerity has its way and he changes the manner of his preaching. He tells his rich parishioners the truth about themselves, he refuses to profit by their institutional help and of course he makes enemies of the most powerful. He no longer preaches the Christ of doctrine, but the Christ of life—the Ideal of a purified democracy. In his struggles towards a firmer faith he receives help from most unexpected sources—from men who had hitherto shown little interest in the Church but who, when they meet a sincerely religious man, discover that they also are religious. One of his supporters is a Mr. Bentley, who had become poor because of his trust in Eldon Parr and others like him, but who had spent his life in acts of kindness and in quiet service of the needy. He is the white light of the book—the embodiment of goodness, revealing by contrast the baseness of the successful Pharisees. Another ally of Hodder's is Alison Parr, the daughter of the millionaire. She has grown disgusted with the hollowness of her life in a wealthy home and is driven forth by the spirit of revolt to make a career for herself. At the first she is uncompromisingly critical of Hodder, thinking of him only as the typical representative of the conventional and worldly religion which she despises. But gradually his sincerity disarms her opposition, her friendship deepens into love, and the climax of the book—which it must be confessed ends rather abruptly—is formed by the contrast between the confidence and companionship of these two who have found each other in finding a religion in which they can wholly trust, and the cynicism and loneliness of the old man, Eldon Parr, whose richly appointed dwelling is filled only with the ghosts of the friends he might have had.

There are few modern novels which will bear a second reading, but this one might stand the test even of a third, and those who are sensitive to the superficiality of "fashionable" religion and are pained by the antagonism between the Church and the masses will find much in its pages to make them pause and consider. According to the depth of their self-examination, they will receive either a condemnation or an inspiration.

STUDIES FROM AN EASTERN HOME.—By the Sister Nivedita (Miss Margaret Noble). (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.)

In this series of vignettes Miss Noble has left an account of various aspects of Indian life as it appeared to her. The studies are prefaced by an appreciative memoir of the author by Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, formerly of *The Statesman*, and in addition there are warm personal tributes from Professors Geddes and Cheyne, Mr. H. W. Nevinson and Mr. Rabindra Nath Tagore. These tributes bear testimony to the force of the personality which has expressed itself with so much literary power and charm in this and other now familiar books.

The impression one gets from the memoir is of an enthusiast possessed in an unusual degree by an idea, or perhaps one should say ideal : and prepared to realize that ideal at all costs. The latter part of her life shows a single-minded devotion to the working out of the impulse which drove her to "dedicate" herself to India and the people of India. The word militant used to describe her character might also be applied to the nature of her enthusiasm. It was a "rage" as we say for India : for its colour and atmosphere ; its life and its expression of that life. Mr. Ratcliffe says "As with her speaking so with her writing : it was most effective when it came out in attack or controversy." Perhaps he would not include this book in her controversial writings ; but in fact its temper is controversial and defiant and has a certain woman-like perversity in the claims it makes. Miss Noble came to India, it would seem, expecting to find certain things and she challenges her readers to deny that she has found them, holding to this position in the teeth of all appearances and even evidences to the contrary. Whatever is Indian must be shown best all along the line ; the most beautiful ; the most fitting. She naïvely does violence to her own first impressions as in the case of the *sari* border. She out-Hindus the Hindu in her interpretations of such features of popular worship as the *Dol-jatra*. Where the Hindu himself is prepared to apologize for certain primitive survivals as not in keeping with his own higher conceptions of worship and religious celebration Miss Noble rhapsodizes over the artlessness and innocence of these manifestations. Whether this is the result of ignorance or wilful blindness, it is hard to determine. We have heard that Miss Noble's knowledge of the vernacular was somewhat inadequate. If so, this

would explain a surprising one-sidedness in her explanations. If we are to depend upon English-speaking interpreters for our understanding of popular customs, the courteous Indian fashion of only permitting you to hear what will be pleasing to your ear and personal prejudices will come rather sadly in the way of direct and intimate knowledge.

Miss Noble seems also to pre-suppose a certain temper in her readers. The Philistine Briton must be forced to see the beauty and sincerity of Hindu domestic and religious life, and to this end she does not allow what is unbeautiful to appear in the picture at all. But a stubborn blindness is not universal among Europeans. The extreme reticence and reserve of the Hindu has shut the Englishman out of opportunities of becoming familiar with domestic life. But to those who have had facilities for coming into contact with the home-life of the Bengalis, the simplicity and sweetness of the women, their lavish response to even a little interest and affection, the intensity of their love of family and devotion to household pieties is immediately manifest. It must not be supposed that Miss Noble is the first or only European woman who has been permitted into the confidence and affection of the homes of Bengal. Some of us have answered gladly to the name of "mother," "sister," "daughter." But all have not the power of writing what has been experienced and appreciated; and the very nature of the intercourse has made it impossible to parade its intimacies. To those of us who have seen the joys and sorrows of Indian domestic life it is a question whether it is the truest friendship towards the women and children of Bengal to make out that the life behind the *purdah* is the best of possible lives, full of playfulness and orderly pieties and contentment, or that the widows of India find the same lofty joy in their lives of lowly service and austerity as the nuns of mediæval Europe did in their chosen vocation. We could give instances that seem to prove the reverse, but to do so would be to betray the confidence of sore and almost desperate hearts.

Miss Noble had much of the poet in her. Her point of view is romantic, sometimes tending to sentimentalism. As long as one bears this in mind the picturesqueness of her writing is an entertainment. But then she did not wish to be taken merely as an artist but as one of the few *seers* of what is hidden from the stoney British stare. And if we take her thus seriously we must

protest that the view she gives is too romantic to be accurate. Her unusual attitude to her own race on the one hand, and the people of this land on the other had to be accounted for, and so, in what seems to us a mistaken zeal, she sheds rose-colour over every detail of the life with which she has identified herself. This whimsical temper, which would hardly be tolerated in a man, is humoured by Miss Noble's sympathizers because she was a woman and a gifted woman. In her pictures the insanitary lanes of the north end of Calcutta and its rain-sodden courtyards would appear to be such charming features of the city that the Improvement Trust must be regarded as a mere combination of vandals bent on the destruction of the poetical and fitting. We also have trod these lanes for many years and shall thank Heaven when the Trust slashes ruthlessly through them and spoils the happy hunting-grounds of many a microbe. Again in her "numbers of well-dressed, good humoured-looking men and women clad in white" we fail to recognize the vociferous and noisome beggar-crowds of Calcutta. White their pilgrim robes may have been when they fell from the loom but never since. The old rhyme with which she introduces them would have finished the tale more truthfully, "some in rags and some in tags." It is difficult to see what is gained by giving such a picture of these dirty crowds of "work-shys," diseased often, with their troops of whining children learning beggary from their cradles.

Sympathy is good; the power of seeing the best in things is good; but romantic idealization of what stands in need of reform and change is not true sympathy. No modern social reformer but knows that large troops of lazy beggars are an unhealthy and menacing feature of society. We sometimes think that the advent of the foreigner in India with his matter-of-fact, often harsh criticisms, unconsciously and sometimes consciously wounding susceptibilities, has acted as a challenge to the conservatism of India, where mere sympathy would have been but an anæsthetic. India has been learning through the unpleasant but perhaps wholesome experience of an unimaginative, critical, and often irritating presence the lesson conveyed in Browning's words:—

"Then, welcome each rebuff"

"That turns earth smoothness rough"

"Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!"

Fortunately, the criticism is mutually salutary. The complacency of the Englishman in India has received at least

as many shocks as the sensitive pride of the Indian, but, being more phlegmatic, he tries to ignore these shocks and has never cried out for sympathy. Perhaps because he has never wanted it, believing the craving for sympathy to be a mark of women and weak men, he has been slow to express it even when he felt it, this being his strange habit even with his own brethren.

Mr. Nevinson speaks of "the indignant revolt kindled in her by the insolence, degradation, and maiming restriction to which every subject race is necessarily exposed." These are wild and whirling words unsupported by any attempt at evidence, and yet calculated to rouse bitter feeling; and all the time the English press in India harangues the Government on its unwillingness to enforce restrictions. Poor, stupid, John Bull! He gets no sympathy. *His* foes are those of his own household.

THE DASARUPA.—A Treatise on Hindu Dramaturgy by Dhanamjaya. Translated by George C. O. Haas, A.M., Ph.D. (Columbia University Press.)

The aim of this book is to furnish European students with a general idea of the canons of Sanskrit dramaturgy. The Dasarupa is the most exhaustive Sanskrit work on the subject, and the author, by this translation, which doubtless has been on the whole precise and accurate, has removed one of the standing difficulties of English readers of Sanskrit. The special features of this book appear to be the presentation of the Sanskrit texts, transliterated in English, with an excellent introduction dealing mainly with the scope and characteristics of the work and its commentary. What will be of special help is the addition of notes under each text and the references to parallel passages from the various dramaturgic and rhetorical treatises in Sanskrit, a number of which are now available in translation. The Introduction begins with a short account of the author, Dhanamjaya, and his patron, King Munja of the Paramara dynasty of Malava. The literary activity of the century is here depicted very vividly. The "Scope and Importance of Dasarupa" is the most illuminating portion of the Introduction. The sources of this great work are laid bare in a very lucid way and the part played by it in subsequent dramatic works has been shown. The "style and method of treatment," "metres and metrical considerations" are then dealt with pretty

elaborately. As all Sanskrit works have invariably certain commentaries on them, the Introduction does not omit some consideration and discussion of these also, which surely is of great help to the proper understanding of the texts. The authorship and date, which generally constitute the moot point in Sanskrit works, are also closely examined and the evidences available have been duly considered for a definite conclusion. The translator has, in fine, made some observations regarding the present edition of the book and has thrown a few broad hints by way of criticism concerning the previous editions of the *Dasarupa*. The *Dasarupa* or the Ten Forms of Drama is divided into four books. Book I. contains fundamental definitions, classification of dramas, description of the elements of a plot, the different stages of action, explanation of certain sentiments, the nature of "asides," "confidential remarks" and the like in Sanskrit dramas. It also gives a preliminary exposition of the different scenes in a play. Book II. takes up the discussion of the "Characteristics of a Hero," the "Different Types of Hero" and the qualities generally looked for in a "Hero" of Sanskrit drama. It enumerates "Three Kinds of Heroine" and the "Twenty Natural Graces of the Heroine." An appendix at the end of Book IV. gives a classification of the types of heroine in a genealogical table and will highly facilitate the understanding of Book II. Other minor details regarding gestures and modes of address in a Sanskrit drama and the "styles of procedure" corresponding to the different sentiments are here described in a succinct manner. Book III. deals with the plays in Sanskrit. Their proper beginning, the appropriate arrangement of the dramatic structure, the numbering and contents of the acts, the selection of hero and heroine, the forms of gentle dance and other matters pertaining to histrionic art are clearly described and developed. The dramas are classified and *Nataka* is established as the typical variety of drama, because it comprises all the sentiments and best exemplifies the principles laid down for dramatic composition. An interesting account of Monologue (*Bhāna*), Farce (*Prahasana*) and other kinds of drama is given towards the end of this book. Book IV. appears to be the cream of this great work. It gives a good analysis of the finer sentiments; and one finds in many instances, exact correspondence with the results of the modern psychology of emotions. The erotic sentiment, one of the staple sentiments in a drama, is here beautifully treated; and the

different "stages of privation" have been enumerated, which as the translator has pointed out in a footnote on pages 132, 133 may be compared to Polonius's description of Hamlet's separation from Ophelia. The other sentiments, or *Rasa*, as it is in Sanskrit, are also exhaustively analysed, and the references to them in the available dramatic works have been appended with necessary details. The *Dasarupa*, on the whole, is an excellent volume of the Indo-Iranian series of the Columbia University and will prove a lasting and valuable contribution to the full knowledge of Sanskrit dramaturgy. It is now for the first time presented in English translation, and will surely ere long win its deserved popularity among the many readers with antiquarian interest and stimulate activity of research in the oriental field.

THE VASAVADATTA OF SUBANDHU.—Translated by Louis H. Gray, Ph.D. (Columbia University Press.)

The *Vasavadatta* is one of the oldest Sanskrit novels in India and Dr. Gray has considered it worthy of careful translation and elaborate commentary. He holds that it was written in the latter half of the sixth century A.D. but cannot decide upon the place of its origin. The story is based upon a dream which as a novelistic device Subandhu was the first to use in India, though it is common enough in other early literatures. The hero is Kandarpaketu, the son of a King and the embodiment of all the virtues. He falls in love with a maiden whom he first beheld in a dream. He wanders over the country in search of the fulfilment of the vision of loveliness, and by means of the conversation of two birds discovers his ideal in Vasavadatta, the daughter of the King of Pataliputra. She too had met her fate in a dream and sends her maid to look for the fulfilment, who, of course, turns out to be Kandarpaketu. Vasavadatta, however, is destined by her father for another lover, and in order to avoid this marriage, she and Kandarpaketu flee to the Vindhya mountains. Here, in more miraculous way, the girl is spirited away from her lover and, after long and almost despairing search, he finds her turned to stone and through the curse of a hermit upon whose privacy she had intruded. The touch of Kandarpaketu gives life to the statue and

the woes of the lovers are soon over. They return to the capital of the prince and live happily ever afterwards.

Many of the elements of the story, such as talking birds, magic houses, etc., are to be found in other Indian folk-tales, and Dr. Gray, in an interesting discussion of parallels between Sanskrit and Greek romance points the use of similar devices in the tales of Greek literature. He, however, refuses to allow any dependence of Sanskrit romance upon Greek originals. One important difference is that in Greek romances the story is everything. In Sanskrit romances, on the other hand, all the emphasis is laid upon rhetorical embellishments, and the descriptions are almost wearisome in their constant repetitions and superfluity of details. Dr. Gray also discusses at considerable length the literary and ethical merits of the work he is translating. He does not claim any very high literary merit, but urges that as Subandhu has in this work created a new literary *genre* in India, his faults are surprisingly few and a lenient judgment ought to be passed upon him. He would apply the same mild judgment to the ethical character of the romance. He admits that it falls below the occidental standard of morality, but holds that it should be judged from the Indian point of view and in connection with the conditions of life in mediæval India. This may be an important consideration in regard to historical appreciation, but it cannot be regarded as a justification for a favourable ethical judgment on the part of a modern writer, be he eastern or occidental. The atmosphere is decidedly luxuriant and the descriptions are very far from elevating. We confess that we can hardly understand the prefatory statement of the translator to the effect that he has found the romance a help for the forgetting of sorrow and the heightening of the pleasure of happy days—unless, indeed, he is referring merely to the stimulus and delight of literary labour. From this latter point of view Dr. Gray's work is entirely to be commended and his book must be reckoned as a thorough and scholarly contribution to the study of Sanskrit literature.

FOLK-TALES OF HINDUSTAN.—By Shaikh Chilli.

(Panini Office, Allahabad.)

These stories originally appeared in their present form in the *Modern Review*. It is to be presumed that they are fairly typical of the tales which delight the people in

various parts of India, but it can hardly be claimed—as is done in the preface—that they are worthy to be reckoned as new *Arabian Nights*. They belong to a more primitive level and show less variety and artistic ability. They reveal a manner of thought to which all things are possible. There are no strict boundaries between the natural and the supernatural. Fairies intermingle freely with humanity and are always at hand to supply the hero with the means of triumph or to succour the distressed heroine. The tellers of these tales are profound believers in the relativity of space. By the waving of a magic wand, distance is annihilated and the depths of the ocean become shallows over which a man may walk. Gorgeous palaces and epicurean banquets are provided at a moment's notice. As a rule virtue is rewarded, but the virtue is not of a very subtle or elevated kind. Sometimes there is an excessive accumulation of gruesome horrors as in the long drawn out tale of "The Seven Goldsmiths." Cheerfulness returns at the end of each tale, however, and there is no exception to the rule that the hero and heroine should live happily ever afterwards.

THE MUNDAK UPANISHAD.—By Mohit Chandra Sen. (The Brotherhood, 82, Harrison Road.)

A useful purpose is served by this translation in English verse of one of the finest of the Upanishads. The verses show great beauty, and the thoughts they inspire are worthy of the wider circulation which this publication will give them. If the metrical form rescues from oblivion some of the finer sentiments which are expressed in this particular Upanishad, the effect cannot fail to be spiritually helpful. A copy of the book may be had free on application to the publishers.

INDIAN BALLADS.—By William Waterfield. (Panini Office, Allahabad.)

This is a reprint of ballads which were well known apparently about fifty years ago but have long been out of print. The author was a member of the Civil Service, who held for many years an important position in the North-Western Provinces and was a Sanskrit scholar of no mean reputation. The ballads deal entirely with Indian subjects and convey very successfully the spirit of the

original Sanskrit compositions on which many of them are based. The metres are various and the verse is musical throughout. Probably the most powerful of the poems is "The Last Ordeal of Sita," but all the poems are worthy of the renewed publicity which is now given to them.

PERIODICALS.

THE MONIST.—April and July.

These two numbers of the *Monist* are full of particularly interesting matter. The place of importance should be assigned to the articles by the late Henri Poincaré. In his discussion of "The Relativity of Space" he argues that to speak of absolute space is to use a meaningless phrase. We cannot find anywhere a definite point of reference, nor can we discover fixed standards of measurement. We may suppose that it is possible to measure once and for all the distance between any two points, but this distance might vary enormously and altogether unperceived by us provided that all other distances varied in the same proportion. In the July number the application of the principle of relativity is widened. In the article on "The New Mechanics" it is argued that we can no longer hold the conception of the constant mass of matter. The mass of a body becomes augmented with its velocity, and in no case can this velocity exceed the velocity of light. Keeping in mind this alteration of mass in connection with velocity we shall have to admit that the abstract laws of the old mechanics are applicable only to small velocities. The editor of the *Monist*, Professor Paul Carus, supplies a useful rider to these discussions in an all-too-short article on "The Principle of Relativity as a Phase in the Development of Science." He points out that there is nothing new or revolutionary in the conception of relativity. Former physicists were perfectly aware that there were no absolutely fixed points of reference and no absolute systems of measurement. They recognized that these were fictions but held that they were necessary fictions and altogether adequate for all practical purposes. The services of the principle of relativity to science might be compared to the invention of a micrometer for minute measurements which are quite unimportant for ordinary life. "But as the micrometer will not abolish the usefulness of the yardstick, so relativist considerations will not

upset the commonplace view of traditional mechanics." A most important topic—which is also discussed by the Editor—is the inadequacy of the Monism of Haeckel. Monism as conceived in this journal has a much wider significance than materialism. Evolution includes the evolution of human thought, of religion and religious beliefs and institutions. The ultimate religious belief is what might be called Monotheism. "Good is the lawdom of the world," and morality is "the application of the law of cause and effect to social conditions." Matter is of lesser importance than form and relation and it is in relational values and meaning that we find the basis for spirituality. To understand and act according to the meaning of the whole is what is meant by freedom of will. Much the same point of view is taken up in an article on "The Mathematic Principle." Another interesting article is "Christian Elements in the Mahabharata" by Richard Garbe in which the writer crosses swords with Professor Hopkins and argues that the evidence of direct Christian influence upon the *Mahabharata* is inconclusive. Professor Jourdain writes in a well-informed manner upon "Robert Hooke as a Precursor of Newton" and shows that certain aspects of Newton's discovery were foreshadowed by his predecessor though not fully worked out until Newton brought his great mathematical ability to bear on the problem.

THE EDUCATIONAL REVIEW.—June to August 1913. (Madras : Srinivasa Varadachari & Co.)

The *Educational Review* professes itself a monthly record of educational matters for India, and although one feels that too many of its contributors are from the Madras Presidency and much of its matter is of local rather than national import, some good articles of general interest appear in these three numbers. In the June issue "Dabbler" writes with vigour on the question of Vernacular Literature in the Madras Presidency, and Mr. Parabrahman, in the July issue, has gathered many striking facts into his article on the Correlation of History and Geography, which is continued in the August issue. All three numbers contain able reviews of recent educational publications. We venture, however, to suggest that the editors should secure the services of contributors from a wider area if the magazine is to become representative of all the Presidencies.

THE HINDUSTAN REVIEW.—July and August 1913.

The *Hindustan Review* in the July and August numbers maintains its standard making its claim on popularity by the variety of its articles. Once more we find the questions naturally raised by the evidence given before the Public Services Commission discussed. The writer who reiterates much that has been said and answered before, fears that the bureaucratic form of government, as at present organised, stands in the way of India's progress. He looks at the question, of course, from an essentially Indian point of view. Mr. de P. Webb hammers again at the contentions which he has laid before the public in so many forms maintaining that if India is to have, as it deserves, the best monetary system possible for it, it must have an open, free, Gold Mint. The repetition begins to nauseate. An article on "India as known to ancient Europe," which runs through both of the issues before us, is of some interest and has entailed a considerable amount of reference and research. The other features, the book reviews and the notes on topical questions are not among the least welcome parts of the literary matter of this magazine.

THE MOSLEM WORLD.—July.

This number opens with an impassioned appeal from the Editor, Dr. Zwemer, on behalf of the sufferers in Turkey. He argues that whatever may or may not be the justification for changes of political delinquency, this does not lessen the need of the individual sufferer: "The cry of 100,000 homes in mourning for the loss of a dear one on the battlefield or in the lingering agonies of a field hospital or dying from hunger and exposure, the plea of widows and orphans and exiles from every part of Anatolia—what are these but an opportunity to show the real spirit of Christianity with its message of compassion and forgiveness and hope even for those whose condition seems hopeless to themselves. Now is the time to put all the emphasis on the sociological note in the enterprise of foreign missions rather than on the theological." An article on "The Progress of Islam in Oudh" gives food for thought. The writer points out that, though the general increase revealed by last census was 34 per cent. for Christians and only 5 per cent. for Mohammedans, yet in certain parts of India the increase is far more rapid. He tells

how, owing to the withdrawal of a Missionary, certain villages in Oudh which had been won over in large numbers from Hinduism to Christianity, had been turned aside to Islam, and he appeals to the Christian Church to awake to the situation before it is too late. The concluding article discusses Mohammed's attitude to religious war and shows conclusively that the teaching of the faith is favourable to war and even to massacre for the sake of conversion. The fact that the writer of the article had immediate personal experience of events connected with the Adana-massacres of 1909 gives an added weight to his words.

THE THEOSOPHICAL PATH.—April to August.

These numbers of the *Theosophical Path* appear with the usual magnificence of printing and illustration. The articles are varied, almost too varied, for they make one wonder whither the "path" of Theosophy leads. In the interests of general culture, however, they fulfil a useful purpose. The most successful articles are the travel sketches in which the descriptions are vigorous and the illustrations just what they ought to be. The articles on painting and sculpture attain a high level of excellence, and in their biographical details supply us with much interesting information. Most of the essays dealing with social and religious subjects are vitiated by the assumption that Theosophy is a reasoned philosophy, and is a system into which may be fitted solutions of all conceivable problems. Theosophists ought to keep in mind the homely adage that "a Jack of all trades is master of none." If they would refrain from rhetorical verbiage, artificial construction of systems, and extravagant hero-worship, we would feel more grateful for the rich provision, scientific, artistic, philosophical and religious, which is made for us in the pages of this journal.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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